NE 1991 VOL. 267 NO. 6

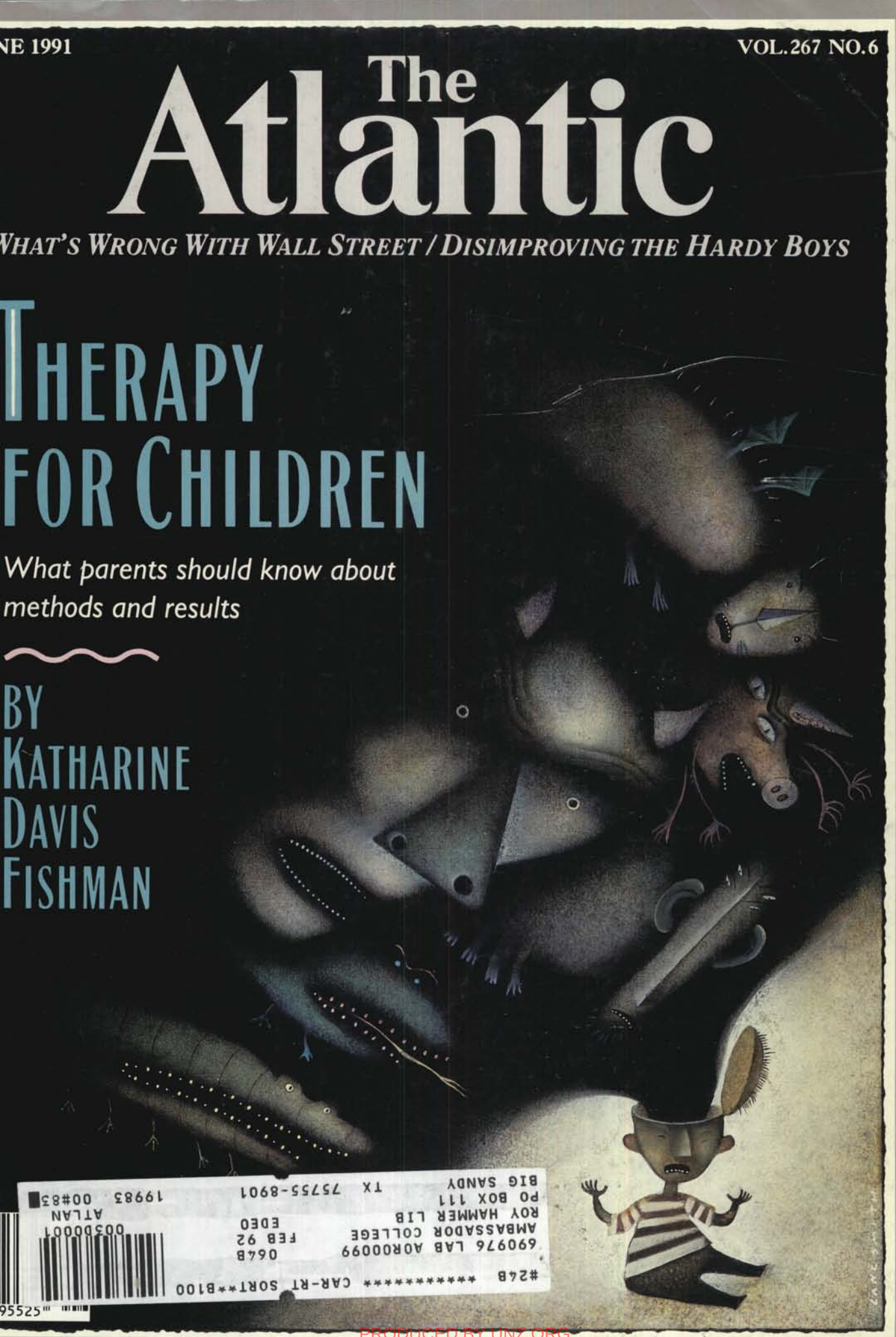
The Atlantic

WHAT'S WRONG WITH WALL STREET / DISIMPROVING THE HARDY BOYS

THERAPY FOR CHILDREN

What parents should know about methods and results

BY KATHARINE DAVIS FISHMAN



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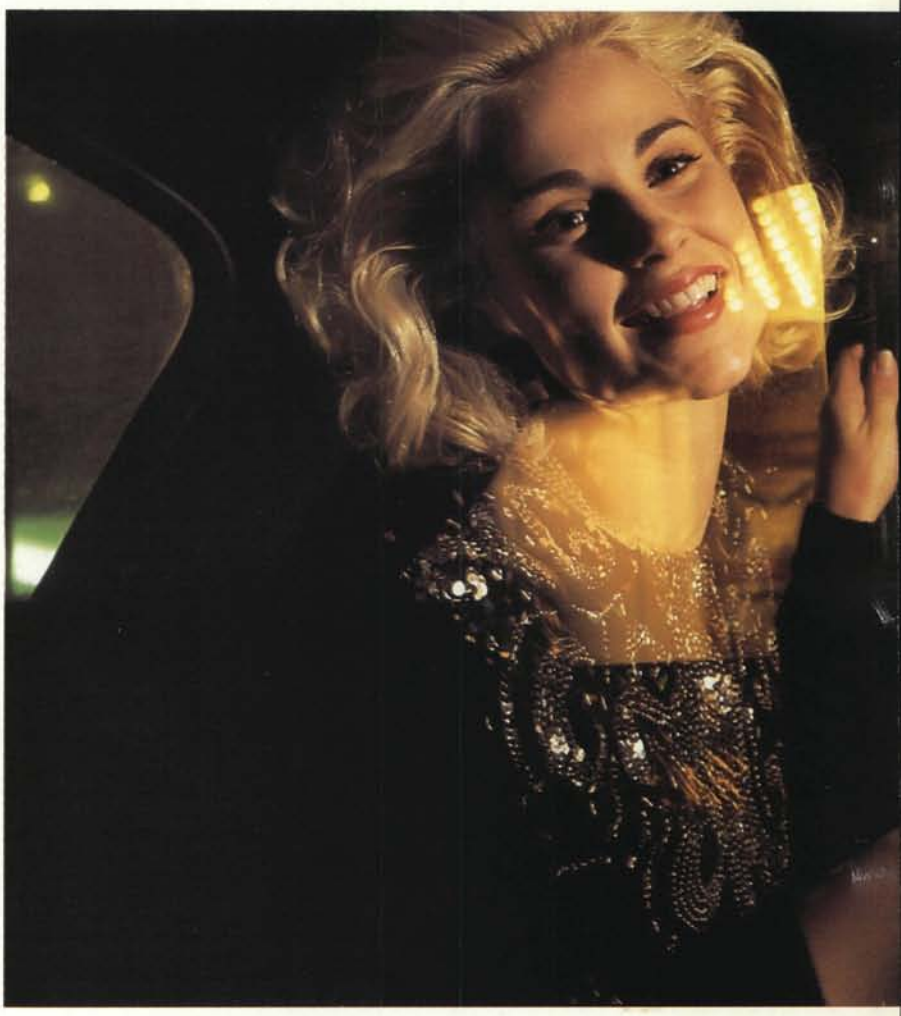
The World Next Door. Now



If it's true that all the world's a stage then Toronto has what it takes to be an act all its own.

Scene opens with a cast of thousands — some sixty different cultures, dressed in their best, alive and in colour at the heart of the city.

Take Caravan, by way of example. A city-wide festival celebrating nearly every kind of folk dance, foreign food and fashion that's forever a part of life as we know it.

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playing in a city near you.

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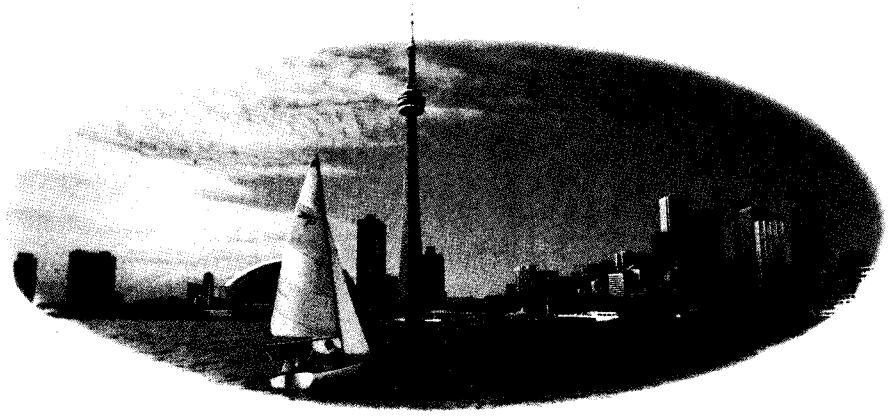

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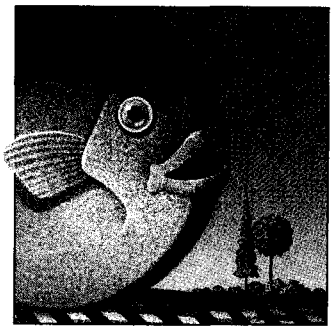

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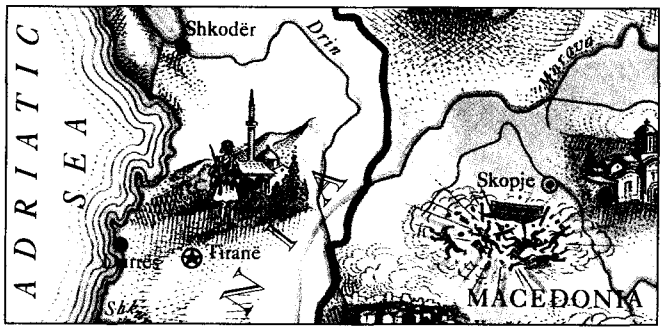

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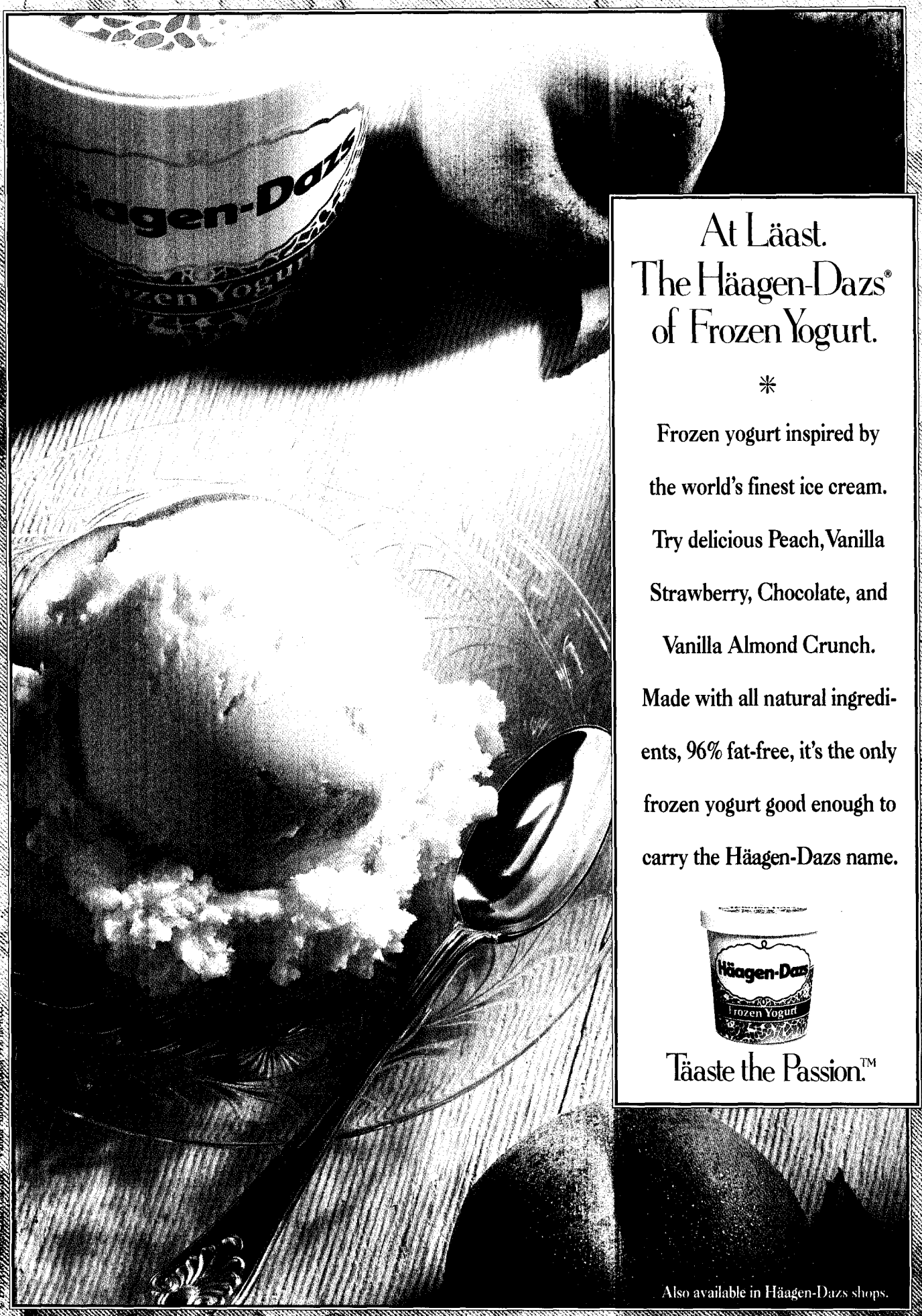

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745 BOYLSTON STREET

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE like *The Atlantic*, with its long lead time, cannot hope to cover current events in a direct or timely way, and we don't attempt to. We try instead to take the long view, and also to focus on issues and developments that the daily and weekly press, whose priorities are different from ours, may very well overlook. Thus, while *The Atlantic* could not report on the Gulf War itself, a variety of articles from the magazine have been cited as pertinent to the conflict.

Bernard Lewis's cover story "The Roots of Muslim Rage," for example, which was published last September, was widely talked about at the time and has continued to be recommended by columnists as essential background reading on upheavals in the Muslim world. In a very different vein was "Curses in Verses," by Ehud Ya'ari and Ina Friedman, an unusual article that generated an unusual amount of attention after its publication, in the February issue. The subject of the article was the *hija'*, or execration poetry, that the Saudis and Iraqis had been hurling at each other over the airwaves ever since the occupation of Kuwait began, last August. The story was mentioned in articles in a dozen newspapers, and was excerpted in *The Washington Post* and the Toronto *Globe & Mail*. After the air war started, Ehud Ya'ari was interviewed on National Public Radio's *All Things Considered*. He revealed that the Iraqis had begun importing Algerian poets to supplement the Yemeni ones they had been using, and added that their style and accent were proving unpopular. "So I don't think this is going to save them," Ya'ari concluded, "in this battle at least."

One columnist, James Warren of the *Chicago Tribune*, in the course of discussing what he characterized as the media's "sanitized" reporting of the war in the Gulf, made lengthy reference to Paul Fussell's August, 1989, *Atlantic* cover story, "The Real War." With our fears focused on nuclear destruction, Fussell had observed, we tend to be less mindful of what conventional war with modern munitions is really like. Fussell's article, which commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of the Second World War, offered a graphic reminder. Warren invoked Fussell to buttress his own critique: "Journalists, historians, and artists do a disservice, Fussell believes, in not communicating the frequent reality of arms, legs, and heads blown off."

The Gulf War is over, and the task of adjusting to a considerably altered world now begins. What our aims should have been and should be in the Gulf, and what should be the larger aims and rationale of American foreign policy during the coming decades, will be the subject of several articles in next month's issue. —THE EDITORS

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The June Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere, on behalf of the U.S. Naval Observatory; Ted Moncreiff; Lee Baxter, of the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission; and Todd O'Brien, of Wisconsin State Senator Russ Feingold's office.

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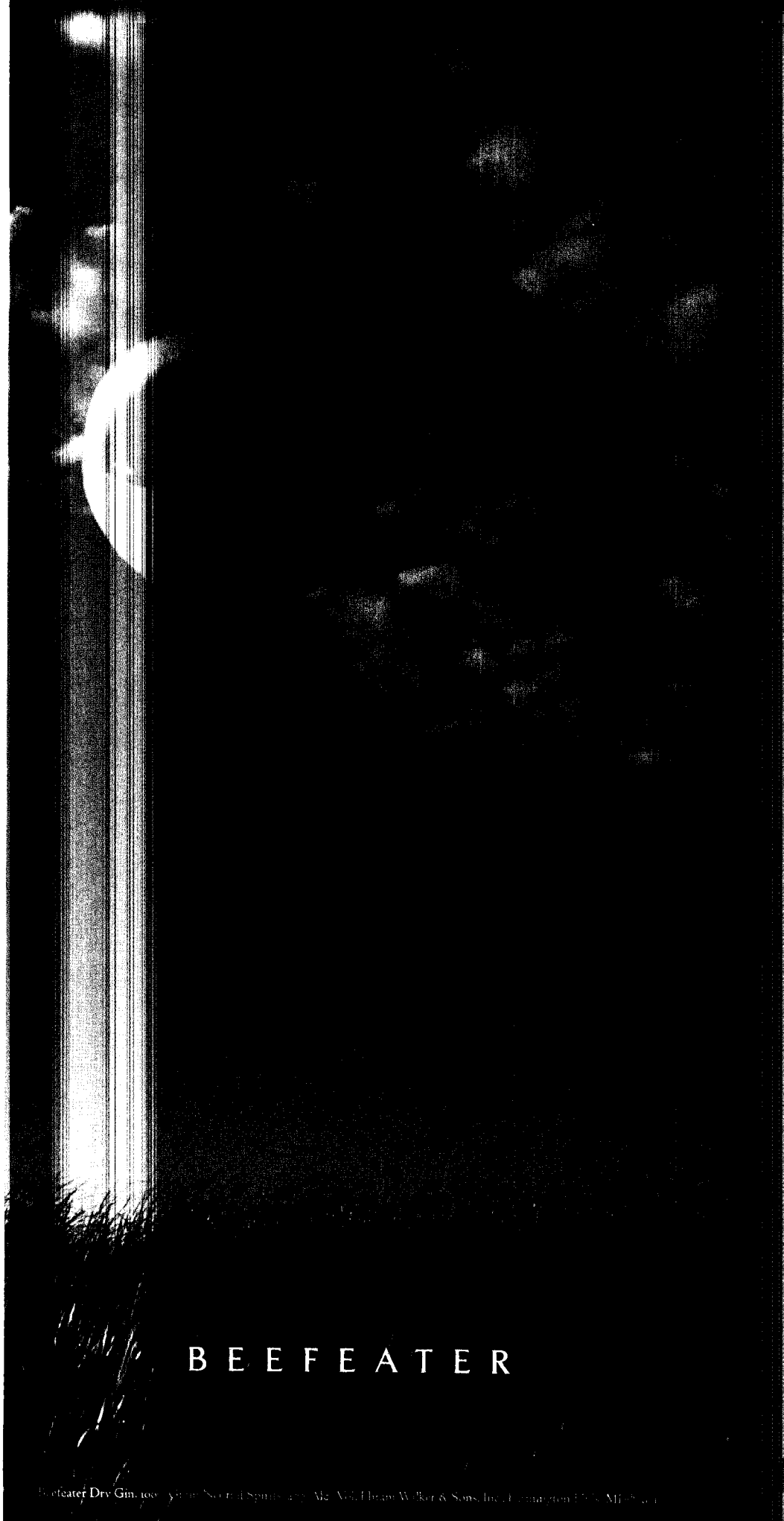

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AND SUDDENLY

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IS THAT MUCH

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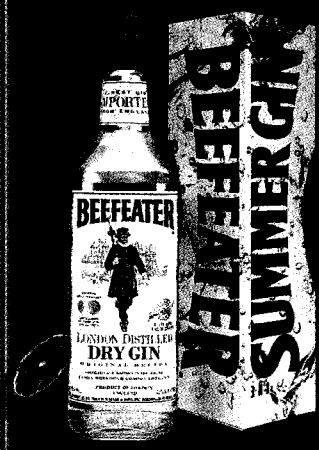

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SEASON PREVIEW

America's water-sports competitions

BIG ROCK BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT

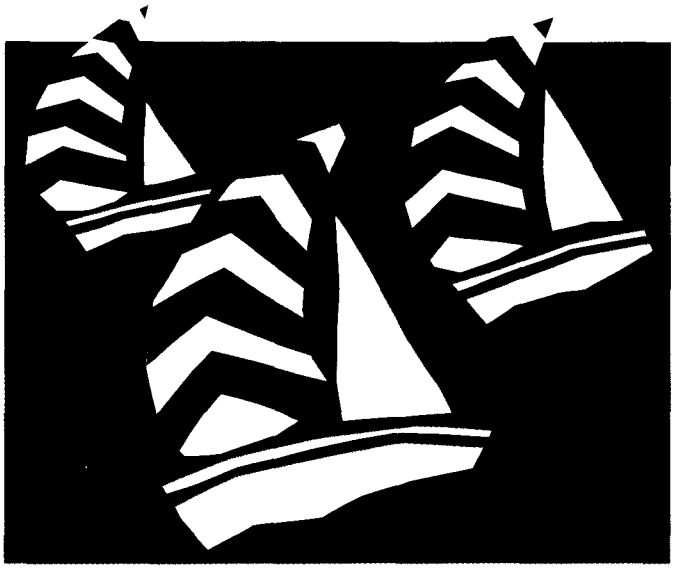
Morehead City, N.C.
June 10 • 15

Marlin is the ultimate game fish, and the Big Rock competition, now in its 33rd year, is the ultimate blue marlin tournament—or at least it's one of the world's largest. More than 150 boats are expected to compete this year, for a total purse of $228,250 (including a prize for the boat that *releases* the most fish). Last year's biggest big blue weighed in at 717 lbs. Since 1974 five "granders," or marlins over 1,000 lbs., have been landed off the North Carolina coast. For more information: Big Rock Blue Marlin Tournament, Box 1673, Morehead City, NC 28557; (919) 638-8826.

BLOCK ISLAND RACE WEEK

Block Island, R.I.
June 24 • 28

Founded in 1965 and patterned after the Cowes Week race in England, Block Island's is the oldest yacht race week in the United States. This year, 225 boats are expected to participate, sailing two races on most days. The competition includes four championships: the 43-foot North American Championship, the Swan Class East Coast Championship, the J44 Class Atlantic Coast Championship, and the J35 Class New England Championship. The week is famous for its local color and camaraderie: a Blockhead Award is also presented, for the single biggest screw-up of the week. Spectators may attend Race Week free. For more information: The Storm Trysail Club, Larchmont Yacht Club, Larchmont, NY 10538; (914) 834-8857.



THE GREAT KENNEBEC RIVER WHATEVER RACE

Augusta, Maine
June 28 • July 7

What began in 1979 as an experimental-boat race has become an annual all-purpose 10-day extravaganza. Whatever Week includes a Fourth of July parade and fireworks, entertainment ranging from jazz to vaudeville, tournaments from tennis to golf, and competitions from pizza-eating to kite-flying. But the highlight is still the race, an eight-mile regatta that takes place on the final Sunday. The 40,000 spectators expected can themselves expect to see homemade rafts, decorated canoes, sailboats, bathtubs—anything that floats (or tries to) is game. Participants can expect to fall overboard at least once, lose an oar or two, and get a sunburn. Prizes are awarded to craft demonstrating superlatives, such as fastest, most original, ugliest, most seaworthy, best to be marooned on, best-dressed crew, and most deserving to be sunk. There's no charge to watch the race or attend most of the week's other events. For more information: Kennebec Valley Chamber of Commerce, Box E, Augusta, ME 04332; (207) 623-4559.

WINDSURFING AT THE GORGE

Hood River, Oreg.
June 29 • July 14

The Columbia River Gorge, a breathtaking 80-mile stretch of the Columbia River, with strong winds, huge swells, and challenging currents, is probably the most famous windsurfing spot in North America. Three competitions, with purses ranging from $10,000 to $30,000, will take place here over a two-week period this summer. The Gorge Pro-Am, June 29 to July 8, is one of the top international slalom events. The Killer Loop Classic, July 8 to 10, is a freestyle aerial competition—the jumps are spectacular. During the Gorge Blowout, July 11 to 14, there is a traditional, 20-mile downwinder, a giant slalom race, and entertainment presented, including a sailboard toss (thrown like a javelin) and concerts. Spectators may attend most events free. For more information: Gorge Publishing, Box 918, Hood River, OR 97031; (503) 386-7440.

NATIONAL WATER SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS AND U.S. OPEN

Sacramento, Calif.
August 14 • 18

More than 800 of America's top water-skiers will compete in slalom, tricks, and jumping at the 49th annual national championships, at Sacramento's Bell Acqua Ski Park. Then some 40 professional water-skiers will arrive from all over the world to compete in the same three events during the U.S. Open Championships, for a total purse of $50,000. Daily admission is $4 for the nationals and $8 for the U.S. Open. For more information: Sacramento Tournament Organization, 1000 Ski Park Court, Rio Linda, CA 95673; (916) 991-1790.

WORLD CUP WHITEWATER SLALOM

Wausau, Wis.
August 31 • September 1

On Labor Day weekend more than 100 of the world's best canoe and kayak competitors, from some 20 countries, will challenge the Wisconsin River. Known as one of the most difficult in the world (the 600-meter course includes a 14-meter drop), the course, right in downtown Wausau, also has an international reputation for the friendliness of its spectators: a cheering crowd of 25,000 lines the riverbanks. Because this year's event is the final in the World Cup series and the season's last international whitewater slalom event in the United States before the Olympics, the competition is expected to be particularly intense. Spectators may attend free. For more information: Wausau Area Chamber of Commerce, Box 6190, Wausau, WI 54402; (800) 236-9728.

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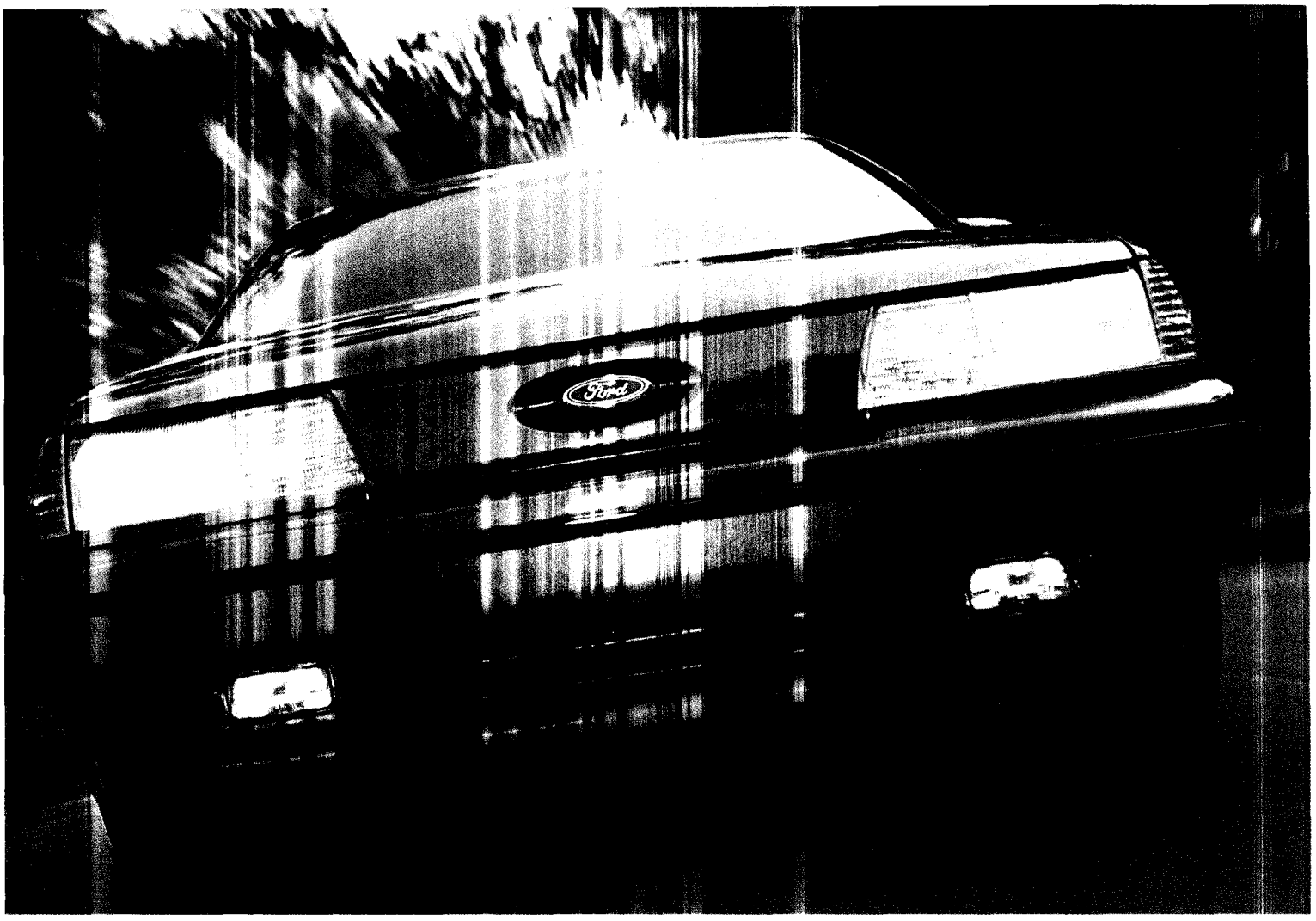

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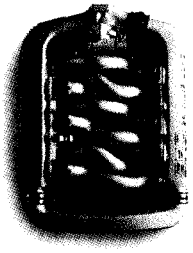

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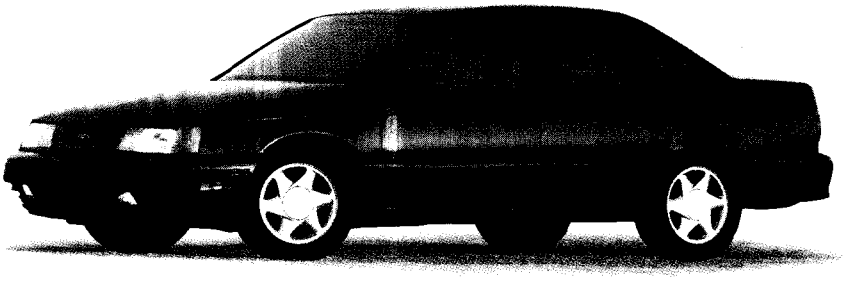

Just when they thought they had you all figured out.

Now that you've arrived, a departure may be in order. We recommend the Ford Taurus SHO. A little pressure to the gas pedal, and its 220 horsepower, 24-valve, Super High Output (SHO) V-6 will change your perspective. A change enhanced by SHO's newly refined 5-speed manual transmission, engineered for smoother, more precise shifting.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ILLIBERAL EDUCATION

It is always distressing to see an article that takes Stanley Fish seriously, but Dinesh D'Souza's "Illiberal Education" (March *Atlantic*) even goes to the extreme of solemnly quoting Fredric Jameson's belief that literary criticism will "create a Marxist culture in this country." Oh, please! Don't you recognize hot air when you hear it? Since when does literary criticism determine political, economic, or even social practice in this country? D'Souza has an endearing delusion that students will uncritically adopt their professors' beliefs. I can only conclude that he hasn't taught in American universities.

I can also assure him that American universities will survive excessive good intentions regarding the hiring of minority faculty. It is indeed ridiculous to expect a department of astronomy to hire a black professor when there are few or no black Ph.D.s in astronomy (if the data for 1988, cited in the article, can be taken as the pattern for other years); it is equally ridiculous that Duke had no black professors in any field until 1966. D'Souza may not agree with Joseph Di Bona's contention that "structurally this institution is a racist institution," but it is a historical fact that Duke was a racist institution for most of its existence. In changing its conduct, Duke has committed the usual number of blunders. In the long run, however, America has always returned to a middle course, and so will Duke.

Finally, I find D'Souza's conclusion unconvincing. It is hard to believe that deconstruction and affirmative action are to blame for the genuinely disturbing dropout rate among certain groups of students. I am more willing to believe that there might be other, more urgent explanations, such as the sky-high cost of tuition, books, and board, worsened by the reduction of financial aid and part-time jobs (factors not mentioned by D'Souza). If there is a crisis in American education, it is not caused by literary criticism or by instituting justice in hiring practices; instead, it is caused by a growing scarcity of education at a reasonable cost and by our country's abandonment of education excellence as it struggles with its financial stagnation.

BONNIE FREDERICK
Assistant Professor of Spanish
Washington State University
Pullman, Wash.

Stanley Fish was without question my most stimulating professor when I was an undergraduate at the University of California, Berkeley. His insistence on academic rigor was a challenging exercise in mental discipline which constituted an invaluable foundation for my subsequent years as a law student and my current career as an attorney and administrator. If he really now believes that "anything goes," I am sadly disappointed, and his current students are missing an exciting experience.

Fortunately, the intellectual concerns of humanities professors have only peripheral relevance to the real world. Their theories of criticism are known to and understood by only a fraction of the educated population, and even fewer people really care about those matters. It is reassuring that more of today's most able students are pursuing courses in business and natural science, which less often fall under the domination of "witch doctors" who deny inherent textual meaning. Such students, with their more objective background and training in scientific method, offer hope for the preservation of intellectual and political freedom for future generations.

RONALD G. BORDEN
Yuba City, Calif.

I teach in the English department to which Dinesh D'Souza seems to be attributing the decline of Western civilization as we knew it. He notes how this once estimable department

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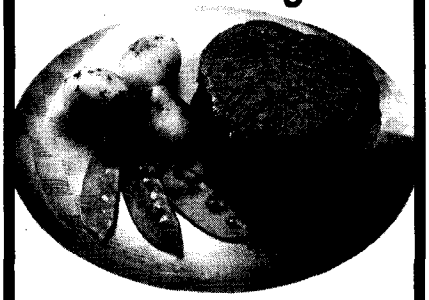

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used to require courses in Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton. Excuse me, sir, we still do. We also teach courses that include literature by women. No, we do not exclude slave narratives from our history of American literature. Contemporary-literature courses include the work of the Pulitzer Prize winner Toni Morrison and the Nobel Prize winner Saul Bellow. Some of us like to think that great literature *is* a profound reflection of the society that produces it—whether that society be classical Athens, Elizabethan England, or post-revolutionary America. Some of us like to think that this is one (although not the only) purpose of studying literature. And if a man whose right-wing credentials are as impeccable and as well known as D'Souza's thinks an appreciation for historical accuracy is reason to call me an ideologue, then I stand, happily, accused.

CATHY N. DAVIDSON
Professor of English
Duke University
Durham, N.C.

Thank you for your article "Illiberal Education." How wonderful to live in an era when our top academics can be found teaching our best college students that there is no moral difference between democracy and dictatorship; that all white males are guilty, period, not even until proved innocent, and certainly not (God forbid!) innocent until proved guilty; that "qualifications" and "the individual" are new code words for racism; that the text you study means anything you want it to mean, or maybe nothing at all; and that anyone who raises his voice against all this nonsense will inevitably be assailed as "racist, sexist, and homophobic."

RICHARD C. HUGHES III
New York, N.Y.

As a graduate student in English at the University of Pittsburgh, I have experienced daily the stifling dogmatism of the campus cultural revolution. As a teaching assistant, I also have been "encouraged" to participate in that revolution by teaching my students cultural critique (Marxist deconstruction) under the guise of a course called General Writing. I applaud Dinesh D'Souza and *The Atlantic* for publicly airing what some of us in academics—graduate students and untenured faculty in particular—have been too fearful to discuss within earshot of new-think superstars. (After all, to question the current critical regime is to align oneself with the forces of social injustice, and what liberal-minded scholar would want to do that?)

If I have a complaint, it's that D'Souza's critique of current trends in post-structuralism does not go far enough. It should be noted, for instance, that although these academic activists claim to be the champions of the silenced, oppressed minorities, the leveling effects of their presuppositions sometimes do more to mask genuine oppression than to expose it. Moreover, the kind of empowerment these activists claim to offer is one that women and minorities should shun, since, as D'Souza notes, inherent in post-structuralist systems is a refutation of all notions of liberty and individuality and hence the denial of any possibility of a freer, more democratic society.

NANCY WELCH
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dinesh D'Souza's judgment in "Illiberal Education" that the current approach to literature ("poems and novels do not mean anything in particular") probably had its genesis in Austin Warren and René Wellek's *Theory of Literature* (1949) seems to me wide of the mark. Like Samuel Johnson, Warren and Wellek respect durable collective literary judgment; their book refutes the notion that a literary work means anything anybody wants it to mean. "Doubts about the exact limits of literature," Wellek continues in *The Attack on Literature* (1982), "cannot obviate the difference between art and nonart, great and bad art, trash, kitsch, a Shakespeare play and a newspaper poem, a story by Tolstoy and a story in *True Confessions*."

MARTIN BUCCO
Professor of English
Colorado State University
Fort Collins, Colo.

It was unfair and inaccurate of Dinesh D'Souza to put Hans-Georg Gadamer's *Truth and Method* together with the works of such as Jacques Derrida and Paul de Man. Gadamer does argue that a text will generate an "infinite" number of interpretations, because any great work is complex (the Bible and our Constitution are two good ex-

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amples) and new generations will relate to the texts in new, unforeseen ways. But Gadamer over and over insists that the work itself is central, not the critic, and that all new interpretations must be tested against the overall context of the work. He also stresses that to prevent misinterpretation it is necessary to understand the work in its original historical context.

GENE KOPPEL
Associate Professor of English
The University of Arizona
Tucson, Ariz.

Dinesh D'Souza might be interested in the most recent example of a double standard of political correctness at Rice University. In February a group of students asked permission to place yellow ribbons on trees in the main academic quadrangle in a one-day show of support for the troops in the Persian Gulf. Their request was modeled on the university precedent of a wreath in honor of Martin Luther King, Jr., which is placed in the main quadrangle for one day each January.

To the students' surprise, the administration denied their request. When they then proposed a day-long display of a wreath of yellow ribbons, the administration again said no. The result was a student rally in support of the troops—with much contempt for an administration intent on enforcing standards of political correctness in the public spaces of the university.

FRANK D. SCHUBERT
Kenedy Lecturer in Religious Studies
Rice University
Houston, Texas

Dinesh D'Souza replies:

As the large volume of response to my article and the controversy surrounding my book, *Illiberal Education*, suggest, the politics of race and sex on campus has become a subject of passionate public debate. Given the depth and complexity of the issues, it is not surprising that they give rise to many interpretations; the objective of my article was not to resolve this discussion but to serve as a catalyst for it.

No one can deny that the victims' revolution on campus reflects the efforts of an increasingly diverse society to address enduring problems of oppression, inequality, and prejudice. Yet the means employed are problematic at best, and they sometimes undermine

A CREW WITH A VIEW

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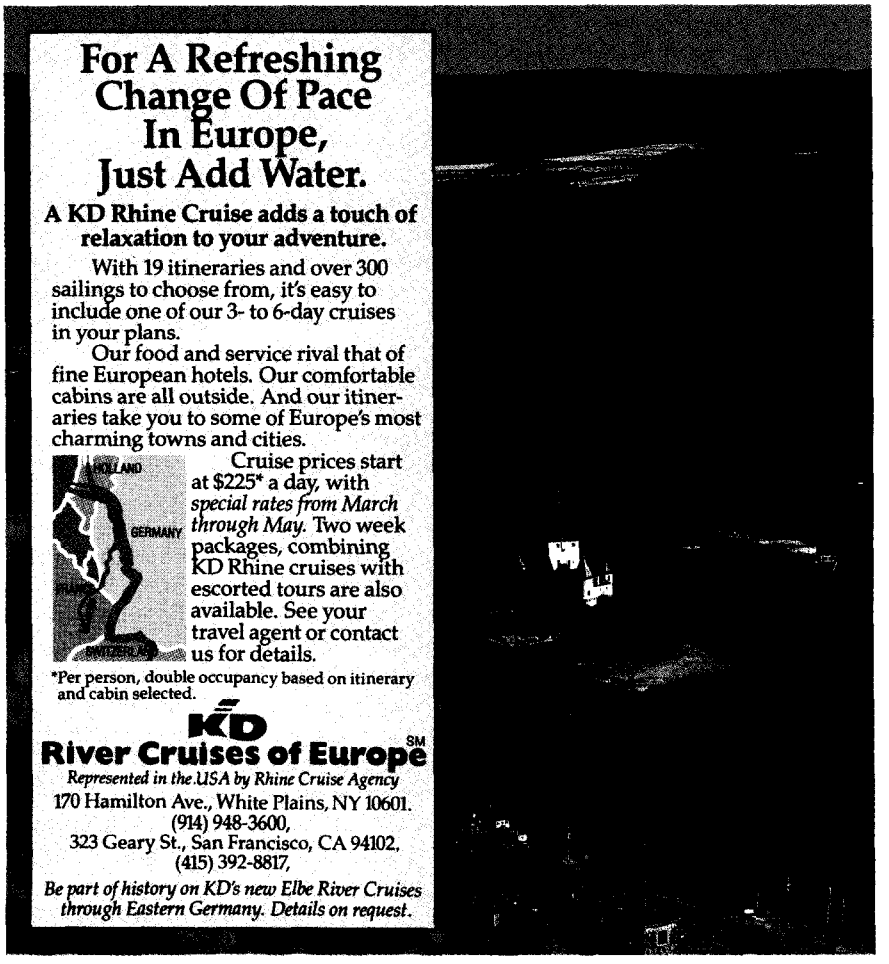

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the very goals of equal opportunity and social justice that they seek to advance.

DEATH OF BROADWAY

"The Death of Broadway," by Thomas M. Disch (March *Atlantic*), is a splendid, if depressing, article—except for one glaring omission. Disch cites prohibitive costs, demographics, hoodlumism, changing tastes, residential patterns, and many other valid points. But he makes no mention of predatory labor unionism.

New York is probably the most union-ridden city in the country. The overpaid, overstaffed, overpensioned, and underworked municipal unions repeatedly crowd the city to the very edge of bankruptcy. The authorities turn a blind eye to outrageous goon tactics, and many companies, in resignation, have either moved out of the city or folded their operations.

Disch is a transplant from Minnesota, but he has been a New Yorker for thirty-five years and is well steeped in the local culture. In a seven-page article he doesn't mention unions until the last column of the last page. Here he tells us that the unions may join with producers and theater owners in an effort to present less expensive productions. They will like hell.

ARCHIE D. DAVIS
Hendersonville, N.C.

In his eagerness to find in Roseland a symbol of the decline of Broadway, Thomas Disch has overlooked one important fact: Roseland is still first and foremost a ballroom, frequented each week by hundreds of tango- and foxtrot-loving "fuddy-duddies"—Disch's term—of all ages. Disch has apparently taken his cue from the numerous stories published in the New York press after the Brian Watkins murder, which portrayed Roseland as a ballroom-turned-disco. The fact is that Roseland has been operating as a traditional ballroom continuously since the 1920s. Disco was added (not substituted) in the seventies, but only one or two nights a week, and only after ballroom hours. And since the Watkins murder disco has been terminated.

JORDAN SANDKE
Trumpeter, Bandleader
Astoria, N.Y.

Thomas M. Disch replies:

While I tend to agree, in general, that theater unions practice various forms of polite blackmail, they've been doing so for such a long time that I don't think they can bear much of the blame for Broadway's bad health. In the matter of the Broadway Alliance, the unions indeed joined with the producers, and others, to enable the Belasco Theatre to put on Steve Tesich's *The Speed of Darkness* with a top ticket price of just $24. Despite some good reviews and great acting by two Broadway stars, Len Cariou and Stephen Lang, it had only a short run.

I intended no disrespect to the clientele of Roseland in speaking of them as fuddy-duddies. I myself have reached the age where I prefer the sedate pace of a foxtrot to the exertions of disco, which makes me a fuddy-duddy by my own definition. I'm sorry that Roseland has fallen on hard times, but that tends to confirm my diagnosis as to Broadway's declining health.

HEALING THE GHETTOS

As a lifelong resident of New York City, I was most eager to read Nicholas Lemann's prescription for curing the profound problems facing America's poor neighborhoods ("Healing the Ghettos," March *Atlantic*). New York City, after all, is more than 50 percent minority and more than 28 percent black, has one of the nation's most ineffective public education systems, has a welfare clientele approaching 20 percent of the total population, has the nation's largest per capita homeless population, has more than 30 percent of the nation's heroin addicts, and is in a state that has the nation's largest prison population.

This same city has the largest publicly funded education, housing, welfare, hospital, transportation, employment, and social-intervention systems in the country. We have been at it since the 1930s, and the results are the shame and terror of my home town.

Do not try to imagine my surprise (you just could not) when I read Lemann's prescription: that the entire nation open its checkbook and follow New York's model. As Homey the Clown says, "Ah don' think so!"

BERNARD V. MCELHONE
New York, N.Y.

Nicholas Lemann's "Healing the Ghettos" sounds to me more like pouring salt into the wound. The government's War on Poverty has so far proved to be a war against the poor instead, bringing ever more people into the ranks of government dependency. After years of government programs there are more people who are poor, homeless, and hungry than ever (at least in the city where I live). Through minimum wage, occupational licensing, union supports, and taxi regulation, the less-skilled poor have been eliminated from the marketplace, and placed on the welfare rolls instead. Welfare has subsidized idleness and rewarded fatherless families with extra benefits, penalizing intact families. Welfare payments serve as competition against jobs, providing better income without work. Public education (which feeds and provides babysitting for kids today) indicates to parents that they need not get involved in their kids' lives. Even Head Start has been shown to increase the "use of education, health, and social services"—that is, welfare (CRS Synthesis Project study, 1985).

What Lemann wants is more government intervention: medical, educational, economic, vocational, social, and even familial, starting before birth and taking one into adulthood. He wants to take away every shred of independence and dignity these people have left. This is paternalism with a vengeance.

Lemann and his "leading experts in the field" seem to think that they alone have solutions to the problems of the ghettos. Which experts are these exactly? Black economists like Thomas Sowell and Walter Williams? Obviously not, since they oppose these very government programs. Or are these "experts" a bunch of social-service employees whose jobs depend on a perpetuation of the system?

The government is not the most "practical and moral" problem solver. It is impractical, as we have seen. What we need is government out of the way—no welfare, no wage and price controls, no subsidies, allowing everyone to operate on an equal footing in the marketplace. Lemann's vision can hardly be moral, since it is based on the "redistribution of wealth"—a fancy term for theft ("Thou shalt not steal . . . except by majority vote"). The government has

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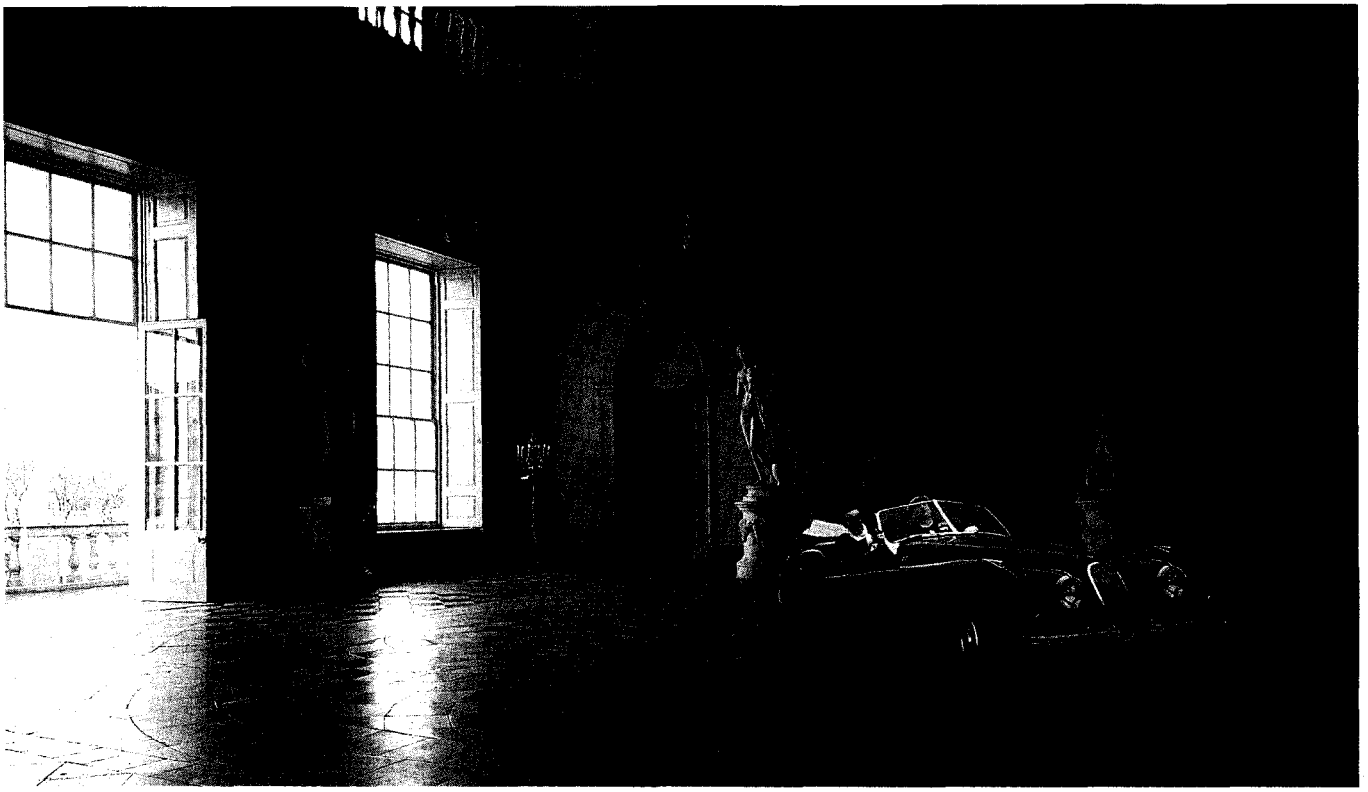
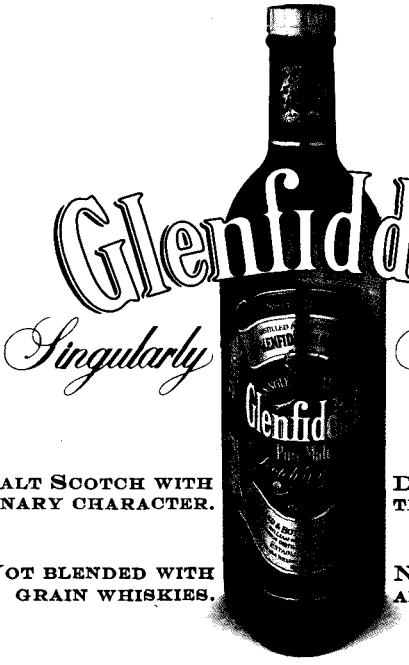


AS SOON AS I LAID EYES on my Uncle's '53 Jaguar, I prayed he'd let me take it for a spin. "Son, I'm afraid these roads aren't smooth enough," he said. "Not even *once* around the Estate?" I queried. He shook his head. "How about the circular drive?" I pleaded. As if to close the subject, he handed me a glass of *Glenfiddich single malt* and declared, "The road would have to be as *smooth as this Scotch* before I'd ever let her roll." As I savored my first sip, I had an inspiration. My Uncle laughed. But the next morning we gave it a whirl.



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no business interfering in the private lives of families.

Racial harmony will never come through government legislation that favors one group (inner-city minorities) over another (suburban whites). Racial harmony begins by personal efforts to understand one another as individuals created in the image of God.

STEPHEN J. GARVER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Nicholas Lemann has written cogent articles on the history of the War on Poverty and on new proposals for an anti-poverty effort. However, in "Healing the Ghettos" he refers repeatedly to the failure of the War on Poverty, and cites a need for "federal programs . . . [that are] honest, well run, committed to mainstream values."

In fact, community-action agencies, which were the centerpiece of the War on Poverty, have quietly grown over the past twenty-five years into exactly those models of honest, well-run programs. Some of the programs traditionally run by community-action agencies—Head Start, WIC—are almost universally applauded as programs that work. We do not need to invent an agency that is community-based and effective, and delivers needed programs while advocating "empowerment." That network exists. We do need to recognize, as a matter of national policy, that poverty undermines our strength as a nation of interrelated communities, and that the War on Poverty was not lost, it was abandoned.

SHARON A. JOHNSON
Hopkins, Minn.

Nicholas Lemann replies:

Bernard McElhone and Stephen Garver assume that because there is a social-welfare apparatus and there are many problems in the big-city slums, the former must be the cause of the latter. The problems of the ghettos have been caused by a lot more than government programs. Also, there is an important difference, which both writers seem to miss, between the kind of program-oriented attack on poverty that I proposed and increased welfare payments, which I didn't propose. I don't see how programs like Head Start sap people of their will and make them dependent. A good source of information about these programs (to answer Mr. Garver's question) is *Within Our Reach: Breaking the Cycle of Disadvantage*, by Lisbeth B. Schorr with Daniel Schorr.

I agree with Sharon Johnson that there are many effective community-action agencies around the country; I've visited some of them, and she is right that the situation today is quite different from what it was in the early days of the War on Poverty, when hundreds of new community-action agencies were created overnight without the benefit of any field-testing. Presumably poverty-fighters of the future would choose to allow the well-run community-action agencies to operate programs locally. Still, I believe that Washington should keep a pretty tight rein on such programs, and the letters that precede Ms. Johnson's demonstrate why: in poor neighborhoods, many of the community-action forces will not naturally gravitate toward the task of preparing poor people to enter the mainstream of American society, and if they instead are able to focus on political protest, the conservatives who are predisposed to declare all anti-poverty programs to be failures will have the ammunition they need to kill the programs. That's what happened last time around.

PROTECTING CORAL

Kenneth Brower's "On the Edge of Down Under" (January *Atlantic*) was marred by one flaw. Throughout my scuba training I was instructed to avoid touching coral. The criticalness of maintaining neutral buoyancy (the ability to hover when submerged—drifting neither up nor down) is emphasized to refrain from accidentally grazing, and ultimately killing, this animal. The coral mucus that Brower refers to is the protective coating exuded by the coral polyps. His climb up the "living wall" ripped that protective coating away. When the builders of the coral heads die, the building process ceases. Sure, the Great Barrier Reef is immense—but multiply this result by many divers and many years, and this natural wonder will inevitably show the damage.

STEPHAN M. SHAAK
Harrisburg, Pa.

Kenneth Brower replies:

As Stephan Shaak suggests, it is best for a diver on a coral reef to keep his hands to himself. I try to do that most of the time. No diver, though, can follow a hands-off policy with perfect success, especially when the current or his curiosity is running strong. I would point out several things in my defense: The skeleton of the coral polyp is an impressive fortress, having protected its occupant from the Proterozoic down to the present. Marine science is discovering the reef to be a much less fragile entity than we thought just a decade ago. Mucus is mucus, in coral or man; Mr. Shaak does not blow his brains out each time he uses his hanky. I protest, and I guarantee, that in six weeks on the Great Barrier Reef, I did less damage to coral than a single parrotfish does in one afternoon. But I bow to the fervor of the newly certified. I'll be more careful next time.

ADVICE & CONSENT

As an American married to an Italian and a resident of Italy for eight years, I read Corby Kummer's astute articles about food and drink *all'italiana* with great pleasure. Other readers of "Espresso at Home" (November *Atlantic*) might be interested in the following additional tips.

First, cocoa powder on cappuccino is in fact a widespread practice here, at least in northern Italy. The corner bar even asks me over the phone if I want cocoa when I have a cappuccino sent up to my office. The cocoa involved, however, should not be sweetened—which it often is, to the annoyance of some. Kummer rightly cites lemon peel as an aberrant *americanata*.

Second, caffé corretto may be corrected with just about any liqueur, but anyone who orders it without specifying how to spike it will probably get grappa. As Kummer says, brandy and anisette are the other common choices.

Last, people traveling in Italy should know that most bars' signs advertise the brand of bean they serve, so it is possible to search out one that serves, for example, Illy caffé. State price control means that drinking good espresso in a bar costs no more than drinking bad, even though bars that care pay at least twice as much for Illy caffé.

RICHARD M. GREENSLADE
Milan, Italy

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Robert B. Reich's article "The Real Economy" (February *Atlantic*) certainly makes some good points, but it is my opinion that the basic problem is misstated.

First, regarding tax reform: Republican "trickle down" versus Democratic "fairness" has always been misstated. The wealthy have never paid an appreciably higher percentage of their income in taxes than they pay now; the odds are that they never will. The wealthy can afford to hire legions of tax specialists to search out every nook and cranny of the tax laws for favorable statutes, and can, if necessary, hire lobbyists to persuade Congress to create more favorable statutes.

The only real issues are the number of hoops we will force the wealthy to jump through and the size and profitability of the tax-avoidance industry. Republican "trickle down" is an attempt to make it easy for the wealthy to avoid taxes (so they can spend more time on the golf course), while Democratic "fairness" represents fairness for the tax-avoidance industry (welfare for accountants).

Accordingly, tax reform has only marginal impact on the performance of the American economy. To increase the tax burden on the wealthy would require a long-term change in values and attitudes, making the wealthy believe that it is in their best interest to shoulder a larger tax burden—something that neither party is willing to attempt, for fear of upsetting the special interests that finance re-election campaigns (an example of short-term thinking at its finest).

Second, in comparisons between the United States and other industrialized nations concerning investment, R&D spending, education levels, and test scores, the United States always comes out looking pretty shabby. We ought to come out poorly, but the reasons for national differences in investment and education are again misstated. The United States is best understood as a continental economy with affluent regions and with its very own Third World (in urban slums and in entire regions like the rural Deep South). Similarly, West Germany and France are the affluent regions of a larger Continental economy. I suspect that when the United States is compared with the entire EEC, including Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Turkey (an associate member), the differences narrow substantially. In this regard Turkish guest workers in West Germany (who aren't included in official West German employment, education, or income statistics) occupy a position analogous to that of recent immigrants (legal and illegal) in the United States. Accordingly, the major test facing the United States and the affluent areas of Western Europe will be their respective abilities to integrate (not just economically but also socially) their less-developed subregions.

Historically the United States has been successful in integrating culturally heterogeneous immigrant groups, and I believe that we will continue to be successful in doing so. Our ability to integrate blacks into American life is more problematic. Race is the original sin of American politics, and we have yet to deal with it successfully. Tragically, while white America has made clumsy attempts over the past twenty years to close the gap between blacks and whites, black America is being led in the opposite direction by the likes of Marion Barry, Jesse Jackson, and Tawana Brawley. Let's hope that the future belongs to the Douglas Wilders and Colin Powells.

Which brings me full circle—to values and attitudes. I wholeheartedly agree that the true measure of the strength of a nation is not its trade balance but the quality of its people. But to increase the human capital of the United States—to "develop the skills and insights of our citizens"—we must convince the wealthy citizens of America that it is in their own best interest to pay more in taxes and to invest in the skills—and in the children—of the least among us. Western Europe and Japan must do the same. I daresay that the nation that brought the world the melting pot will do better at that task than the nation that brought the world Auschwitz, but nothing is for sure.

JAMES J. BANTE
Burke, Va.

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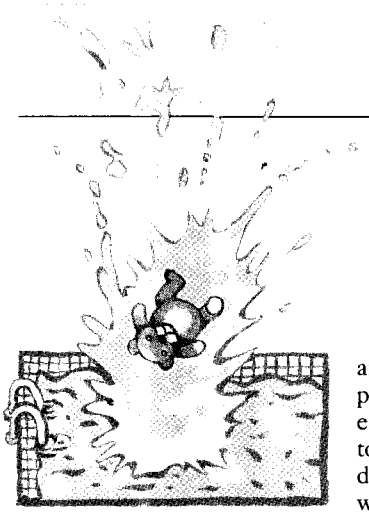


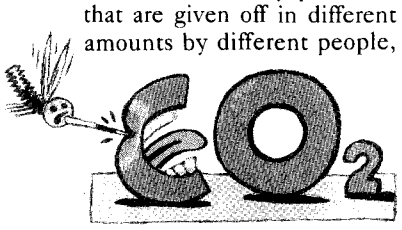
HEALTH & SAFETY

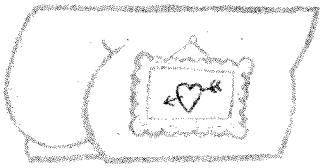
In many parts of the country this month residential swimming pools will be returned to use. A reminder: Drowning is now the second most frequent cause of accidental death in the home (after fires) for children under the age of five. In four states—Arizona, California, Florida, and Texas—it is the leading cause of death overall for children under five. While many ordinances require pools to be fenced off from neighbors, few require a barrier between a pool and its owner's home. (Most children who drown do so in their own pools.) A recent government report on child drowning observes: "Probably the most striking characteristic of children in the at-risk age group is their ability to do new and different things on an almost daily basis"—leading parents to be taken by surprise by a child's ability to (for example) open gates or climb out of a playpen. Some 4,300 submersion accidents requiring emergency-room treatment befell children under five in 1989.

Q & A

Are mosquitoes choosy as to whom they bite?

Science supports personal experience in this matter: mosquitoes *are* partial to certain people. Their preferences appear to be dictated by biochemical factors. Mosquitoes are drawn to carbon dioxide and amino acids—respiratory and metabolic by-products that are given off in different amounts by different people, and that increase for any given person as the level of physical exertion increases. Mosquitoes also like heat, and since dark colors absorb heat, whereas light colors reflect it, they flock to dark clothing and hair. (Because of all the metabolic variables, culicidologists—those who study mosquitoes—cannot say whether the insects similarly prefer dark skin to light.) Haute cuisine for a mosquito, then, might take the form of a jogger in black Lycra at the close of his or her run.



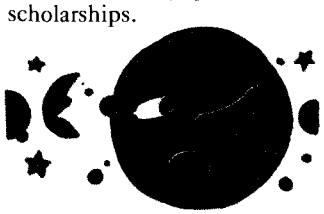


ARTS & LETTERS

This month, as warmer weather sets in and more skin becomes visible, the busy season begins for America's tattoo artists; they expect a greater surge than the usual doubling of business this year, owing in part to enthusiasm for Operation Desert Storm. "Over the past ten years," says Jonathan Shaw, a New York tattoo artist, "tattooing has evolved from a mostly crude American folk art into a full-scale, multimedia, no-holds-barred type of art form." Shaw is the curator of the first gallery show devoted to designs by international tattoo artists, which opens this month at The Psychedelic Solution, in New York City—perhaps heralding the return of the tattoo to the fashionableness it enjoyed at the turn of the century. (Winston Churchill's mother is said to have had a tattooed snake encircling her wrist.) June **2**, the 44th annual Tony Awards. **3**, the Turner Tomorrow Award—a creation of the broadcaster Ted Turner—is to be awarded to an unpublished work of fiction set in the near future and whose themes include "ensuring the prosperity of all life on our planet." First prize: $500,000.

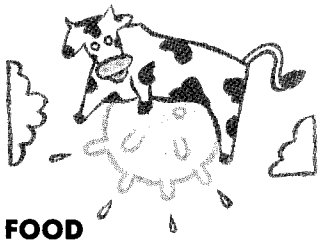
GOVERNMENT

June **24–28**, the corruption-riddled International Brotherhood of Teamsters holds its convention in Orlando, Florida; delegates will nominate candidates for next December's election of the union's highest officers, including president. Previously, union officials were elected at the convention itself. Now, as the result of a settlement with the federal government of a racketeering suit, the union leadership has agreed to change the electoral procedures and accept the scrupulous oversight of a court-appointed elections officer. **30**, the Franklin Fund in Boston is to be terminated. In his will Benjamin Franklin left 1,000 pounds sterling (about $5,000) apiece to Boston and to Philadelphia. He stipulated that the money be put into a trust to be lent to "young married artificers"—apprentices in the trades—at 5 percent interest; after 100 years and 200 years monies were to be released. Philadelphia dissolved its Franklin Fund last year. Boston expects to use some of the proceeds—the trust now amounts to some $5 million, thanks to two centuries of steady growth—for scholarships.



THE SKIES

June **12**, New Moon. **21**, the Summer Solstice with respect to the Northern Hemisphere; the sun reaches its northernmost point. **27**, Full Moon, also known as the Rose, Flower, or Honey Moon. A penumbral eclipse of the moon will be visible (but barely) tonight from most of North America. This month the planets Venus, Mars, and Jupiter make a rare convergence, and will be visible after sunset above the western horizon.

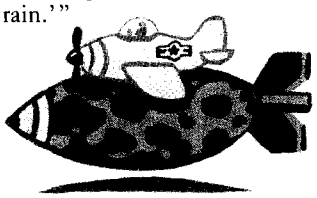


FOOD

June **1**, a year-long moratorium in Wisconsin and Minnesota on the use of the synthetic bovine hormone somatotropin, which can boost milk production in cows by some 15 percent, is scheduled to expire. Although the Food and Drug Administration has yet to approve the hormone for commercial use, Wisconsin and Minnesota, which produce a quarter of the country's milk, enacted the moratorium to call attention to the potential economic consequences of enlarged milk surpluses—most notably, the bankruptcy of many small dairy farmers. Consumer groups have also raised concerns about long-term health risks. The FDA, which contends that the hormone is safe, expects to render a decision next year. Legislators in Wisconsin and Minnesota, meanwhile, hope to extend the moratorium.

50 YEARS AGO

Francis Vivian Drake, writing in the June, 1941, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Whatever its intentions it is a fact that since the days of Kitty Hawk the War Department has never properly understood Air Power; there is little evidence that it will ever understand it. With the horrible object lessons of the past two years right before its nose, it is still under the delusion that the essential function of American Air Power is to back up land forces. It is still devoted to the principle that 'air power cannot hold terrain.'"



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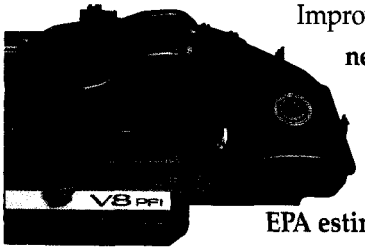

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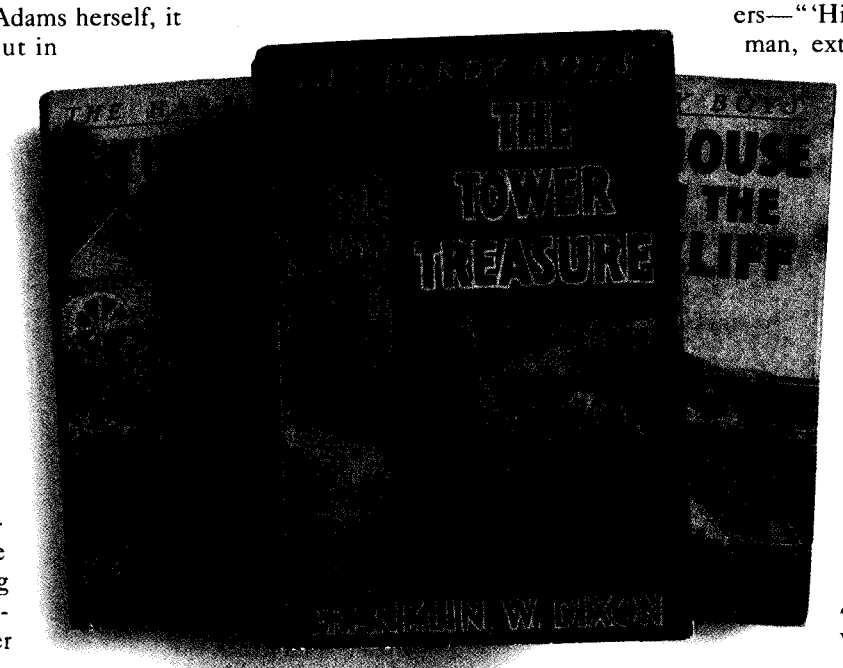
REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

Starting Over

The same old stories

In 1959 Harriet Stratemeyer Adams, a Wellesley graduate, a writer, and the owner and president of the Stratemeyer Syndicate, then the nation's largest producer of adventure books for older children and young teens, took a fateful step. She directed that all the books in the company's thirty-two-year-old Hardy Boys series (whose author of record is Franklin W. Dixon—initially a man named Leslie McFarlane) and all the ones in the twenty-nine-year-old Nancy Drew series (whose author of record is Carolyn Keene—initially Adams herself, it once was thought, but in reality a woman named Mildred A. Wirt, who is now eighty-six and lives in the Midwest) be thoroughly and robustly revised. The reason for the overhaul, according to the present editor of the Hardy Boys series, at Simon & Schuster, was to bring the books abreast of various technological developments, and to make them reflect changing "attitudes and approaches" in the larger society. I suspect that another motive was to condense the novels for impatient readers by stripping them down to pure plot; and that yet another was to leach from them their earnest squareness, which calls attention to their age. Whatever the motivations, the upshot is that little remained in the books after their revision which could possibly discomfit anyone (such as dialogue rendered in dialect, humor at the expense of policemen, and big words that might have to be looked up). The bright regiments of Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew books that you see now at bookstores are all reflections of the Great Purge. Needless to say, the scores of new adventures in both series which have been created in the years since 1959—the Hardy Boys corpus now comprises 108 mysteries, the Nancy Drew corpus comprises 101, and both series come in a line of young-adult "Casefiles" as well—also adhere to the revisionist code.



Early editions of Hardy Boys books reproduced from the collection of Michael Duff

Now, I am not about to dig in my heels about all this. The books are fine, and I have a lot of them in my house. Some of the changes are improvements ("swarthy," for example, is no longer a synonym for "evil"). And many of them (at least many of the ones in the Hardy Boys books, the series I know better) seem to be relatively innocuous. Tony Prito, the immigrant friend of Frank and Joe Hardy, is now able to say "What's the matter?" instead of "What's the mattah?," but after all, he's been in America for sixty years. Another friend, Chet Morton, still plump, now drives a jalopy instead of a roadster, but the word "jalopy" today seems as appealingly old-fashioned as "roadster" always did. Frank and Joe are older now—eighteen and seventeen, not sixteen and fifteen. Growing up, people often remark, takes longer these days. And while the deliberate multiculturalism of the newer books may wink annoyingly at adult readers—"'Hi, Joe!' said the young man, extending his hand for a shake. 'My name is Jason Tanaka'"—younger readers probably don't even notice, and perhaps subtly benefit.

That said, however, I must confess how pleasing it is that the original versions of the first three books in both the Hardy Boys and the Nancy Drew series are about to be republished. The first book in each series—*The Tower Treasure* and *The Secret of the Old Clock*—will appear this month,

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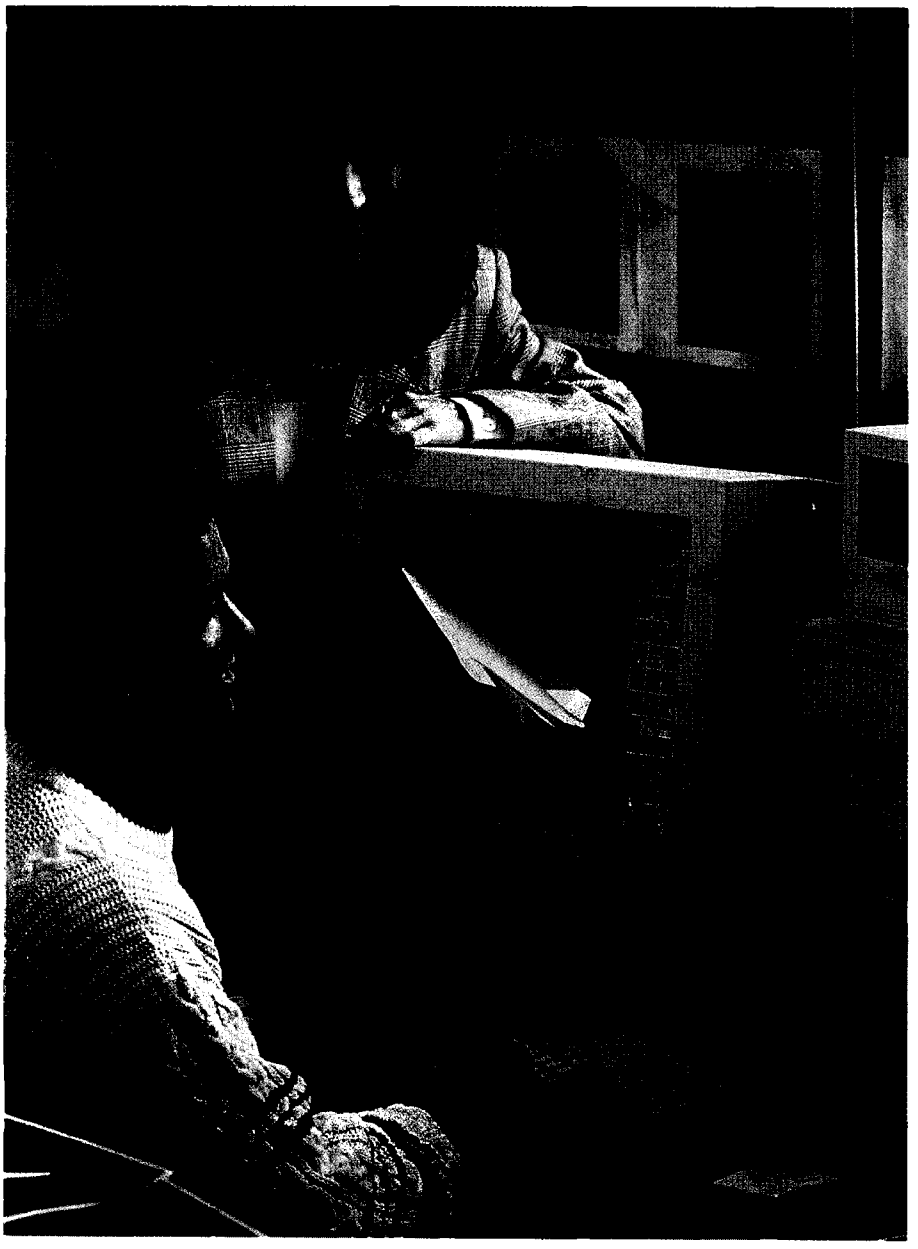

While still in high school, Manuel Gonzalez got a glimpse of his future. It was filled with challenge and personal achievement.

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thanks to the efforts of the reprint house Applewood Books, which might produce volumes beyond the initial six if the public shows interest. I hope it does. Antiques though these novels be, they deserve a second look, because they're richer than the versions of the same books now in print.

THIS ISN'T JUST some wistful recollection colored by age. Friends have volunteered similar observations, fresh from a session with one of the newer books and a child. One day recently I sat down with my boyhood copy of *The Tower Treasure* and a copy of the text you'd buy nowadays at a store, and compared the two line by line. The difference is considerable. Here's the introductory description of Frank and Joe Hardy from the original text:

> While there was a certain resemblance between the two lads, chiefly in the firm yet good-humored expression of their mouths, in some respects they differed greatly in appearance. While Frank was dark, with straight, black hair and brown eyes, his brother was pink-cheeked, with fair, curly hair and blue eyes.

Here's the same passage in the revised text:

> Even though one boy was dark and the other fair, there was a marked resemblance between the two brothers. Eighteen-year-old Frank was tall and dark. Joe, a year younger, was blond with blue eyes.

This doesn't even quite make sense. Here's part of the description of the chief of police, Ezra Collig, from the original version:

> Chief Ezra Collig, of the Bayport police force, was a burly, red-faced individual, much given to telling long-winded stories.
>
> Usually, Collig was to be found reclining in a swivel chair in his office, with his feet on the desk, reading the comic papers or polishing up his numerous badges, but this day something had happened to shake him out of his customary calm.

Here's what the current version has to say about the chief, in the same place:

> He was a tall, husky man, well known to Fenton Hardy and his two sons.

The entire book has undergone the kind of metamorphosis that these examples suggest. The text of the story, which involves the theft of jewels and securities from the wealthy stamp collector Hurd Applegate, has been substantially shortened. The vocabulary has been diminished. Even the smallest of details has been covered over with smooth vinyl siding. Officers of the law were once "cops"; now they are "the police." The original text was enlivened by comic repartee, which has all but disappeared. So has the occasional evocation of adolescent shyness and awkwardness ("I've been intending to go, but—I sort of—well—you know—," says Frank Hardy to his almost-girlfriend Callie Shaw at one point in the original version). Moments once suggesting emotional complexity ("Frank and Joe, their hearts too full for utterance, withdrew softly from the room") have been replaced by scenes of bland avowal ("Instantly Frank and Joe assured Mrs. Robinson they would do everything they could to find the real thief"). Inexplicably the Hardy boys' taste in sports has been changed. In the old version of *The Tower Treasure*, Joe and Frank and their friends play the all-American game, baseball. Today, for some reason, it's tennis. "Of all the impudence!" one is tempted to say with the bilious Hurd Applegate, although he no longer says it.

Besides the loss of narrative texture, the new books suffer from a loss of whole episodes. Gone from *The Tower Treasure* are the practical joke played by Chet Morton on Lem Billers, the "bomb scare" that makes Chief Collig and Detective Smuff miss their train and lose a chance to question the dying Red Jackley, and the celebratory feast laid on by Adelia Applegate in the last chapter, when even Chet Morton admits that he's had enough. Gone, too, is the memorable scene, toward the beginning, in which Fenton Hardy, the internationally famous detective, lectures his sons on the importance of training themselves to be observant, and by way of example reveals his insights into Superintendent Norton of the Bayport public schools, a man he has seen but never met. The omission of this long passage is comparable to leaving out the "Science of Deduction" chapter from *A Study in Scarlet*, in which John H. Watson, M.D., has his first long chat with Sherlock Holmes, and Holmes demonstrates and explains the nature of his powers.

I DON'T WANT TO make excessive claims for the talents of the author of the original Hardy Boys novels. The first "Franklin W. Dixon" was no Trollope or Balzac or Henry James. Leslie McFarlane was a Canadian writer who in the late 1920s lived on the shores of Lake Ramsey, in Ontario, 300 miles north of Toronto, and wrote pulp fiction to support himself even as he tried to compose finer things. His employer was Edward Stratemeyer, Harriet's father, the publishing genius who took Henry Ford's ideas about industrial production and applied them to book production, with stables of writers working from outlines that he himself prepared, turning out an endless line of Tom Swift books, Rover Boys books, Dave Fearless books, and eventually Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew books. McFarlane, who had been writing the Dave Fearless books, was given the assignment to write *The Tower Treasure* (for $125); taken with the concept, he put his heart into the project. "It seemed to me," he recalls in a self-effacing autobiography that does for the craft of ghostwriting what Cellini's autobiography did for goldsmithing and Grant's did for war,

> that the Hardy boys deserved something better than the slapdash treatment Dave Fearless had been getting. It was still hack work, no doubt, but did the new series have to be all that hack? There was, after all, the chance to contribute a little style, occasional words of more than two syllables, maybe a little sensory stimuli.

The year was 1927. George Orwell had yet to write his famous essay on "good bad books," but Leslie McFarlane, it seems, was already determined to write one.

He went on to write some twenty books of the Hardy Boys series. When he quit, in the mid-1940s, it was to become a maker of documentaries for the Canadian Film Board; among the most notable of his films was the short feature "Herring Hunt," which was nominated for an Oscar. McFarlane lived into the 1970s, aware that the work of his early years, done for hire, had been largely bowdlerized by the publishers. For the most part he was publicly unruffled by that fact. "The books are their property, Bob," he stoically reminded one interviewer.

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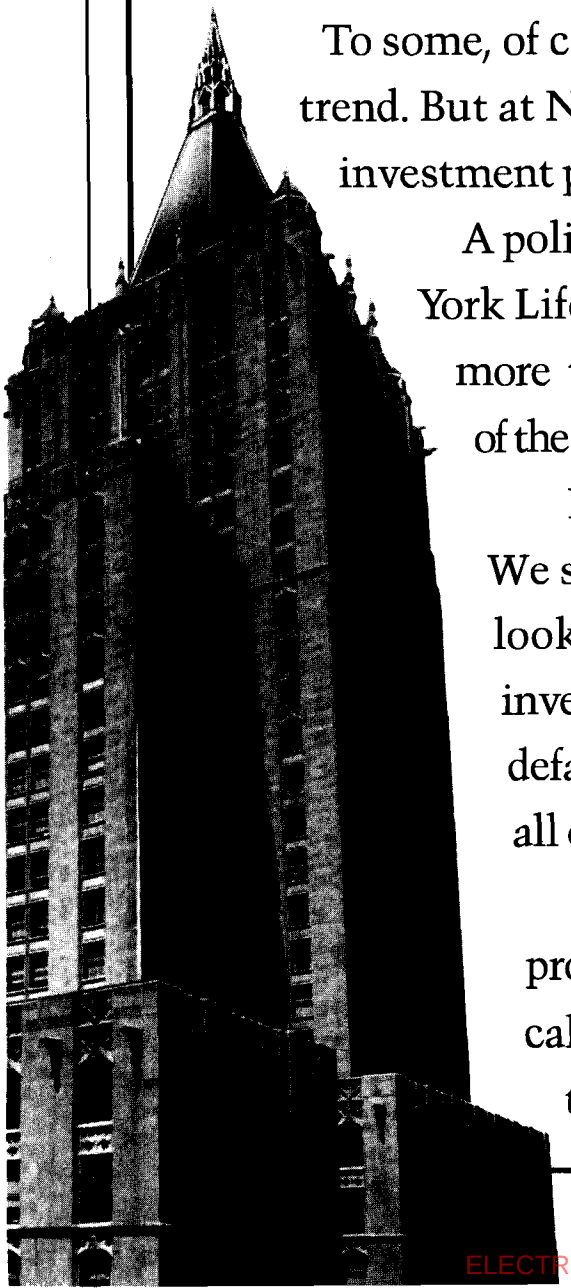

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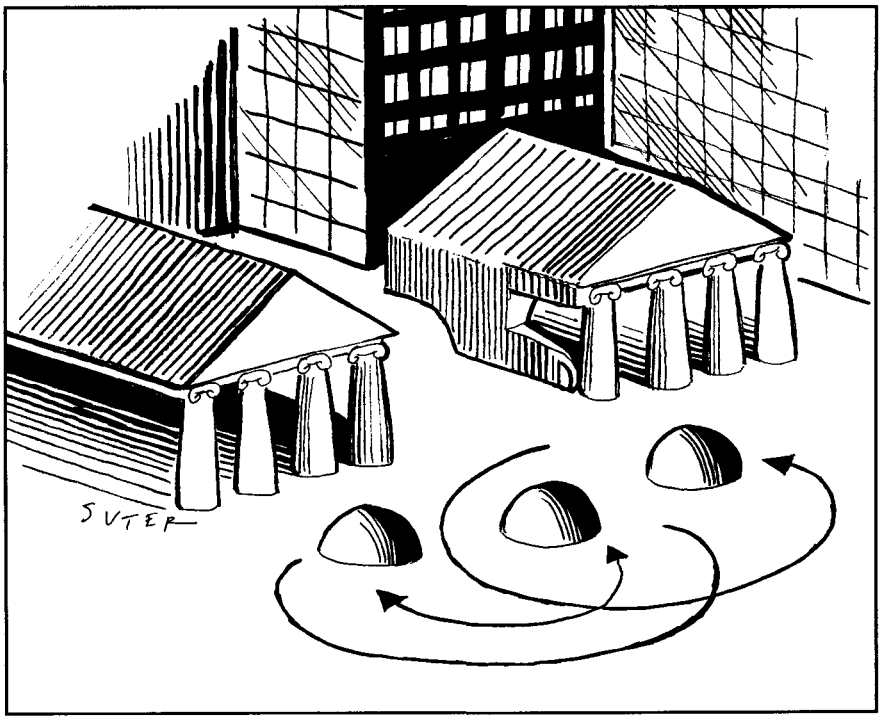
"Titles, characters, the author's name, plots—the works." At the same time, though, McFarlane confessed to feeling strangely dispossessed, disinherited: a ghost displaced by a ghost.

Now some of his good bad work, and that of Mildred Wirt, will be once again in print, and in the stores. It is a small occasion, but one worth noting. In his autobiography McFarlane quotes the novelist Frank Norris:

> There is more significance as to the ultimate excellence of American letters in the sight of the messenger boy devouring his *Old Sleuths* and *Deadwood Dicks* and *Boy Detectives* with an earnest, serious absorption, than in the spectacle of a reading circle of dilettanti coquetting with Verlaine and pretending that they understand.

McFarlane believed that, and it shows.

—Cullen Murphy



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FINANCE

Highly Speculative

The financial-services industry has increased greatly—and uneconomically—in the past decade, partly owing to a preference for short-term investment strategies, which destabilize the market

Critics of Wall Street say that it has become a net liability for America. Comparisons with other economies suggest that America lavishes disproportionate human talent on financial games that often undermine U.S. industrial competitiveness. Nobody is questioning the intelligence, let alone the good intentions, of the investment professionals who watch Wall Street's screens. Nor is anyone questioning the stock market's economic value in its basic function of raising new capital for growing companies. The stock market also usefully provides an exit for those who want to sell.

What's controversial is the increasing extent to which the trading of stocks, bonds, currencies, and other financial instruments is driven by speculation. To free-market zealots, speculators are by definition a good thing, because they smooth the path of stocks through inevitable financial air pockets. If a big holder suddenly needs to sell, it is good that there are lots of short-term traders around prepared to take his stock at a slight discount in the hope of a quick rebound. But not all speculators function in this market-stabilizing way. The market's critics maintain that in recent years events have conspired to flood the market with highly irrational, destabilizing speculative forces. These have, among other things, forced corporate managers to think increasingly short-term in a world marketplace where long-term thinking has never been more important.

Complaints from corporate America about Wall Street's concern with quarterly earnings have been growing for more than a decade. One of the most vociferous critics of Wall Street's record is James Tobin, a Nobel laureate and an emeritus professor of economics at Yale, who served as an adviser to President John F. Kennedy. Tobin wrote an important essay on the damage that currency speculation could wreak on America's industrial base. He sees similar consequences as likely to arise from volatile stock prices. Wall Street has also been criticized by Peter Drucker, Claremont Graduate School's respected management philosopher, and Susan Strange, the author of an important study on financial speculation. Recently the field has been joined by Lawrence Summers, a Harvard professor now on leave as the chief economist of the World Bank, and his wife, Victoria, of the Harvard Law School. Even Wall Street's own thinkers are uneasy. The investment banker Felix Rohatyn, the economic analyst Henry Kaufman, and the famously successful portfolio investor Warren Buffett are among those who have called for curbs on financial speculation.

Why does the U.S. securities industry eat up so much human talent? The Reaganomics explanation is that finance has become "more efficient." A vast array of new financial instruments, such as exotic futures and options contracts, have been invented in recent decades, and investment houses now employ a whole new breed of financial engineers to understand them. Meanwhile, thanks to deregulation and computerization, each stock trade costs a fraction of what it did in the old days. Instead of reducing trading costs, this has encouraged institutional investors to trade far more actively. In 1970 the rate of turnover of stocks on the New York Stock Exchange was 19 percent, compared with the current rate of over 50 percent. These rates conceal the fact that institutions typically trade much more frequently than private investors,

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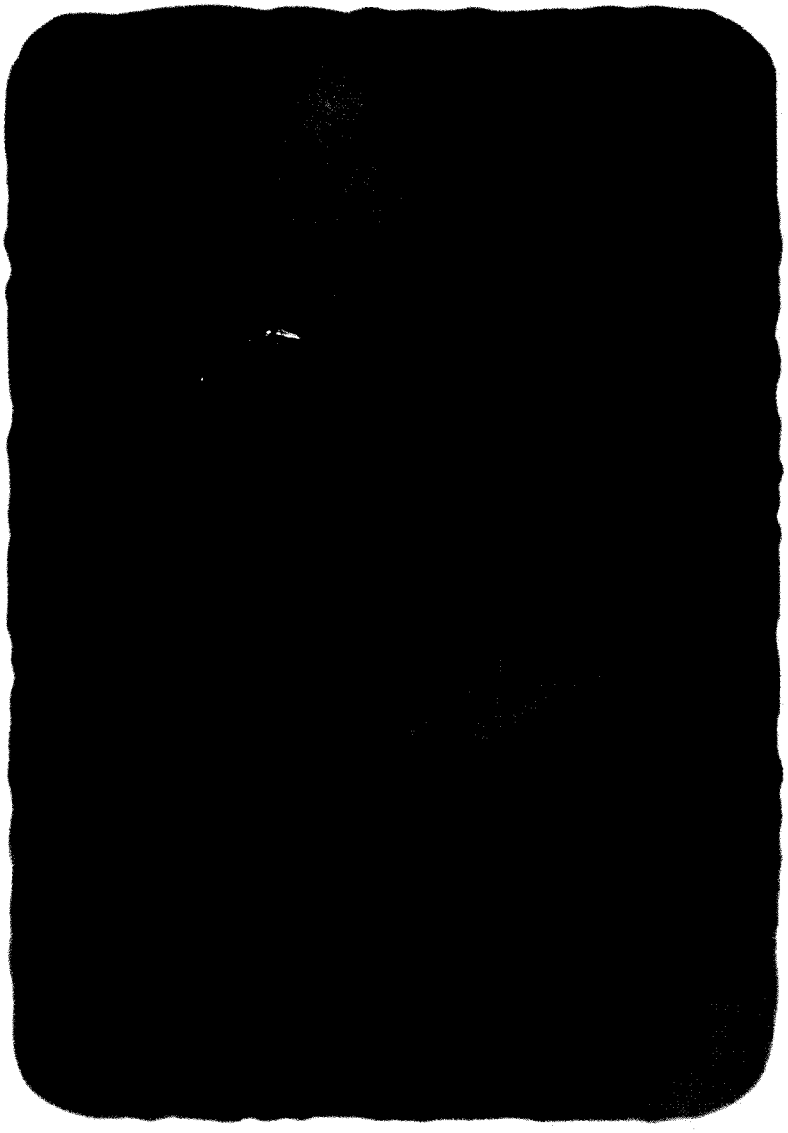
and some investment institutions' turnover rates exceed 100 percent.

The newer financial instruments are intended to reduce risk or to increase returns. The question, as the Summerses pointedly define it, is whose risk and whose returns. In theory, that they might achieve their intended ends is plausible. The trouble is the false assumption that economic man is rational, an assumption that has always been largely a mathematical convenience. Any lingering hopes that computerized man might be converging toward the rational ideal have been repeatedly dashed in recent years, most visibly by the 20 percent collapse on Black Monday, October 19, 1989.

The Summerses note that to understand this breakdown in the theory of markets one must distinguish between different types of speculative strategies. The first type, what might be called rational speculation, is based on the concept of value investing. Value investors use a standard yardstick of investment worth, and buy those stocks that appear undervalued according to that yardstick. They generally buy when prices fall and sell when prices rise. This is "good" speculation, because it stabilizes the market and helps create fair prices for other market participants.

The second type of strategy, what might be called irrational speculation, involves buying when markets rise and selling when markets fall. At the root of this is pure crowd behavior. Typically, investors rationalize what they are doing on the basis that a market rises because some mythically well-informed investors know something others have yet to find out. The result is that market moves feed on themselves and become highly volatile. A stock rises a little, a few investors buy, thus it rises some more, and lots more investors pile in. Similarly—and with more-destructive implications—selling feeds on itself. Put like this, the approach is obviously absurd, but it is enshrined in the psychology of thousands of professional investors. Strategies based on the famous market maxim "The trend is your friend" are founded on such trick logic. So are so-called stop-loss orders—standing instructions from an investor to his broker to sell his stock automatically if its price falls below a certain level. Many brokers urge clients to make blanket use of stop-loss strategies. Certain highly



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elaborate portfolio-insurance strategies, dignified by arcane Greek letter equations, are built on the same philosophical quicksand.

The securities industry's hunger for information is another sore point. The Association for Investment Management and Research, the recently renamed professional organization for securities analysts, has about 17,500 U.S. members—more than five times the membership of the equivalent Japanese organization. There may be as many as several thousand Federal Reserve Bank watchers, all vying to predict interest-rate moves. They are notorious for being generally wrong, particularly at major turning points.

The Summerses and James Tobin argue that much of what investment analysts do is no more useful than research on track conditions at Churchill Downs. If you can predict Carl Icahn's next takeover target or get early information on General Motors earnings, you can make a fortune for yourself, but that doesn't benefit society, the Summerses say. "Speculative trading is a zero-sum game." When one person stands up at a football game, they say, that person sees better. "When everyone stands up, tall people see better and short people see less well than they did before. Overall, however, the game cannot be viewed any more clearly."

ONE THING SEEMS undeniable: speculation has increased exponentially in recent decades. In some types of the newer securities—so-called derivatives, such as futures and options—activity more than doubled in the past seven years. Even in many more traditional securities, such as stocks, institutional trading is twenty-five times as great as it was twenty-five years ago. Although accurate statistics are hard to come by, most observers reckon that even after recent layoffs are taken into account, the securities industry has at least quadrupled its work force in the past twenty-five years. The Summerses argue that most of this growth derives from speculation, and calculate that in 1987 the commissions and other receipts of member firms of the New York Stock Exchange totaled $53 billion. That money comes out of the public's pockets, by way of pension plans, mutual funds, and other institutional savings plans. Many investment experts agree that there is little evidence that active share-trading leads to better investment results. In fact it is well known that despite big increases in trading activity, most portfolios run by U.S. fund managers have risen less than the stock averages in recent years.

A comparison with Japan is enlightening. While securities traders at U.S. financial houses deploy truckloads of the sort of number-crunching gadgetry that was once accessible only to NASA, the trading rooms of Japan's big banks are portrayed as being stuck in the steam age. The American financial press pours scorn on the glacial trading speed of Japanese institutional investors. The reality is that the Japanese regulatory authorities frown on the Topsy-like proliferation of financial services that has occurred in the United States. They have devised an array of formal and informal controls that curb short-term trading by institutional investors. The result is that, as the Tokyo-based corporate lawyer Charles Stevens points out, more than 60 percent of most Japanese companies' shares are in the hands of long-term holders such as banks and insurance companies. The resulting protection from hostile takeovers is widely regarded as a key reason why Japanese companies are better at long-term planning than their U.S. competitors. With half the United States' population, Japan has a torrential savings flow that significantly exceeds America's. Even under the broadest definition of financial services (including all banking and insurance), the Japanese industry has fewer than two million employees, a little more than a third of the U.S. total. More revealing still are comparisons of the quality of personnel. In the boom years of the 1980s the U.S. securities industry regularly vacuumed up more than a fifth of the output of top business schools, and though its attractions have diminished somewhat since, the industry remains the most popular destination for Harvard Business School graduates, among others. In corporate Japan fewer than five percent of Tokyo University law graduates, the rough equivalent of Ivy League MBAs, go into the securities business, which in the hiring pecking order ranks way below the bureaucracy, the commercial banks, and the big general trading houses like Mitsubishi Corporation.

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WHAT SHOULD BE done? To the Summerses and Tobin, the solution is almost laughably simple: impose a small tax on each financial trade. The object, in Tobin's phrase, would be "to throw sand in the gears" of the market. The rate would be perhaps 0.5 percent—so low as to be virtually negligible to the "good" investors who follow low-turnover value-investing strategies. Even such a low rate would, however, act powerfully to discourage more-active fund managers, because in a race where fractions of a percentage point can make all the difference, the loss of 0.5 percent on each trade quickly adds up to a heavy penalty. To minimize disruption on Wall Street, the tax might be phased in over several years, starting in the first year at just 0.1 percent. That way, if companies merely imposed hiring bans, staffs would eventually shrink.

The idea has significant, if muted, support from both parties in Washington, and has even been embraced by Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady, a former investment banker. For a brief moment last year the idea seemed on its way to becoming law, but the effort fizzled after Wall Street interests lobbied hard. Securities-industry spokespeople have talked about a possible loss of 20,000 jobs. Sir John Templeton, a Bahamas-based portfolio investor who is regarded as the doyen of the profession by many of his competitors, argues that the tax would drive much trading in U.S. securities offshore, perhaps to some financial market in Europe without such a tax. That argument seems disingenuous, because most major economies abroad already have such a tax—notably those of Japan, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, France, Sweden, and Britain. Admittedly, some countries are now scaling back these taxes, but, according to Lawrence Summers, such reductions "are largely a reflection of Wall Street competition."

Advocates of the tax point out that all taxes suppress some economic activity; why not a tax that targets such obvious waste? In any case, the annual yield from the tax is estimated at about $10 billion—equivalent to an additional ten cents on a gallon of gasoline, and revenue that, clearly, the United States could use.

—Eamonn Fingleton

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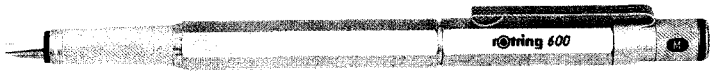

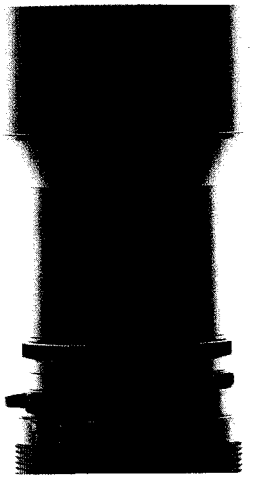

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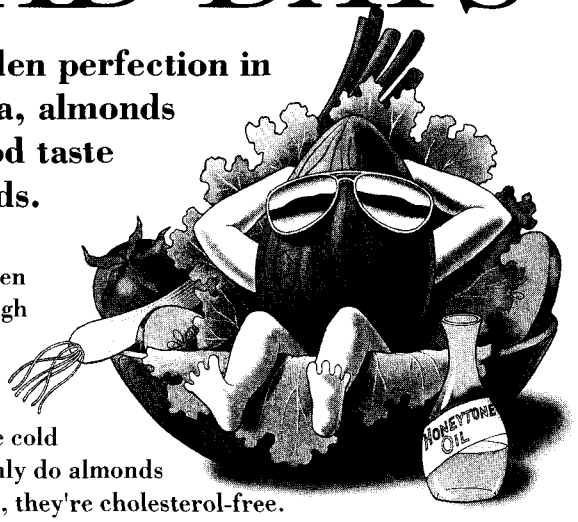

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M. BUTKIN (LEFT); E. TOMASHEVSKII (RIGHT)

Evolution: posters from 1985 (left) and 1990 (right). A growing bitterness now marks commemorations of the war

THE SOVIET UNION

The Great Patriotic War as Myth and Memory

In Soviet eyes the Second World War is being transformed from heroic farce to grotesque tragedy

ON JUNE 22, 1941, more than three million German soldiers, 3,350 tanks, and 7,184 pieces of artillery were poised to invade Soviet territory. At dawn, with the Red Army utterly unprepared for the attack, Operation Barbarossa began. Nine hours later German bombers had demolished 1,200 Soviet airplanes—800 of them on the ground—and the German army was rolling eastward with dazzling speed. By the second half of July enemy forces occupied a chunk of Soviet territory more than twice the size of France. In September they surrounded Leningrad in a blockade that lasted more than two years and killed one million of the city's three million inhabitants. The Soviet Union had suffered the greatest military disaster in the history of modern warfare.

The war was an ordeal of monumental proportions, which, according to recent estimates, left some 30 million Soviet citizens dead. It lasted 1,418 days, until May 8, 1945, when the Germans surrendered to the Red Army in Berlin.

Operation Barbarossa was launched fifty years ago. Yet so traumatic were the invasion and war—affecting virtually every family in the Soviet Union—that they left a profound imprint on the Soviet body politic and psyche. Memories and legendary recollections about the war years created a cosmology that informed Soviet political culture, providing generations of Soviet citizens and their leaders with the fundamental lexicon that they drew upon to explain themselves to the world.

Today, fifty years after the invasion, the winds of *glasnost* and *perestroika* have demolished that combination of self-pity and self-congratulation which for so long characterized the official memorialization of the war. The enshrined, idealized saga of the Great Patriotic War is being replaced with raw human memory. "Our understanding of the war," the historian Mikhail Gefter remarked to me recently, "is being transformed from a heroic farce to the tragedy that it really was." And the loss of this shared memory has left many Soviet people in the throes of a spiritual crisis to match the political and economic shocks that have sent their country spinning toward chaos.

IN THE SUMMER of 1989, in a discussion with members of the USSR Academy of Sciences' Institute of Ethnography, I asked the members to plumb the real meaning of the rituals and myths celebrating the Great Patriotic War. Immediately a young man in his late twenties or early thirties stood up. He was tall, pale, and mustachioed. "The Great Patriotic War was the greatest catastrophe in the history of Soviet foreign policy," he said. "And so to cover up the disgrace, our authorities canonized it and called it a victory. But what kind of victory was it if we lost twenty or thirty million people and

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the Germans lost two or three million?" After a stunned silence I called on a middle-aged man who, in a bold voice, said that "ours was a victory, because even though the costs were enormous, we did save the world from fascism."

"*Save* the world from fascism?" shouted the young man, jumping up again. "On the contrary, we *brought* fascism to East Europe, and enslaved our own people as well. What kind of salvation was that?"

Then a stout, elderly woman slowly stood up. Her thin white hair was pulled back in an old-fashioned knot. She looked directly at the young man and in a quivering but determined voice said, "We Russians have always had in our hearts a special place for *victims*. You are right in saying that the war was an incomparable catastrophe. But the victims of that catastrophe—the millions and millions of war dead, the countless orphans and widows—shall always, yes, always merit our compassion, and our love."

The old woman was right, of course. No matter who is to blame, the victims' sufferings were real. Indeed, the pathos of their stories surely is not diminished but rather heightened by the fact that so many suffered owing to the blunders and evils of their own leaders. Self-inflicted wounds are the most painful to bear.

Wrenching as it is, the revival in the USSR of post-traumatic real memory may be a sign of mental health. Societies—like individuals—may well gain strength and eventual wisdom from repeated intensive recollections of traumatizing experiences, just as they are often emotionally crippled by successful efforts to keep those recollections below the surface of consciousness.

In the quarter century that began with Leonid Brezhnev's accession to Party rule, in 1964, and ended, at the close of the 1980s, with the devastating collapse of the system that had originated with Stalin, the Communist Party created nothing less than a cult of the Great Patriotic War, including a panoply of saints, sacred relics, and a phony saga of the war which was endured by millions of tired tourists held hostage by their Intourist guides at the most famous of the USSR's thousands upon thousands of war memorials. The saga's plot was a kind of post-hoc messianism: collectivization and rapid industrialization under the Five Year Plans prepared our country for war, and despite an overpowering surprise attack by the Fascist Beast, despite the loss of 20 million valiant martyrs to the Cause, our country, under the leadership of the Communist Party headed by Comrade Stalin, arose united and expelled the enemy from our territory and that of Eastern Europe, thus saving Europe—and the world—from fascist enslavement.

The cult narrative fixed the number of wartime losses at the legendary figure of 20 million. Like world Jewry's six million Holocaust victims, the Soviet Union's purported 20 million war dead came to represent a store of redemptive suffering which the Brezhnev regime called upon again and again as evidence of the country's unique position in world history.

The organized cult of the Great Patriotic War celebrated the great legitimizing myth of the Party and the government, helped inspire respect for the armed forces even during the demoralizing Afghanistan war, bolstered pride in the USSR and its socialist economy, and served to justify foreign-policy positions. It also provided a vision of a powerfully united nation as a counterweight to the tensions straining the nation's periphery. At the same time, it was genuinely popular: the war cult supplied legions of moral exemplars to inspire the increasingly cynical and apathetic populace; it shored up the self-esteem of elderly war veterans, provided a source of nostalgia for their wearily disillusioned ranks, and helped resolve intergenerational discord in favor of the fathers.

The frequently trumpeted motto of the Great Patriotic War cult—"No one is forgotten and nothing is forgotten"—is the last line of a poem by Olga Berggolts that is engraved on the rear wall of Leningrad's Piskarevskoe cemetery, the resting place of some half million of the siege victims.

The motto, however, was fundamentally mendacious. So much was forgotten: the Nazi-Soviet pact and its secret protocols; Stalin's 1940 massacre of thousands of Polish officers in the Katyn forest; the Holocaust; the real extent of Lend-Lease; Soviet prisoners of war who were later incarcerated for the purported treason of surrendering to the enemy; and the millions of Soviet citizens whose wartime deaths were caused, directly or indirectly, by Stalin's brutal rule.

MAY 9, 1985, was the fortieth anniversary of the Victory, and it turned out to be the USSR's final flamboyant, tastelessly orchestrated megaholiday celebration, replete with billboards splattered with self-congratulatory slogans, posters of idealized soldiers with Candide's innocent eyes and Dick Tracy's chin, a military parade in Red Square—the first held on Victory Day since 1945—with thousands of bemedaled veterans strutting proudly before their respectful younger compatriots.

Victory Day was both the tool of propagandists touting its triumphs and a memorial day for millions of relatives and friends of the war dead—a time for an inescapable barrage of self-serving hype and a day for families to lay flowers on the graves of their loved ones, or to leave a bouquet at their local war memorials. I spent the morning leaning out of my hotel-room window as a formidable display of military hardware rolled down Gorky Street and into Red Square, emitting deafening noises and belching smelly puffs of smoke.

Four years later, in June of 1989, Nikolai Volkov, an official at the Soviet Committee of War Veterans, assured me that the forty-fifth anniversary of the Victory, in 1990, would be commemorated with great fanfare. "At the fortieth anniversary our country had seven and a half million veterans. There are now about five million left, and our numbers are rapidly dwindling. How many of us will be around in 1995 to enjoy the fiftieth?" For most Soviet veterans the forty-fifth would be their last hurrah.

In early May of last year I went to Moscow to hear it. The city felt solemn and hard-edged, with none of the ready-for-a-party atmosphere that had prevailed at the same time in 1985. Moscow buildings and streets sported few of the usual slogans, gargantuan posters, and swaths of red bunting. The bankruptcy of the official holiday was poignantly evident in School No. 110, one of downtown Moscow's better schools for children aged six to seventeen. In its muddy courtyard rests the only aesthetically successful war memorial I have ever seen in the Soviet Union. It shows five thin boys about to go off to the front; they had all attended School No. 110, and none of them returned from the war. Every year on

(Continued on page 37)

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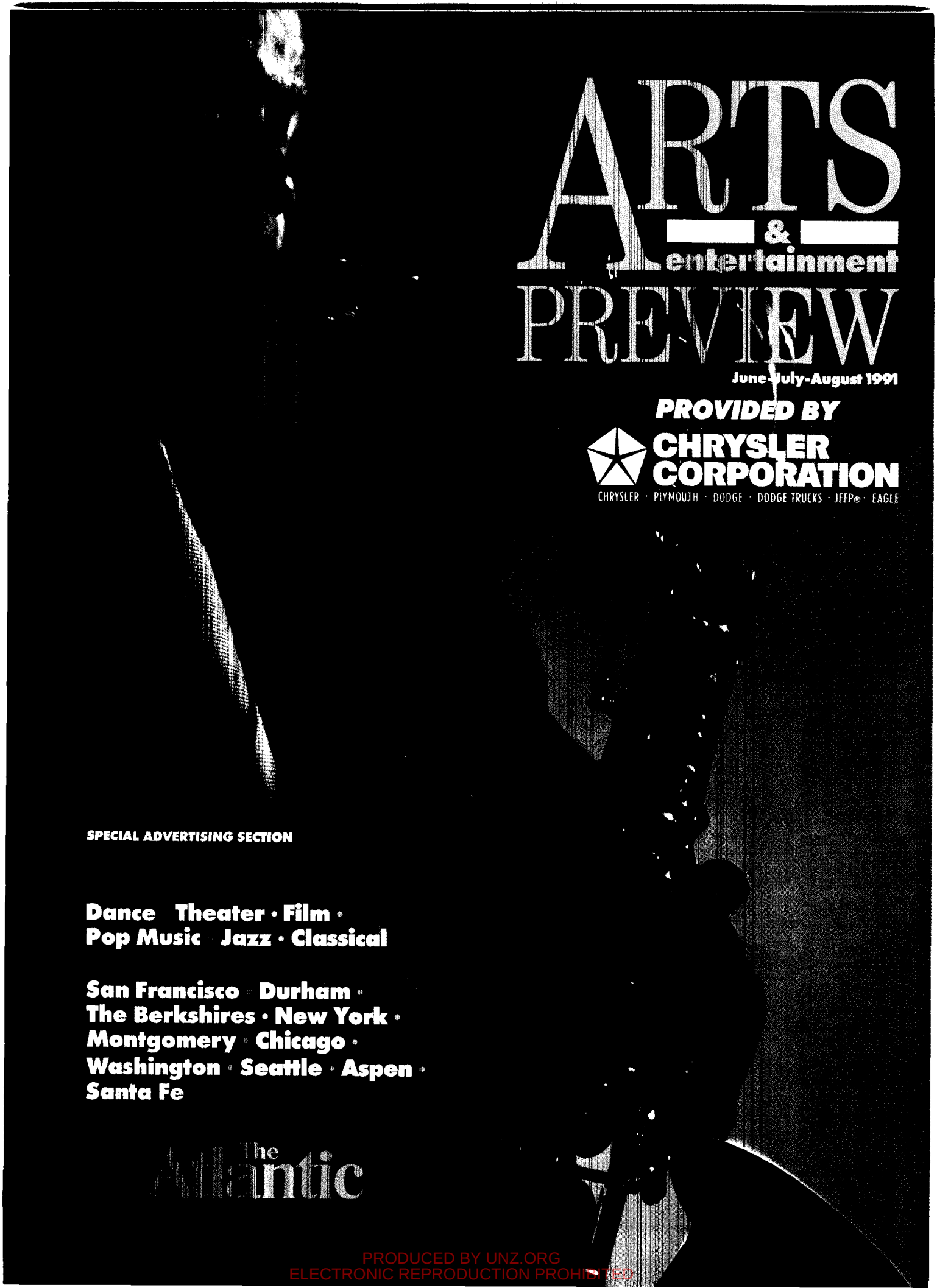

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June-July-August 1991

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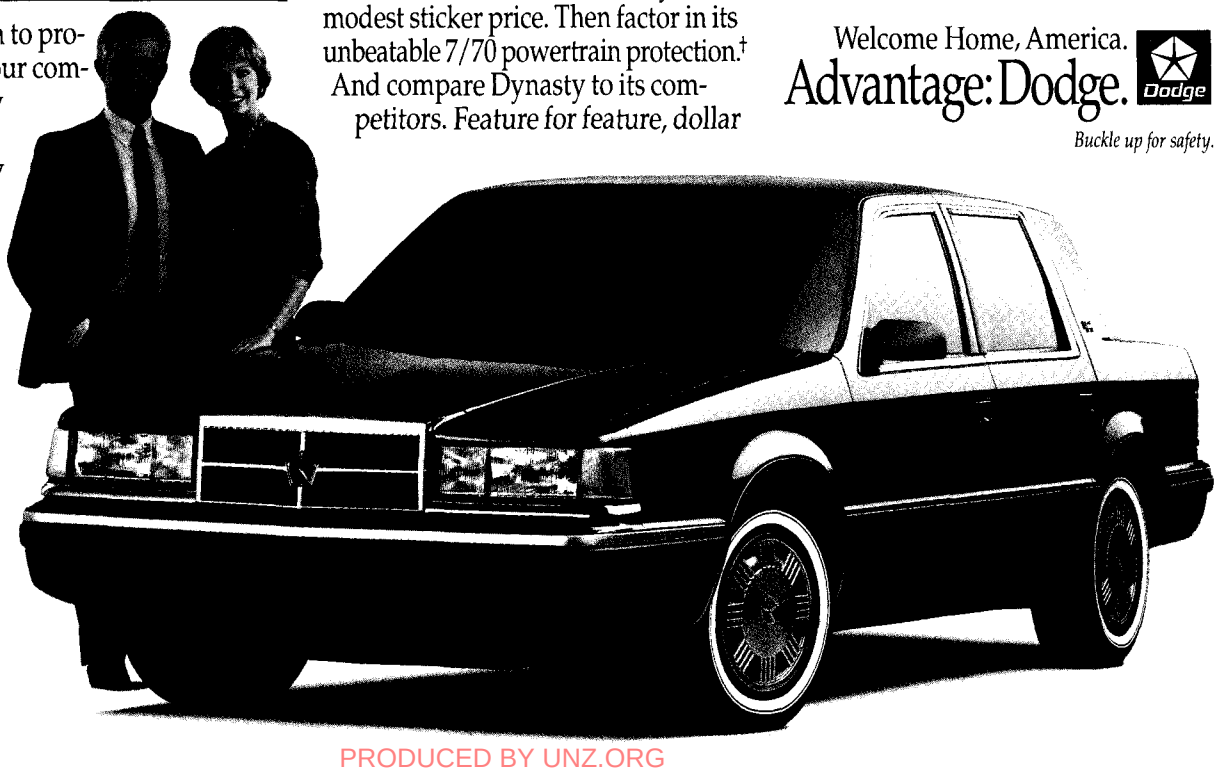

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DANCE AND THEATER

by Laura Jacobs and Matthew Gurewitsch

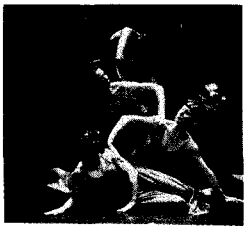
HARRY WADE

San Francisco Festival

From Appalachia to Zaire

Although "pluralism" was the war cry of the eighties, dance has acknowledged cultural diversity for decades. Isadora Duncan went to Athens and kicked off her sandals so that she could feel the earth move. Martha Graham studied Native American rituals in the Southwest. To this day Merce Cunningham consults the *I-ching*, while the likes of Laura Dean and Lucinda Childs breathe deep the incense of Eastern spiritualism. And the hefty concentration of Kabuki is as irreducibly present in the chamber work of Eiko and Koma as it is in the operatic immensity of Robert Wilson. Like mushrooms and mantras, the practices of other cultures have offered mind-expanding paths to choreographers in search of self-knowledge.

Two important summer festivals celebrate that quest. The 1991 San Francisco Ethnic Dance Festival, the nation's oldest city-sponsored multicultural dance festival, heads into its thirteenth year with programs that include Chinese, Spanish, Appalachian, Egyptian, Scottish, and many other national forms. Performance dates are June 14, 15, 21, 22, 28, and 29. For tickets call 415-392-4400.



JOHAN ELBERS

Paul Taylor Dance Co.

Meanwhile, the esteemed American Dance Festival, of Durham, North Carolina, this year from June 6 to July 20, presents companies from Finland, India, China, and Zaire, along with American classics like Paul Taylor and Pilobolus (celebrating its twentieth anniversary). For tickets call 919-684-4444. **—L.J.**

A step ahead

Memories of summer camp and 8:30 dusks are part of the charm of Jacob's Pillow, though the rustic Ted Shawn Theatre, framed by midsummery Berkshire forests, doesn't hurt. "The Pillow" is a place of dreamy high seriousness, and its summer festival, June 14 to August 31, presents the eminent and the little-known—along with the occasional stray moth or bat. This summer there's something extra: a new studio theater featuring a lineup representative of a younger, less mainstream agenda and appetite. For tickets call 413-243-0745.

The same kind of lively programming has made Lincoln Center's Serious Fun! such a success. Now into its fourth year, Serious Fun! runs from July 11 to August 3 and presents many disciplines, including dance, performance art, and experimental music. The climax of the series is Megadance, an evening of eight to 10 choreographers and a great way to catch up on who's who. For tickets call 212-874-6770. **—L.J.**

Bergman in Brooklyn

Though the world knows Ingmar Bergman as a filmmaker, his first allegiance was to the theater, and it is to the theater that he has now returned. From June 10 to 20, as part of the New York International Festival of the Arts, the Brooklyn Academy of Music is presenting the Royal Dramatic Theatre of Sweden in what is billed as "the most concentrated display of [Bergman's] theater work ever presented": Ibsen's *A Doll's House,* Strindberg's *Miss Julie,* and O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night.*

Bergman's productions of the tortured Scandinavians, though iconoclastic, offer privileged insights: here is the ground in which his own art took root. If the O'Neill seems a reach, know that O'Neill accorded this company the world premiere. Bibi Andersson, once an elfin ingénue, appears as Mary Tyrone, a steel butterfly ravaged by despair and morphine. Jarl Kulle, Mary's younger son in the original production, 30-odd years ago, is now her husband, James Tyrone, a monster of selfishness and conceit. Ibsen and Strindberg would have understood this family perfectly.

BENGT WANSELIUS

Brooklyn Academy of Music

The performances are in Swedish, with translation over headsets. For tickets call 212-307-4100. **—M.G.**

The Rover *crosses over*

When Winton M. "Red" Blount, former Postmaster General, brought his wife, Carolyn, to New York to tout the new $21.5 million Carolyn Blount Theatre, in Montgomery, Alabama, six years ago, he was full of news about the theater's unique permission to fly the flag of the Royal Shakespeare Company, and she was proud that the house had a state-of-the-art fog machine.

The Alabama Shakespeare Festival is now a year-round company with two stages, a resident ensemble, and a professional training program. This summer the professionals present Shakespeare, Chekhov, Americana, and Broadway hits—and the graduating class serves up a rare treat: *The Rover,* by Aphra Behn (August 8 to 11). A burgher's widow turned spy and bohemienne, Behn (1640–1689) was the first Englishwoman to live by her pen, often to the scandal of her contemporaries, who nevertheless accorded her the honor of burial in Westminster Abbey.

SCARSBROOK/ASF

Shakespeare Festival

The womenfolk in *The Rover*'s multiple carnival-time intrigues are as rapacious and vulnerable as the men. Behn plays no favorites. "Faith, Sir," says her rakish hero, "I am of a Nation, that are of opinion a Woman's Honour is not worth guarding when she has a mind to part with it." He is speaking for his creator. For tickets call 205-277-2273. **—M.G.**

■ *Laura Jacobs is editor-in-chief of* Stagebill *and dance critic for* The New Leader.

■ *Matthew Gurewitsch is a writer who lives in New York.*

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FILM

by Ella Taylor

Kid vid

CBS/FOX VIDEOS

Dr. Seuss

If you're a parental figure casting about for summer videos of favorite movies of your youth to entertain the kids with, look not unto Walt Disney. The benevolent despot of animation had a taste for legislating our cultural boundaries which lives on in the Disney Home Video Company's limited-time-only policy for films deemed "classics." This April *Peter Pan* and *The Little Mermaid* (the latter has evidently been anointed an instant classic) were taken off the market, probably for at least five years; and finding videocassettes of *Robin Hood, Cinderella,* or *Pinocchio* is akin to unearthing buried treasure. (*Bambi*'s still available, if you can stand the terror of that forest fire.) The idea may be to preserve the "mystique" of the classic—but it sounds like the manufacture of scarcity to me.

CBS/Fox's Playhouse Video jumps in with a range of BBC children's classics (*Dr. Seuss* and *Winnie the Pooh* for younger kids, *The Secret Garden* and *Gulliver in Lilliput* for older ones). A sure hit with all age groups is Nicolas Roeg's *The Witches*, with Anjelica Huston as Superwitch. You can look into the ubiquitous kid-vid mail catalogs, and some video stores have newsletters with helpful suggestions, such as recommendations of child-friendly adult movies. (A friend found that *Emerald Forest* stimulated her eight-year-old daughter into self-starting endeavors with green paint.)

New movie-theater offerings for children tend to be dismal (the money's in teen pics or those, like the smash *Home Alone,* aimed at the whole family), but the Disney parent company will re-release *101 Dalmatians,* starring my favorite bad girl, Cruella De Vil, in July. If you want to take older kids to a movie you too can enjoy, Kevin Costner will star as yet another boy-hero championing the oppressed in Warner's *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* (June). The movie may turn out to be as gloriously dumb and likable as his seven-time Oscar-winning *Dances with Wolves.* Or rent the 1938 Errol Flynn version. Failing all that, your children may wish to read a book.

From Italy with love

Nothing succeeds in film like bringing together large, noisy Italian families to bicker, eat, emote, and play forbidden games. Set in 1936, Pupi Avati's *The Story of Boys and Girls* (midsummer) brings a family of sophisticated Bologna bluebloods to a farmhouse for a festive dinner marking their son's engagement to a daughter of a large peasant clan. Reveling happily in the seething emotional chaos that charges the encounter, Avati's film recalls Bergman's *Fanny and Alexander* and Louis Malle's recent *May Fools* in its unsentimental celebration of the sexy hostility of family life. Its gorgeous scenes of food preparation and consumption will drive you wild with hunger. Also exploring the underside of domestic respectability is *Everybody's Fine* (early summer), a new movie directed by Giuseppe Tornatore, whose immensely popular *Cinema Paradiso* (now on video) won Best Foreign Film in last year's Oscars. Marcello Mastroianni stars as a retired civil servant who pays his five grown children a surprise visit on his birthday, and discovers that nobody's fine. You can worship again the terminally beautiful little boy (Salvatore "Toto" Cascio) from *Cinema Paradiso,* who has a small role here.

MARIO TURSI

Everybody's Fine

The Story of Boys and Girls

Identity crises

At least three promising films about race and ethnicity will be released soon. Nineteen-year-old Matty Rich directs and stars in *Straight Out of Brooklyn* (June), a black-family drama filmed in Brooklyn's Red Hook housing projects, which won a special jury prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival. In Spike Lee's story of interracial romance, *Jungle Fever* (June), Wesley Snipes plays a young buppie New York architect whose affair with his Italian-American secretary (Annabella Sciorra) threatens his marriage and her relationship to her family. And from playwright/director David Mamet comes *Homicide* (August/September), in which Joe Mantegna stars as an inner-city cop whose loyalty to his job and sense of himself as a Jew are shaken by a routine murder investigation that threatens to erupt into an anti-Semitic conspiracy.

Trailers

Joe Pesci, who won Best Supporting Actor in this year's Oscars for his role as the lethally prankish mobster in Martin Scorsese's *Goodfellas,* stars in Rod Daniel's *The Super* as a New York slumlord sentenced by a court judge to live in one of his own rat-infested tenements. Robin Williams becomes one of the homeless in Terry Gilliam's *The Fisher King;* Williams plays a professor of medieval history who withdraws from the world following a personal tragedy. Lizzie Borden (*Working Girls*) directs and Allan Moyle (who directed the excellent *Pump Up the Volume*) wrote the script for *Love Crimes,* about an ambitious young prosecuting attorney (Sean Young) whose obsession with nailing a famous photographer (Patrick Bergin, who's making a specialty out of sleeping with the enemy) and alleged sex criminal throws her own life into disarray. Well, if Jodie Foster can do it... Speaking of women against crime, Kathleen Turner stars in Jeff Kanew's *Fully Loaded* (adapted from Sara Paretsky's cycle of mystery novels) as a sexy, forthright Chicago private investigator who teams up with the teenaged daughter of a murdered hockey player to find his killer.

■ *Ella Taylor is chief film critic of* L.A. Weekly.

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POPULAR MUSIC AND JAZZ

by Milo Miles and Francis Davis

Retro is active

Pop-culture nostalgia as we know it began at the start of the 1970s, though looking backward aroused some consternation at first. The country was winding up an era in which there was no time but tomorrow—so why acts like Sha Na Na, full of imitation hep cats from the extinct fifties? By the time *Happy Days* and *Grease* were inescapable, everyone understood there was no intention of returning to outdated customs. The past of modern pop music had just become another style resource.

KRISTIN CALLAHAN

Royal Crescent Mob

Now the cannibalizing of music from twenty years earlier is a regular ritual. The 1980s were haunted by the sixties, and repackaged and sold them in revenge. Also, for persistent sixties icons, from the Rolling Stones and Crosby, Stills, and Nash on down, it became acceptable to never say goodbye. Recently there have been signs that, on schedule, the loopy, fragmented 1970s are pulling themselves together for a comeback.

This spring, Joni Mitchell led the parade with *Night Ride Home* (Geffen), a throwback to her meditations on the polarities of love. In quick succession came albums by the Bee Gees, Ric Ocasek (of the Cars), Kraftwerk, Tower of Power, Bootsy Collins, Bryan Ferry, and Chic.

Some unconventional young groups keep faith with the faded dance decade. The most celebrated are Deee-Lite, absolute avatars of zany. In one of British pop's endless fashion kinks, a quintet called the Brand New Heavies obsessively re-create the thick, big-band funk of seventies outfits like Earth, Wind & Fire and the Commodores. By rigorously playing down synthesizers and syndrums while pumping up snaky, distorted guitar, their debut *The Brand New Heavies* (Delicious Vinyl) turns what was originally thought a bit gauche and commercial into neopurism. The rhythm section and horns are good for a healthy hip shake; the silly retro lyrics about cosmic love provoke laughs.

On the American side, Royal Crescent Mob are unabashed admirers of the lean, thorny grooves set down by the Ohio Players ("Fire," "Love Rollercoaster") 15 and more years ago. The Mob have quietly become most ingenious rockers, though their refusal to be self-important may cost them attention. On their third album, *Midnight Rose's* (Sire/Warner Bros.), they cope with seducing a girl who's like "Mt. Everest," denounce the "Pretty Good Life," and worry about developing a "Drunkard's Nose." If enough people would recognize Royal Crescent Mob as a more plainspoken version of the B-52s, they might sustain a career some upstarts could plagiarize in a couple of decades. **—M.M.**

Lone Stars

DAVID WHARTON

Texas Boys Choir

You can combine two vacations from June 11 to 22, when the Texas Festival takes place at the Kennedy Center, in Washington, D.C. Besides dance, theater, and films, the festival will feature a stampede of musicians: not just regulars like Willie Nelson and Nanci Griffiith, but the Texas Playboys, the Texas Boys Choir, C.J. Chenier, Joe Ely, the Texas Tornados, and performers rarely seen away from the Lone Star orbit, like Townes Van Zandt and Butch Hancock. At least the state the President calls home holds a national treasure of entertainment. For tickets call 800-444-1324. **—M.M.**

Melodies from Mali

West Africa's Mali produces folk music that glows with austere grace, even in anger and protest. Using little more than a couple of guitars, a fiddle, and her sinuous voice, Oumou Sangare's *Moussolou* (World Circuit; Stern's Music, 212-925-1648) showcases the country's most melodically gorgeous and intoxicating newcomer. **—M.M.**

Jazz utopia

The Chicago Jazz Festival, held annually since 1979 in Grant Park on Labor Day weekend and broadcast coast to coast by National Public Radio, could serve as a model for all other summer jazz festivals, both musically and ideologically.

The concerts are free. Although produced by the Mayor's Office of Special Events, the festival doesn't cost Chicago taxpayers a penny, thanks to cosponsorship by a variety of local businesses and national corporations and hotel/motel tax moneys earmarked for just such cultural events. Unlike JVC New York, Chicago has a real festival atmosphere: the concert stages are outdoors, within sight of Lake Michigan, and the presentation of many styles of jazz on each of the afternoon and evening bills encourages fans to be tolerant of one another's tastes. But the festival's most utopian aspect might be that it appeals to the multitudes (attendance this year is expected to reach 400,000), though it is programmed by experts from the Jazz Institute of Chicago.

This festival is virtually the only one in the United States to acknowledge that jazz has become international. In past

Chicago Jazz Festival

years there have been standout performances by the French-Algerian pianist Martial Solal and the German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff, among other infrequent visitors to these shores. This year (August 29 to September 1), there will be a lavish orchestral tribute to Chicago jazz, blues, and gospel by the Swiss pianist and composer George Gruntz. The lineup also includes Wynton Marsalis, Jay McShann, Gary Burton, Elvin Jones, Ray Anderson, Ralph Moore, and the two-piano team of Ramsey Lewis and Billy Taylor, among others. For information call 312-744-3370. **—F.D.**

■ *Milo Miles comments on world music for National Public Radio's* Fresh Air.

■ *Francis Davis writes about jazz for* The Philadelphia Inquirer *and* The Village Voice.

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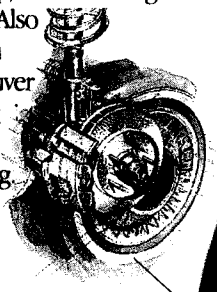

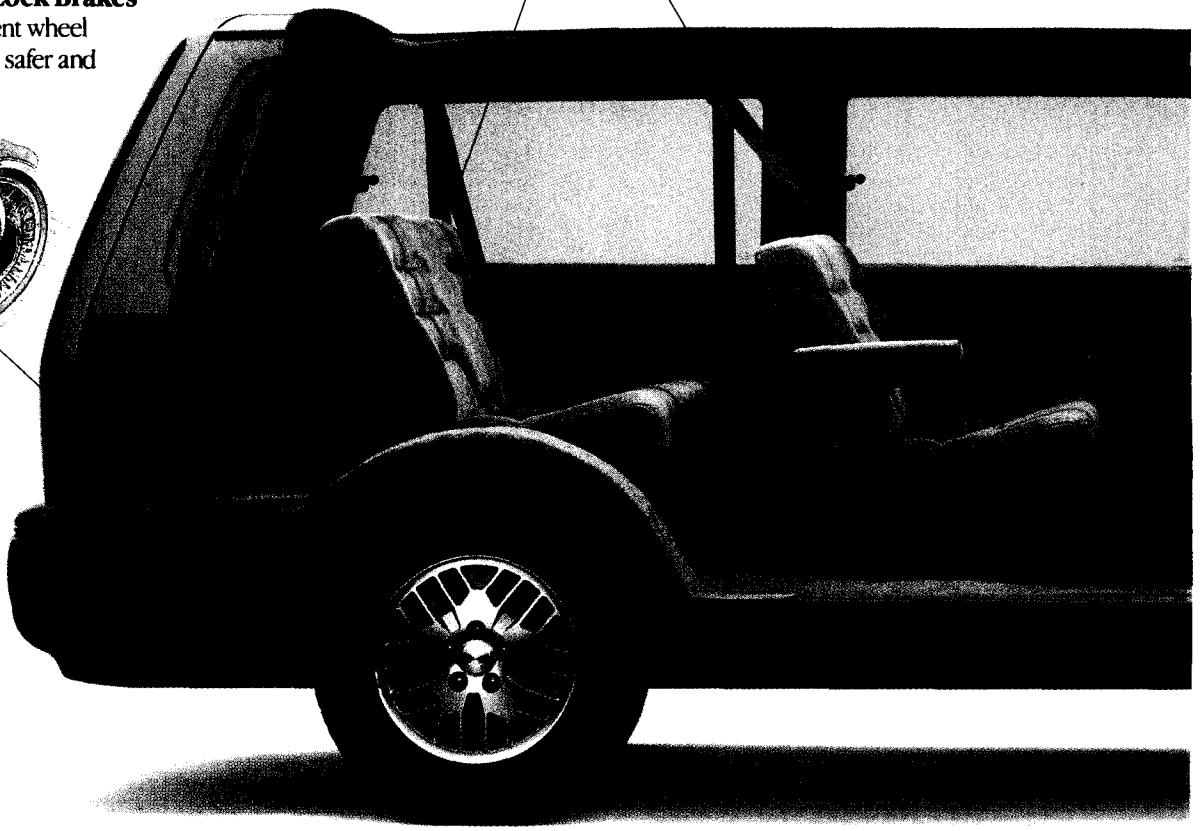

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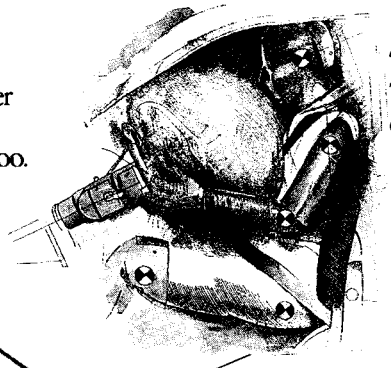

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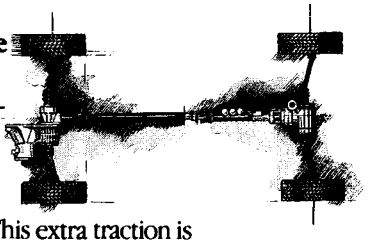

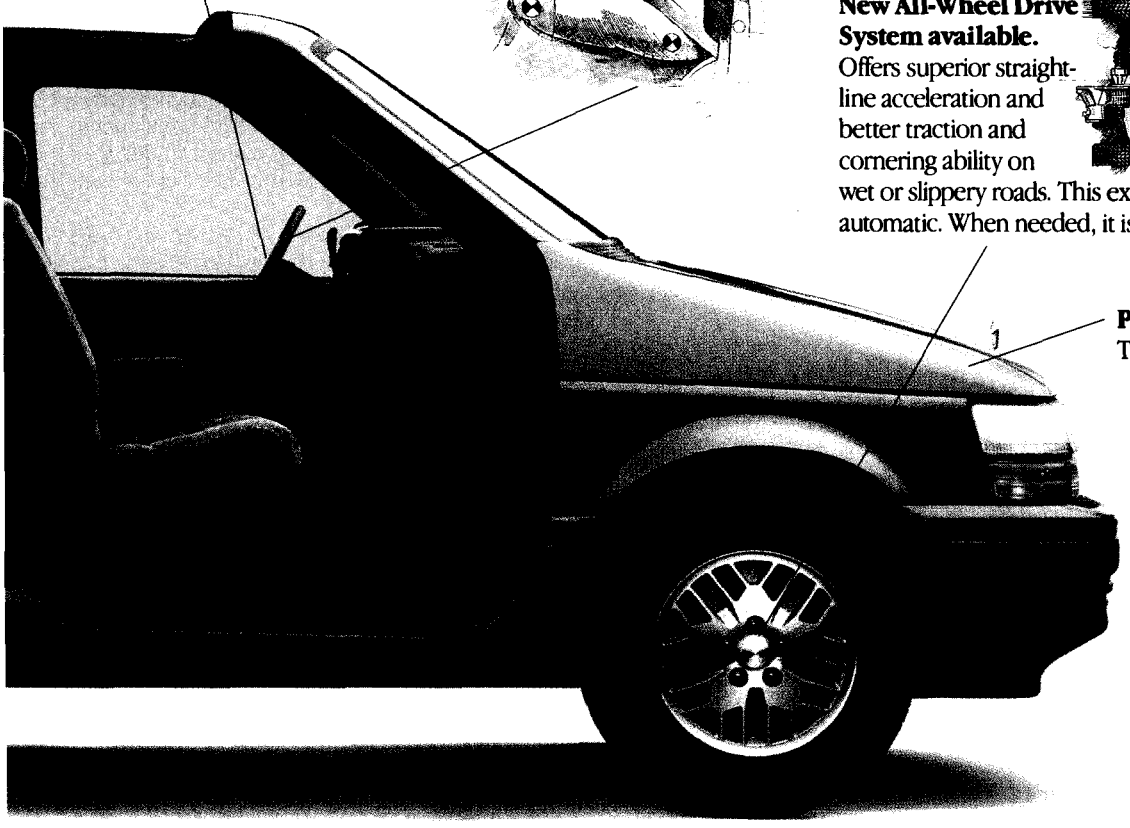

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

by Matthew Gurewitsch

Ring of fire

RON SCHERL

Seattle Opera

When an opera company wants to go all out, the ideal project is the *Ring* cycle—a four-evening saga that ranges from the depths of the waters to fiery mountaintops, following gods who are fallible and mortals who are capable of transcendence. Its symbols lend themselves to endless reinterpretation: Marxist, Freudian, Christian, Buddhist, Victorian, Brechtian, prehistoric, space-age—take your pick. Every production is, de facto, its producer's creed writ large.

At the Seattle Opera under Speight Jenkins, fresh winds blow through hallowed tradition. The musically vibrant Seattle *Ring* places the action in frankly theatrical scenes of wonderfully suggestive power. The Rainbow Bridge Wagner calls for, created here by floodlights on haze, shines in colors so palpable you would swear you could carry it away in translucent chunks. The dragon Wagner calls for is a two-faced giant in human form who knocks over whole stands of trees in his flat, painted forest. The universal conflagration at the end, though, is real fire, and its blast is felt to the far reaches of the theater. Wotan, chieftain of the gods, is portrayed in Wagner's image, and it makes great sense when the aged warrior of the fable shows up in his study, like some Victorian scholar: Wagner's life did not lack for turbulence, but ideas were his true battlefield. Cycles begin August 3, 11, and 19. For tickets call 206-443-3299 or 800-426-1619.

New century at Carnegie

Striding from premiere to premiere and (sometimes even on the same occasions) from triumph to triumph, Carnegie Hall's centennial season reached its epic conclusion on May 5, with a two-part gala of galas. Incredibly, the party is not over. June brings a coda: a three-concert visit by the Berlin Philharmonic under Bernard Haitink. Haitink, as record collectors know, built his fame with Amsterdam's venerable Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, in his native Holland. He has never been the most poetic or temperamental of maestros, but in certain music—especially in Mahler—his sobriety has acquired the depth and somber radiance of the Dutch masters. The Berlin Philharmonic has, of course, its own Mahler tradition from the glory years under the late Herbert von Karajan. Haitink's traversal of the composer's Sixth Symphony (June 7), with its heart-crushing final strokes, promises to take its place among the finest concerts of Carnegie Hall's year of marvels—and set a standard for a 101st season that on paper looks scarcely less stellar. For tickets call 212-247-7800.

Festival overture

Time was that come June musicians took a break. These days they do festivals. In towns and in the country, wherever vacationers converge, music follows. Among countless offerings, the following stand out:

The **Aspen Music Festival,** high in the Colorado Rockies, features choice chamber music, orchestral programs, master classes, and opera (June 28 to August 25). Though many celebrities are in evidence, the focus is on music-making within a community of master teachers and master students. For tickets call 303-925-9042.

Tanglewood, in Lenox, Massachusetts, is the prototype of them all (July 3 to August 25). In its fan-shaped indoor-outdoor "shed," the Boston Symphony presents superb orchestral programs under music director Seiji Ozawa and such exciting guests as Simon Rattle and Mariss Jansons. This year, as usual, there is a starry roster of soloists, among them Soviet pianist Evgeny Kissin and American violinist Joshua Bell. The concert performance of *Idomeneo,* Mozart's first operatic masterpiece, promises to be quite an occasion (July 13). Lots of chamber music, too. For tickets call 800-347-0808.

The **Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival,** in Santa Fe, New Mexico, pays tribute this year to the puzzling twentieth-century composer Dmitry Shostakovich (July 7 to August 19). Indeed, this year's schedule includes (in addition to music by many other composers classical and contemporary) not only all of Shostakovich's 15 string quartets but also every single one of his other nine chamber works. For tickets call 505-983-2075.

MARGARET DURRANCE

Aspen Festival

SPAC, the performing-arts center in Saratoga, New York, presents the Tanglewood-style summer residency of the Philadelphia Orchestra (August 7 to 24). The nine-year-old violin phenomenon Sarah Chang of Philadelphia opens the season playing Paganini under the baton of Charles Dutoit. For tickets call 518-587-3330.

■ *Matthew Gurewitsch is a writer who lives in New York.*

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The show previews works in progress, features performances by and interviews with acclaimed musicians and other artists, explores intriguing happenings in the arts abroad, and reviews new live productions, movies, and video releases. In celebration of the show's anniversary, *A&E Revue* will air an "evergreen" series this summer, consisting of the best performance segments from past programs.

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(Continued from page 28)
the day before Victory Day the students, class by class, lay flowers on the monument's pedestal. And on Victory Day itself it is traditional for them to meet with veterans and present them with the small bouquets of flowers that are always and everywhere in the Soviet Union the prime symbol of respect.

On the forty-fifth the children were having no part of those rituals. During the flower-laying in the courtyard not even the older ones could muster up a few moments of respectful silence after the teacher's canned speech about "that generation to whom we owe so much." After witnessing this most unsatisfying observance, I spent an hour in charge of a class of seventh-graders. At the beginning of the hour a teacher came in and reminded the children to show up the next day at the designated meeting with veterans. "I don't want to see a repeat of last year's sorry performance, when not a single one of you turned up!" she warned in a nasty tone of voice. After she left, the children told me they would not spend their holiday in school uniforms, greeting the veterans. "It's not a pleasant thing to do, and besides, why should our parents have to pay for the flowers?" said one intelligent-looking boy with big glasses.

On May 9 brilliant spring sunshine added dazzle to the military parade, which was doubtless held to placate the disgruntled army leadership. The parade was short and, by the standards of totalitarian kitsch, decidedly modest, quite unlike the extravaganza of five years earlier. As I tried to get the best view of the proceedings, teetering on a stone ledge to the left of the mausoleum and only a few feet from a line of elegantly uniformed KGB guards, I knew I was witnessing the swan song of the cult of the Great Patriotic War. The swagger, the hyperbole about socialism's defeat of imperialism, were no longer there. Indeed, in view of its recent and painful collapse, any of the old hype about the victory as proof of socialism's superiority would have been laughable.

A FEW DAYS BEFORE Victory Day the newspaper *Komsomolskaia pravda* published an article titled "Stolen Victory," which brought into the open some of the most sensitive questions tugging at the war myth. The article began with a conversation that had recently taken place between two elderly veterans: "We've given away Germany, we've given away Europe—for what then did we lay down so many lives during the war?" "Why beat around the bush?" responded the other veteran. "They've stolen our Victory, and that's the whole story."

Do Soviet people really believe that their country fought fascism in order to dominate half of Europe? Gennadii Bordiugov, a scholarly commentator interviewed in the article, was not surprised at that reaction to Europe's recent anti-Communist revolution: "Our sea of spilled blood was too vast, our wounds too deep, to expect our people, especially those who fought, to respond to the events in Eastern Europe with indifference." But he went on to assert that in fact the Victory *had* been stolen from the people—by Stalin and his system, on the very day of the Victory, in 1945. In the 1930s Stalinism had bled the populace, driven the peasantry onto collective farms, instituted a reign of terror that stripped the nation's soul of its energy, spunk, and self-confidence, and purged the armed forces of their officer corps—all in the name of preparing for a future war. The *Komsomolskaia pravda* writer, Alexander Afanasiev, remarked that it was

> as though Roosevelt, with the aim of strengthening his position on the eve of war, had taken the farmers and 'collectivized' them, driven them onto reservations, and had locked up all potentially discontented individuals into concentration camps. . . .

I. TOIDZE

"The Motherland is Calling!" (1941)

When war did come, the Stalinist system proved singularly incapable of waging it.

"Stolen Victory" revealed that in 1941 and 1942 groups of factory workers had rebelled against their bosses, complaining of management's ineptitude in meeting wartime needs and, even more frequently, protesting that Party officers and members of the secret police were taking care of themselves, evacuating their wives and families, and doing nothing for the people. For Stalin, the imperative to rein in the anti-Stalinist and anti-Party sentiments in the country at large was at least as strong as the imperative to defeat fascism. In the end, "who was victorious and who was conquered, who won the war against whom, if the vanquished are now sending food to the victors?"

A united Germany supplying an impoverished Soviet Union with food! Could any of us have predicted it five, or even three, years ago? Who was victorious indeed? More than once I have heard young people (including Jews) assert that it would have been better if Hitler had won the war, on the grounds that a fascist regime would have been no worse, and probably better, than the Soviet system that has provided them with nothing but frustration and grief. Such views are not common. Many members of the intelligentsia, however, have come to equate communism and fascism, Stalin and Hitler.

Many now blame Stalin for much of the war's destructiveness. His collectivization drive and first and second Five Year Plans resulted in millions of deaths and—as the recent collapse has shown—dislocated the economy beyond repair. The Party purge and mass terror of the thirties took many more millions of lives and broke the morale of the people. "And then, bled white, unimaginably weakened," Afanasiev wrote, " 'with naked hands,' as my father used to say, this people was thrown against a steel wall"—the German army.

In 1941 the Red Army had no officers to lead it. "We used to think that some forty thousand army and navy officers died in the 1937–1939 purge of the military," Professor Georgii Kumanev, a member of the department of

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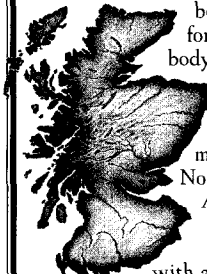
Even when it comes to their favorite dram, it is rare to find Scotch drinkers familiar with the art of blending. Since we blend a fair amount of Scotch, we've taken it upon ourselves to clear up the confusion.

At this point, consider pouring yourself a glass of Ballantine's Finest and settling into your favorite chair. Not only will you be more comfortable, it will also increase your appreciation of what you are about to read. If you like ice with your Scotch, let it melt a bit.

Mr. J. Goudy, master blender. The exact recipe of Ballantine's is a closely guarded secret.

Okay. Take a sip. Hold the liquid amber on your tongue and let the many flavors settle into your palate.

It has been said that a fine Scotch blend should be a melding of four central whisky themes. One for bouquet, another for taste, a third for body, and the last for its ability to blend all four into a balanced, mellow flavor. Not a simple task. And, of course, it cannot be accomplished with a blend of only four whiskies. Twenty or thirty is more typical.



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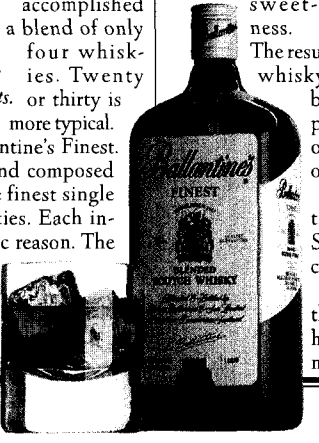

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the Great Patriotic War in the Academy of Sciences' Institute of History, told me. "Now we know that figure to be more than fifty thousand. By 1939 in effect our armed forces had no commanders. Stalin had destroyed the army. The military purge gave Hitler the certainty that the USSR would be incapable of military action against the Reich in the event of a German attack on Poland in 1939. Moreover, Stalin's senseless Finnish War of 1939–1940 [which he started, unprovoked, and almost lost to tiny Finland] demonstrated to Hitler our utter weakness and without a doubt brought about the June, 1941, invasion. Of course, when the invasion came, our forces were totally unprepared, because Stalin had been afraid to arouse Hitler's wrath by mobilizing our defenses, despite repeated warnings of the planned attack from credible sources. And then, did our whole country rise up to fight? No, because millions of able-bodied men who could have helped save civilian lives were languishing in Stalin's jails and labor camps."

Kumanev was especially concerned about getting straight the numbers of Soviet war dead. He assured me that the legendary 20 million figure ought to be hiked up to somewhere between 27 and 29 million. Twenty-seven million was the figure Gorbachev quoted in his 1990 Victory Day speech. The assessment of these figures today seems thoroughly politicized, a gruesome numbers game in which the more radical, anti-Stalinist, anti-Soviet critics estimate ever higher losses and then point to them as a reflection both of the system's incompetence at waging war and of Stalin's complicity in those deaths. Some estimates run as high as almost 50 million.

THIS RAISES THE explosive question, How many of the tens of millions of Soviet lives lost in the war must be blamed on the Supreme Leader of the Soviet people?

Not long ago Ales Adamovich, a renowned Belorussian novelist, political activist, and deputy to the Soviet parliament, published an article about Stalinism and the war, which he calls "the war with Hitler." The term "Great Patriotic War" is so loaded that nowadays using it identifies one as a conservative, a traditionalist, or an old fogy. In the article, published in *Literaturnaia gazeta*, Adamovich reiterated an argument that often figures in revisionist interpretations of the Victory: "In paying an immense price for the victory over Hitler, the people facilitated the complete victory of Stalin's absolutist tyranny." Of course, it was necessary to defeat Hitler, Adamovich wrote. The big challenge during the war was to remain human while being squeezed by two tyrannies. Hitler and Stalin were each other's doubles. "How to distinguish between those Hitler killed and those Stalin killed, if they killed our people the same way: one entering the country from the outside, the other—from within."

Hitler had his Khatyn, Stalin his

The turning tide: "To the West!" (1943)

Kuropaty. Khatyn was a Belorussian village. In 1943, with the help of the *Polizei*, collaborators from the local population, the Germans rounded up all the residents of the village of Khatyn—including the children—herded them into a wooden barn, and burned them to death, a fate they meted out to some 630 Belorussian villages. Kuropaty is a wooded area in Belorussia containing recently discovered mass graves from 1937–1938: yet one more piece of evidence of Stalin's great terror.

Stalin and Hitler did each other's work, Adamovich wrote. Stalin served Hitler's cause when he shot those tens of thousands of experienced Soviet military commanders in the purge of the army and the navy. And Hitler did Stalin's work, killing off millions of ordinary Russians and the bespectacled members of the intelligentsia—only, according to Adamovich, he wasn't thorough enough about the Jews to satisfy the Georgian leader.

Adamovich, himself a resistance fighter in the war, exploded the war cult's "Glory to our partisans!" myth. He recalled that in 1944, in the Vitebsk region, the high command of the army managed to pull together most of Belorussia's partisans, tens of thousands of them, to await reinforcements from the regular army—but these never came, and thousands of partisans were mowed down by German tanks. Adamovich suggested that this all happened according to plan, that Stalin feared partisans as potential postwar freedom fighters and arranged to have them taken care of before the war's end. "'Glory to our partisans!'" he wrote. "But it is better, easier, safer, if they have first died a heroic death!"

Adamovich also took apart the legend of the wartime unity of the Soviet people. For him the spirit of the war had been quite to the contrary, and he saw the conflict as a continuation in many ways of the 1918–1921 civil war. Gentiles against Jews, collaborators against noncollaborators, Stalinists against anti-Stalinists—these were just some of the wars being waged on Soviet territory during the war with Germany.

But not all memories are so negative. Other survivors of the war—particularly women—recall the war years as a time when the national divisiveness that has lacerated the USSR in recent years was nowhere in evidence. "I was a participant in the war and from 1941 until 1954 I helped the wounded," wrote a woman with a Ukrainian name in a letter published in *Izvestiia*.

> They were all dear to me. I was with the 223rd Azerbaijani division defending the Caucasus. And it never came into my head to think about which of my friends were Azerbaijani, and which ones were Armenian or Georgian. . . . Let the memory of the war, the friendship of peoples tempered in its fires, be an example for our conscience today.

Not long ago I spoke with two Muscovite women in their early seventies, who, their voices breaking with emotion, recalled their wartime years as navy nurses as the most satisfying period of their lives. "Never again did we

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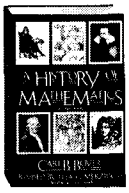

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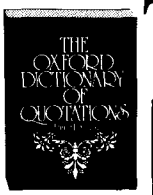

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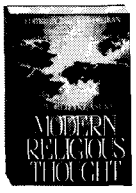

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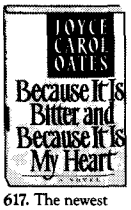

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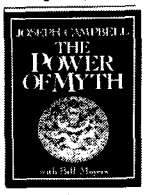

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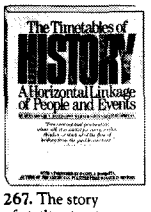

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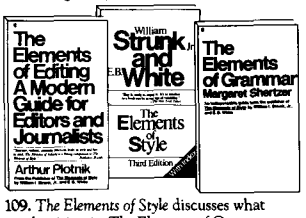

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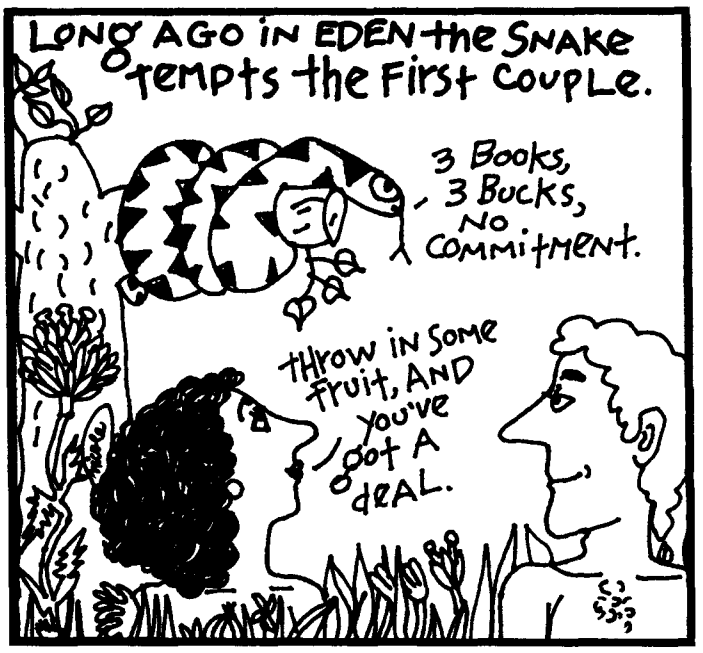

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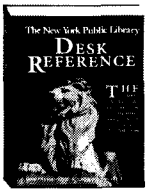

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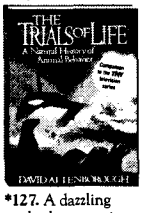

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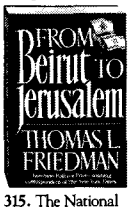

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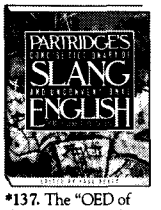

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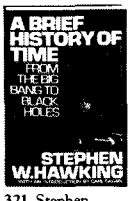

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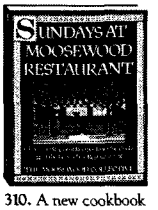

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FERTILITY, IMMIGRATION & POPULATION: THE "EXCRUCIATING CHOICES"

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The problem is: how? Demographer Leon Bouvier points out that the U.S. population would still be well over 200 million by 2080, even if American women averaged only 1.5 children and if net immigration were reduced to 300,000 annually. (One million or more may be expected under the Immigration Act of 1990.) If we are really going to turn population growth around, we will need sharp reductions in both immigration and fertility.

As David Simcox said in his essay, this would involve some "excruciating choices." Immigration, if it is not to drive population growth, will need to be in rough balance with emigration, or less than 200,000. This was about the level from 1920-1960. It would still be the largest sustained migration level in the world. We could admit only genuine refugees, not all those who are simply tired of poverty or chaos or dictatorship at home. Immigrants with needed skills rather than simply those with American relatives. If the choice is painful, it should be addressed honestly, not decided by default and political cowardice.

As to fertility: the real task is to persuade the less educated to bring their fertility down to the levels prevalent among the educated. If we could, it would give the nation a chance to give smaller cohorts of poor children a better education, and thus to help them out of the cycle of poverty. This isn't a question of race. It is one of economic class. Adjusted by education or income, blacks and whites are about equally fertile.

You won't hear these issues discussed in many places. They are too sensitive. You will find them in the NPG FORUM series on optimum population, as demographer John Weeks and editor Lindsey Grant discuss in detail how fertility can be influenced without coercion.

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feel so absolutely needed," explained Tamara Ravdina, a cheerful, athletic-looking woman with close-cropped gray hair and a youthful complexion. "Of course, the work was horrible. I spent most of the war in a makeshift hospital along the Ladoga lifeline that supported Leningrad during the blockade. There was bombing all the time. And I will never forget the incredible stench in the separate tent we had for victims of gangrene. When after the war I had a son, I already knew how to feed him, after all those years of feeding paraplegics."

"But those were our finest hours, the most brilliant time of our lives," added her old friend Lela Gefter, a small but vigorous woman with a melancholy face. "I know that the regime here has for years exploited the memory of the war to militarize the youth and so on, but nonetheless, for our generation the memory of the war is a holy memory."

During the war they were young, energetic, selfless. They knew what was right and what was wrong. Moral questions seemed easy and clear, as they no longer do in today's chaotic times.

But the Great Patriotic War was neither consistently great nor consistently patriotic. Ales Adamovich's phrase "the war with Hitler" is not right either, since, as Adamovich himself points out, during the war Stalin was no less an enemy to the Soviet people than Hitler was. It was just a war, which, like all wars, revealed the extremes of human behavior—bravery, self-sacrifice, sadism, treachery, cowardice.

A half century after Operation Barbarossa, painfully, insistently, real memories of the 1941–1945 war are coming out, from the bottom and the edges of Soviet society. Descendants of the war's hidden heroes—prisoners of war and *shtrafniki* (political prisoners formed into battalions as punishment and sent on suicide missions)—are demanding that their loved ones be rehabilitated and treated like other veterans. The *shtrafniki* will need to receive their honors posthumously; almost none of them returned from the war, and those who did, did not last long. Now a few survivors and their children are demanding rehabilitation and veterans' benefits. The recent compulsion to honor the war's real victims has meant that even the Vlasovites—an anti-Stalinist collaborationist army that fought alongside the Germans—are in some quarters currently considered heroes, who sacrificed themselves in a courageous effort to rid Russia of its hated tyrant.

A number of television documentaries in the past year or two have taken up the cause of those many participants in the war who disappeared without a trace, missing in action. Volunteers have been combing forests and slogging through swamps in former battle zones where an untold number of war victims lie unburied and unidentified. A recent issue of the liberal magazine *Ogonyok* estimated their total number to be about two million. The volunteers do what they can to identify the remains and put them in coffins so that they can at last be decently buried. Taking off on the slogan of the official war cult, the *Ogonyok* article was called "Is No One Forgotten?"

I first heard of those unburied dead about four years ago, from Avgust Alexeevich Mishin, a hulking, bespectacled professor of law with large, craggy features and a frizzy beard of a greenish-yellow color I had never before seen outside a Crayola box. He was missing an arm. "Shot off by German bullets in the Battle of Moscow," he said. At the end of a long evening of war talk he was dressed to leave, his empty coat sleeve dangling conspicuously from his shoulder, when he remarked, "In the forests around Smolensk you can see skeletons of soldiers. They had died and just stayed there, their decayed bodies strewn around. At first it was too dangerous to retrieve them, because the area was mined, and finally they were just forgotten. You can go and see for yourself." Once started on the subject, Mishin did not want to let it go. "I remember when the fighting was so thick that corpses just fell everywhere and we pushed them into pits, Germans, Russians, all together. No one took the time to sort them out; they became just one great stinking mass."

Almost fifty years after the war's end, at informal Victory Day gatherings people still bear placards pleading for information about their missing fathers, brothers, grandfathers, buddies. Last year, at the forty-fifth, I saw a man no longer young, with a face utterly devoid of emotion, standing stock-still in the Bolshoi Theatre park and holding a sign asking for information

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about his father, whose wartime photograph showed a handsome young soldier with the same vacant face. A passer-by told me in a whisper that every year, for as long as he could remember, that soldier's widow had held up that same photograph in exactly the same spot in the park; now the son had taken over, so the old woman was presumably infirm, or dead.

The prime—even primal—act of respect that any army owes its soldiers is to bury those killed in action and notify their loved ones. The young volunteers who are now doing the grisly work of sorting out the war dead may well deride their government for having constructed tens of thousands of war memorials while leaving two million carcasses to rot in the forests and swamps of the motherland for whom those unfortunates gave their lives.

Many surviving veterans complain that the regime has been no less callous toward them, denying them necessary medical care, decent housing, the most basic amenities of life. And they are right. From the very first days after the war's end veterans, particularly invalids, were neglected, until about a decade ago, when the Brezhnev regime granted them a few privileges, along with the now-familiar specious organized homage. This created a class that the literary critic Lazar Lazarev calls "veterans by profession," whom he loathes.

The veterans' access to coveted goods and conveniences has exacerbated an already troublesome tension between the generations, which, like so much else, gained freer expression when *glasnost*, a growing disdain for the military, and almost unprecedented shortages of consumer goods combined to make tempers short. "My mother was never at the front, and she didn't work in war industry," a taxi driver explained to me a few months ago. "But she ran herself ragged trying to feed her children in our Urals-region evacuation, where there was far less food than at the front. She worked and suffered as much as any veteran. Why shouldn't she be entitled to privileges too?"

Lately the Soviet press has published many letters from indignant veterans, complaining of shabby treatment by their compatriots. "I walked, limping (my wounded leg was hurting), and hesitantly placed myself at the head of a taxi queue at the Kiev Railroad Station," began one such letter.

> "Look at the Vova," curtly remarked a woman holding a string bag. [The derisive term "Vova" comes from the acronym for the words *Velikaia Otechestvennaia voina*, or "Great Patriotic War."] As a rule, I almost never avail myself of my insignificant privileges, since they elicit only humiliation and insults. "Vovy," indeed! Like mammoths we are disappearing from the face of the earth. We limp, get sick, forget things, repeat ourselves. We cling to our battle stripes, our wounds and medals, only because they dare to demean us with pitiful privileges, pitiful pensions, vacant glances.

THE KUKRYNIKSY

Spirits of military heroes from Russia's past animate this 1941 poster

In 1941—a time of utmost crisis—Soviet wartime propagandists, after decades of spurning the pre-revolutionary Russian past, appealed to the memories of ancient warriors and czarist generals in order to rouse the spirits of the Soviet people. "May you be inspired in this war by the heroic figures of our great ancestors, Alexander Nevsky, Dmitri Donskoi, Minin and Pozharsky, Alexander Suvorov, Mikhail Kutuzov!," Stalin intoned in his famous speech commemorating the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. The government opened the churches and invited the people to worship freely for the first time since the mid-twenties. Stalin, who as a boy had been trained for the priesthood, understood full well that Communist Party pap was too weak to inspire a people who were being pushed to their very limits. Only the mighty weight of history and the devotion to the God of Orthodoxy could provide the Russian people with the sustenance they needed to pull through the ordeal of war with a sense of nationhood intact.

Exactly fifty years later the people of the Soviet Union are living through a time of troubles as terrifying as any they have confronted since the war. The breakdown of the economy, the utter despoliation of the environment, the fear of civil war, the loss of their country's status as a global superpower, the collapse of every legitimizing myth that had bound them together, have led to a societal atomization. For the defunct leadership and many of its supporters, the idealized memory of the Great Patriotic War was the last remaining source of national pride. Today even the Soviet army has been unable to work out a convincing line on remembrance of the war, instead embracing the most reactionary kind of Russian nationalism.

And again, as in 1941, both the people and their leaders have turned to religion and to nationalism to help guide them out of the abyss. But this time the Church is divided and the nationalisms are many. And few seem to take much satisfaction in making the necessary sacrifices to help ensure a brighter future—or any future at all.

—Nina Tumarkin

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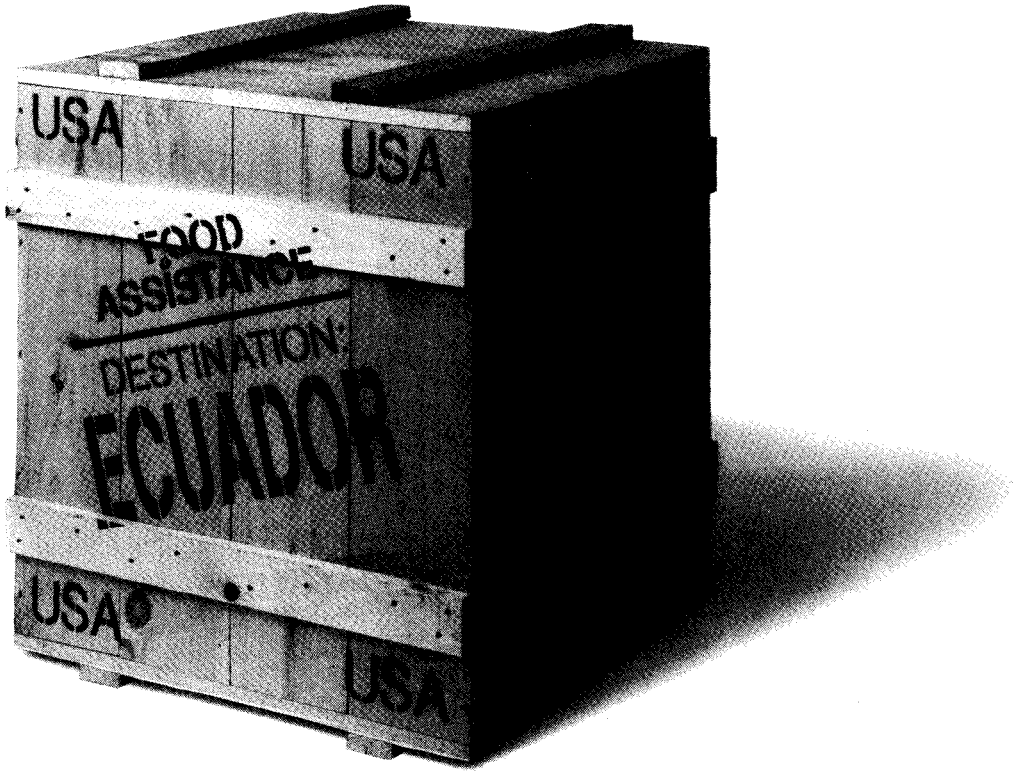

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Though most clinicians who treat the emotional problems of children say they borrow from a variety of diagnostic and treatment approaches, the principal divisions in the field are psychodynamic, cognitive-behavioral, and family-systems therapies. Here is a close look at each, along with an assessment of the chances for, and the meaning of, successful therapy

THERAPY FOR CHILDREN

BY KATHARINE DAVIS FISHMAN

JONATHAN WHEELER, TALKING ABOUT THE YOUNGEST of his four children, speaks haltingly, trying to summon events he has worked hard to put behind him. "Carl had been a nervous, excitable baby with digestive problems, so he always needed more attention than the others. Then, when he was three, something happened that required intervention. While we were on vacation, Carl rolled in a clump of poison ivy. We didn't get to the brown soap soon enough, and he was covered with a nasty rash—which, of course, we kept smearing with calamine. On the pediatrician's advice, we even threw out all the clothes Carl was wearing that day.

"But weeks after we'd done all this, the rash persisted; it appeared every morning, and he scratched and scratched until his arms and legs were covered with open sores. The dermatologist gave him test after test and could find no organic explanation for the rash that was there now. We finally took him to a child psychiatrist, who after several weeks concluded that the problem was psychosomatic: Carl had somehow internalized the original experience and was reproducing the rash overnight. After several months of therapy the welts began to disappear. We decided we'd gotten through the episode, and hoped for better times.

"Then Carl started school, and we again saw odd patterns of behavior. He'd hide under tables and chairs, and his teachers complained that they had difficulty keeping tabs on him. We knew we had a complicated child. He also showed some musical talent at an early age, making up tunes and picking them out on the piano. We got him lessons, which he always enjoyed.

"In fifth grade Carl became very volatile. He punched two women teachers, and the principal told us he couldn't stay unless he learned to control himself. So we

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sent him to a private school that specialized in dealing with problem children. The next year we put him in therapy with a psychologist, partly because he seemed resolutely unwilling to do any academic work no matter how hard we and the school tried to engage him, even though by all tests he was in the top two or three percent of his class intellectually. He failed almost everything, and we hoped therapy might provide some answers.

"Carl grudgingly agreed to go, and stuck with it for three years. I think he came to like the therapist, though he wouldn't admit it and we saw no sign that he was learning much. At first the therapist wanted the family there too. Then, after a few months, we decided it should be mostly Carl's private time, and I didn't intrude with questions. But my relationship with Carl had become tense and angry.

"Still, the family sessions did enormous good for me. I was perplexed about my responsibilities as a parent. I worried that if I became too tolerant of what I saw as Carl's irresponsibility toward other people, I would fail to meet my obligations. In the therapy I was encouraged to see myself as the children might see me, and to reconsider my rigidity and the weight of my anger. I came to realize that I'd had no useful models of parenting in my own life. And perhaps it was helpful for Carl to hear me talking about the difficulty I had knowing how to be a father.

"But by eighth grade we decided Carl himself wasn't benefiting, emotionally or academically, and the therapist agreed that there was no point in going on. Then Carl was asked to leave the private school. We sent him to public high school in the suburb we'd just moved to, and once again he began this pattern of hostility and failure in everything but music. Gradually he got into smoking and drinking and pot, and had two terrible years of deterioration, until he was stoned most of the time and even selling drugs out of his bedroom. Having him in the house was almost intolerable. After several school conferences I suggested that Carl just leave school. A month later he was arrested for breaking and entering a convenience store, and received a suspended sentence. This brought us to two other therapists, both of whom he met with hostility. One was a court-recommended specialist in drug abuse, who said that Carl was certainly at risk but not yet addicted to drugs or alcohol. I didn't take to this therapist, but we stuck it out for eight sessions.

"Still, Carl, despite his resistance, was clearly shocked by the conviction. It seemed to be a turning point. Suddenly he agreed to study for GEDs, with hopes of getting into a nearby conservatory. He moved into an apartment, he studied, he took music courses, he practiced, he passed the GEDs easily and got into music school, where he was quickly understood to be someone with talent. He was beginning to win approval, which was unusual for him in a school. Success begot success: this year he's working night and day, one of his pieces is being performed at school, and we seem to be getting along well."

Jonathan Wheeler's story raises many of the questions that baffle parents and stir debate among professionals in the field of child psychotherapy. Carl had been, as Wheeler puts it, "well on his way to being an enemy of the people." Did his various therapeutic experiences have a delayed effect, or did he outgrow his disorder? What combination of biology, temperament, environment, and experience caused this child's problems? How, if at all, were the symptoms he showed at different ages connected? What part did changes in family dynamics play? The feelings that pervade Wheeler's own account of the family's turmoil—bewilderment, self-doubt, vulnerability—are typical of parents, however competent and well educated, who must make decisions while they and their children are suffering, and who feel at a loss to monitor the treatment: the least they might do with a physical disorder. And the story's mysterious happy ending offers little comfort to professionals, or to other parents.

Choosing a Therapy

FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS GOVERNMENT AND scholarly estimates of the number of children eighteen and under who suffer from mental disorders have hovered around 12 percent of that population. But a recent report from the Institute of Medicine of the National Academy of Sciences suggests that the figure may actually be as high as 17 to 22 percent—11 million to 14 million children—an increase attributed to sharper methods of diagnosis and classification, not to some new *mal du siècle*. Still, in almost everyone's estimation the times seem to be especially difficult for children. The suicide rate for white adolescent males has tripled in the past thirty years, as has that for all young people aged fifteen to twenty-four. And as Michael Thompson, a member of Independent School Psychological Consultants and a psychologist who practices in Cambridge, Massachusetts, points out, "We've had a thirty-year epidemic of divorce and a generation of shell-shocked children. We have only begun to understand the long-term effects of having so many busted-up families."

Today's college students (yesterday's children) are likely to have experienced mental-health problems of some sort and to have sought help for them. R. David Kissinger, Ph.D., the director of the counseling center at the State University of New York at Binghamton, says that the center routinely asks freshmen who come in whether they've ever seen a psychiatrist, a psychologist, or a social worker for therapy. Ten years ago 30 percent had. In 1989 the figure was 44 percent. "Traditionally we like to work with college students over the rough spots in development," Kissinger says. "Forming an identity, establishing relationships, choosing a career. That's a luxury we could afford twenty years ago. Now

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we're not working with developmental problems; we're too busy with severely damaged students. They're suicidal, or they have long-term character disorders. The degree of pathology is more intense."

In contrast, Randolph Catlin, M.D., the chief of the mental-health service at the Harvard Health Service, says that he is seeing primarily developmental problems. Recently, Catlin says, a young man presented himself saying, "My friends tell me I should be more tolerant. They think it's a psychiatric problem." Someone who was simply considered unpleasant twenty years ago, Catlin observes, might now be deemed in need of therapy. There seems, then, to be both a proliferation of serious problems and a broadening definition of what's grist for the clinical mill.

Unless a child is clearly psychotic, the idea of therapy troubles and perplexes most parents. Since many laymen haven't caught up with research on the complex origins of mental disorders, the assumption of parental guilt, however wrongheaded, is bound to creep in, subtly or overtly encouraged by popular literature and by some school officials and mental-health professionals. So perhaps the child is just a really terrible two, or having a very difficult adolescence. Indeed, although the durability of Carl Wheeler's sudden improvement is uncertain, some problems do appear to go away without treatment. (In his book *Child Psychotherapy*, Alan E. Kazdin, a professor of psychology at Yale, cites fighting, stuttering, and bed-wetting as behaviors that sometimes disappear without intervention.) Some problems don't, however. ("Children who show early signs of dysfunction such as unmanageability, aggression, social withdrawal, or speech and language problems, are at risk for subsequent psychiatric disorders," Kazdin writes, and he notes a need for "intervening in response to early signs . . . to prevent them from becoming worse.") Particularly when the symptoms are mild, parents may wonder whether therapy is a useful emotional vaccination or a fashionable indulgence.

"We've had a thirty-year epidemic of divorce and a generation of shell-shocked children. We have only begun to understand the long-term effects."

Those who believe in informed decision-making may be daunted by the choices: Kazdin identifies 230 different types of therapy available to children, from "activity-interview group" to "Z-process." (Perhaps he's exaggerating to make a point, but the point is telling.) The approaches can be vastly divergent in the time they require, and therefore in cost. And whereas insurance reimbursement for some sort of therapy is now widespread—98 percent of employees with health insurance in middle-sized to large firms have it—the extent of coverage varies widely. Only two percent of those employees, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, receive the same benefits for mental as for physical outpatient care: their policies may impose a dollar limit, a limit on the number of visits (say, twenty a year), or a lower coinsurance rate for outpatient psychotherapy.

Moreover, different approaches, not to mention different practitioners, relate to parents in different ways, and this affects the parents' own comfort. In child therapy the patient is not paying the bill—a circumstance that raises difficulties for the parent, the child, and the therapist. Few children come in saying, "The pain is intolerable, give me relief"; the decision to begin therapy will likely have been made by an adult (who may have hauled the child in by the hair). That is one of three special characteristics of child therapy that professionals have long noted and that parents should be aware of too. The others are that the child's verbal and conceptual abilities, the entry points for psychotherapy, are limited; and that in every area of development the child is a moving target. While most therapists would agree with the late British psychoanalyst D. W. Winnicott that the purpose of therapy is to let "the developmental processes simply take over as the analysis begins to succeed," each therapeutic approach meets the challenge differently.

In July of 1982 *American Psychologist* published a survey of 415 members of the American Psychological Association in clinical practice in which they were asked to label themselves, as it were. The largest proportion, 41 percent, said they were "eclectic"; 11 percent said they were "psychoanalytic"; 10 percent called themselves "cognitive-behavioral"; nine percent were "person-centered," seven percent "behavioral," and three percent "Adlerian." Smaller percentages were "family," "reality," "Gestalt," "existential," "rational-emotive," and "transactional"; and, with all those tags available, nine percent still called themselves "other." Even though psychotherapy generally, and so child psychotherapy, may thus seem hopelessly splintered, all the approaches may reasonably be grouped into three broad categories, each with a distinctive view of its task and of the patient. (All the therapies may be used in conjunction with psychopharmacology, which I won't address here.)

Psychodynamic therapy looks inward: it aims at helping

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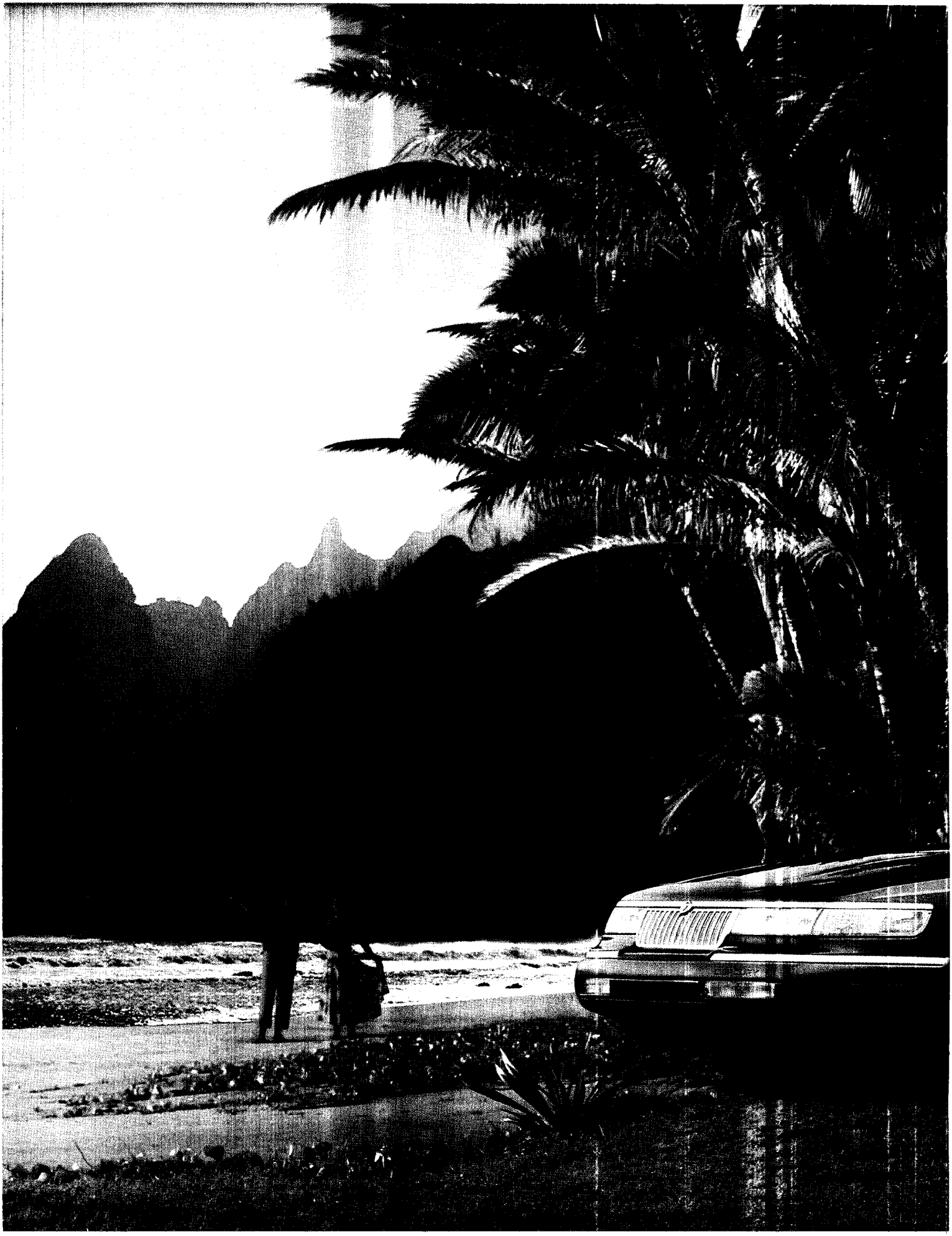

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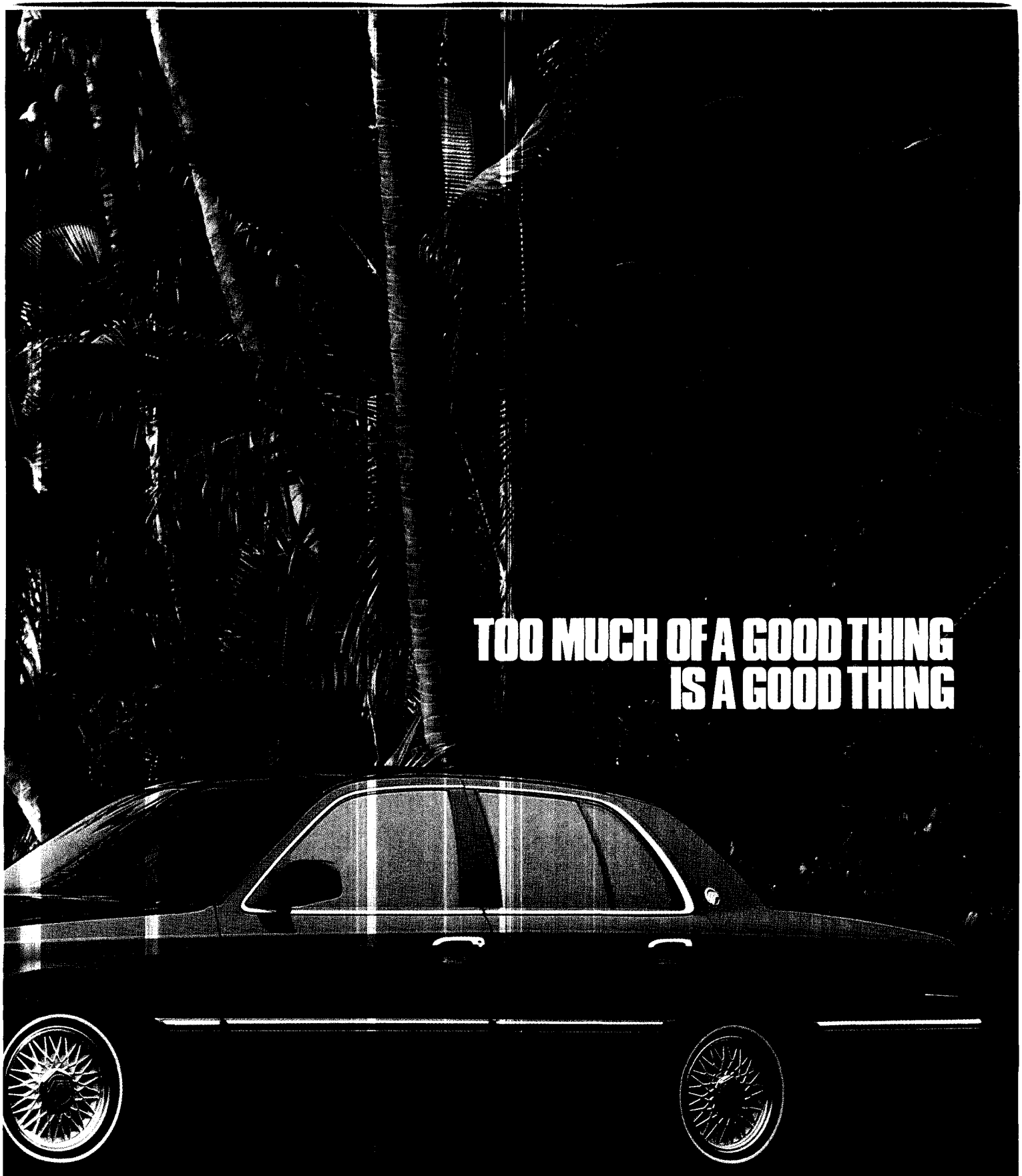

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the child understand his or her emotions. To do this, the therapist must get to the roots of the problem. Dynamic therapists tend to view the patient as a text to be explicated, with clues often presented in symbolic form. Classical psychoanalysis, which generally requires four sessions a week, is only one form of dynamic therapy, and while it is the form best known to laymen, it is so expensive and time-consuming that it is seldom used on children. Dynamic therapy involving one or two weekly sessions is likely to take several years.

Cognitive-behavioral therapy looks outward: it trains the child to see the world differently and to change his or her behavior patterns. It has its roots in experimental psychology and employs rigorous data-gathering and measurement of results, practices that prevail in laboratories. Cognitive-behaviorists, who prefer the term "client" to "patient," tend to look at the child as a machine with a broken part that needs fixing. Aimed at alleviating a particular group of symptoms, cognitive-behavioral therapy usually lasts from four months to a year.

Family-systems therapy holds that no problems are individual; all reflect a malfunction in the family unit. The family-systems model—in which a symptomatic child is called the "identified patient"—draws on cybernetic theories of how the parts of a system (in this case, the family) interact, and resembles cultural anthropology, which explores the way beliefs are transmitted from generation to generation. It uses both psychodynamic and cognitive-behavioral techniques. Family-systems therapy might take two sessions or several years.

Choosing a Therapist

WITHOUT QUESTION, NEARLY ALL CHILD PSYchotherapy has become more eclectic in recent years, because most good clinicians agree that doctrinal purity doesn't get the job done. However flexible and savvy a particular therapist may be, though, he or she was trained somewhere, is a member of certain professional organizations, keeps up with certain journals, and attends certain conferences where papers are presented. In other words, tribal affiliation does narrow the focus, and can't help affecting the tone, of therapy.

Parents are also confused by the variety of types of practitioners available: therapists may be psychiatrists, psychologists, or social workers. Regardless, they ought to have special training and experience in treating children and adolescents.

A psychiatrist in this field is an M.D. who has had four years of medical school, one year of internship, at least two years of approved residency training in general psychiatry with adults, and a two-year fellowship in child and adolescent psychiatry that includes supervised experience in a range of therapies and settings.

A child analyst may or may not be a psychiatrist: he or she has been trained at a psychoanalytic institute, where the influence on mental illness of early life experiences is studied. Psychoanalytic training alone does not qualify a practitioner to prescribe drugs, diagnose physical symptoms, or offer behavioral or family therapy.

A clinical psychologist is a Ph.D. who has had about five years of graduate training, including a year of internship and several half-year practicums—programs of supervised clinical experience that graduate students take along with their courses. Most states also require postdoctoral experience for licensing.

A clinical social worker should have an M.S.W., the result of a two-year graduate program of classes and field work; several years of postgraduate experience may be required for a state license.

Psychiatrists (not individually but as a group) look down on nonmedical practitioners. Psychologists (who are often just as expensive in private practice as psychiatrists) respond that they refer patients to M.D.s for physical diagnosis and prescription, and point out that neither Anna Freud nor Bruno Bettelheim, nor any of a number of other distinguished theorists, was an M.D.

Some psychologists may condescend to social workers, but certain subjects emphasized in social-work training (women's issues, ethnic and cultural studies) may have particular value for some clients. "A good social-work clinician should be able to relate a child's problems to something in the home or school environment," says Carol H. Meyer, D.S.W., a professor at Columbia University School of Social Work. "Whether the kids are rich or poor, other therapists don't want to get their hands dirty in the environment. When a psychiatrist who has a patient on psychotropic drugs sends that patient out into the community, the social worker deals with issues of adjustment. When a psychiatrist says, 'This child is abused; take her away from her mother,' the social worker deals with the mother and child."

To compare the numbers of psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers who deal with children is difficult, because analogous figures don't exist, but the following numbers ought to give some sense of the demographics of therapy. Only 5,000 child psychiatrists practice in the United States. In 1990 there were 57,500 Ph.D.s in clinical practice, but the number of these who are "child clinical" specialists, as estimated by the American Psychological Association, is just a few thousand. Figures from the National Association of Social Workers suggest the existence of at least 100,000 clinical social workers, most of whom work with children at least part of the time. Thus legitimate nonmedical practitioners are engulfing the psychiatrists, putting them on the defensive. (Moreover, many "therapists" hang out shingles without adequate credentials of any kind, and consumers should be wary.)

While little hard data supports the idea that children do better when treated by therapists of the same (or op-

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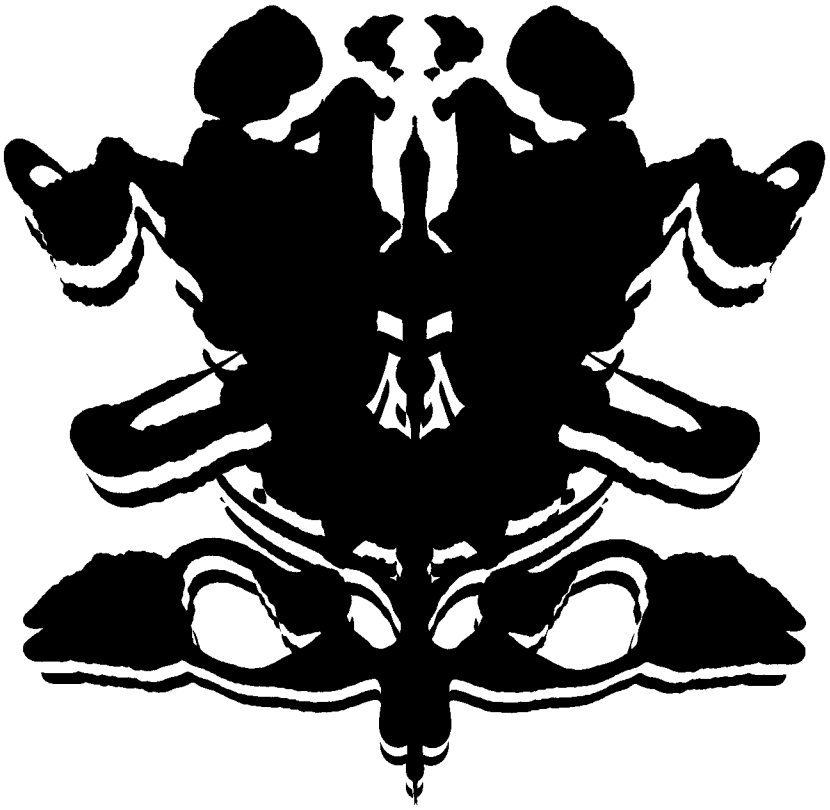

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posite) sex, parents may have a gender preference in choosing a therapist for their child. Figures apportioned by gender are even sketchier than the totals, but as of 1989 psychiatric trainees and residents were 57 percent male, according to the American Psychiatric Association. The 1990 Current Population Survey, from the Bureau of Labor Statistics, reports that 58 percent of psychologists and 68 percent of social workers are women. All these figures apply to the professions in general, and no gender breakdowns are available for therapists who specialize in treating children.

The type of practitioner a patient encounters tends to depend on the therapy chosen. Traditional psychodynamic therapy offers an abundance of both M.D.s and Ph.D.s, and a sprinkling of M.S.W.s. The cognitive-behavioral world, grounded in psychological research, is inhabited mostly by Ph.D.s, while social workers dominate the field of family therapy, with psychologists less numerous and psychiatrists the least. Fees depend more on the setting than on the therapist's credentials, although insurance companies may not reimburse for all therapists equally unless required to do so by state law. Private patients, whatever the practitioner's training, are charged what the local market will bear. Clinic patients pay lower fees in exchange for accepting the services of supervised student therapists; they might also barter the right to be observed or taped for research purposes. What all this boils down to, then, is vigorous marketplace competition, in addition to the competition among therapy models.

Diagnosing the Problem

TO LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT THE CLINICAL state of the art I recently spent several months with senior and student practitioners in each of the three orientations, discussing how they solved problems, and watching and listening to children (in the flesh or on tape) in therapeutic sessions. My goal was not to explore theoretical or scholarly differences, except as they affected actual clinical practice; I wanted, simply, to find out what children experience in therapy.

Confidentiality was of course a concern. Accordingly, the children I observed were clinic patients with student therapists under supervision, except in the case of family-systems therapy, in which videotaping and observation are part of the process; there I could see senior therapists working with patients who had given permission. In all cases the names of patients have been changed and some details altered to protect privacy.

I limited my observations to moderately disturbed patients, assuming that disorders like autism and schizophrenia are beyond the scope of a general article. I also disregarded the educational aspects of learning disabilities, although their psychological by-products are an appropriate concern here: As Kim Lord, whose son Matthew has a reading disability, remembers, "He had lots of friends and no trouble until he started first grade. But very quickly a bright child who doesn't learn knows something is wrong and begins to try and compensate in various ways. Matthew became bossy and attention-seeking, and began to alienate other kids because of his behavior, even though we were quite clear that the initial problems were academic." A dyslexic child who feels humiliated might, for example, become depressed, hyperactive, or bulimic.

The problems that bring children and teenagers into therapy are behavioral, emotional, psychophysiological (for example, eating disorders and bed-wetting), or related to adjustment after a stressful event such as a death or a divorce. The latest last word on defining mental-health problems is the American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, Third Edition, Revised (*DSM*-III-R), put together by committees of specialists in different disciplines and orientations as a sort of lingua-franca dictionary for professionals; it's also widely used by insurance companies for reimbursement. *DSM*-III-R is available in many public libraries. A parent who is unsure whether a child needs therapy may want to consult it to see if the description of any particular problem sounds familiar. For example, the three-page account of separation-anxiety disorder reports, in part:

> Children with Separation Anxiety Disorder are uncomfortable when they travel independently away from the house or from other familiar areas. They may refuse to visit or sleep at friends' homes, to go on errands, or to attend camp or school. (It should be noted that some cases of school refusal are not due to separation anxiety; in such cases, usually in adolescence, the child actually fears the school situation because of anxiety about social or academic performance, whether or not he or she is accompanied by a parent.) Children with Separation Anxiety Disorder may be unable to stay in a room by themselves, and may display "clinging" behavior, staying close to the parent, "shadowing" the parent around the house. Physical complaints, such as stomachaches, headaches, nausea, and vomiting are common when separation is anticipated or occurs.

In addition to the description of each disorder *DSM*-III-R includes a list of diagnostic criteria and criteria for estimating the severity of a case, according to the number of symptoms and to the Global Assessment of Functioning Scale. Professionals point out that criteria for diagnosing disorders in children are less fixed than those for adults, both because a child is a developing organism and because the understanding of childhood disorders is evolving. The current edition of *DSM*, published in 1987, is the fourth since 1952, and the sections on childhood disorders have required considerable revision. Some professionals worry that laymen consulting the book will get "medical students' disease," but an intelli-

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gent parent will surely realize that *DSM*-III-R is only a point of departure for diagnostic consultation, and will find it, as such, a fount of helpful information and a source of reassurance: to name the demon is to take a step toward taming it.

"A symptom is a call for help," says Michael Thompson, the psychologist in Cambridge, Massachusetts, who treats pre-adolescents and their families and consults to a number of private schools nearby. Thompson defines a symptom as "normal behavior that is displayed too much, too intensely, or in the wrong place at the wrong time."

By way of illustration, Thompson remembers a boarding-school student who exploded in study hall one day. "He got into a fight with the teacher about homework, and all of a sudden he began to heat up. He said an extraordinary number of obscenities to the teacher and read the teacher out in an astonishing way. The other kids were just riveted. He was thrown out of school, because what he had done was too intense, too public. What he was saying was 'Something's going so wrong that I have to use this language,' which all children use when they are away from adults, and adults use when they're not around children, but he jumped over the line and used it to an adult about the adult in front of other children. That made it a symptom. He got himself out of school and into therapy in a big hurry."

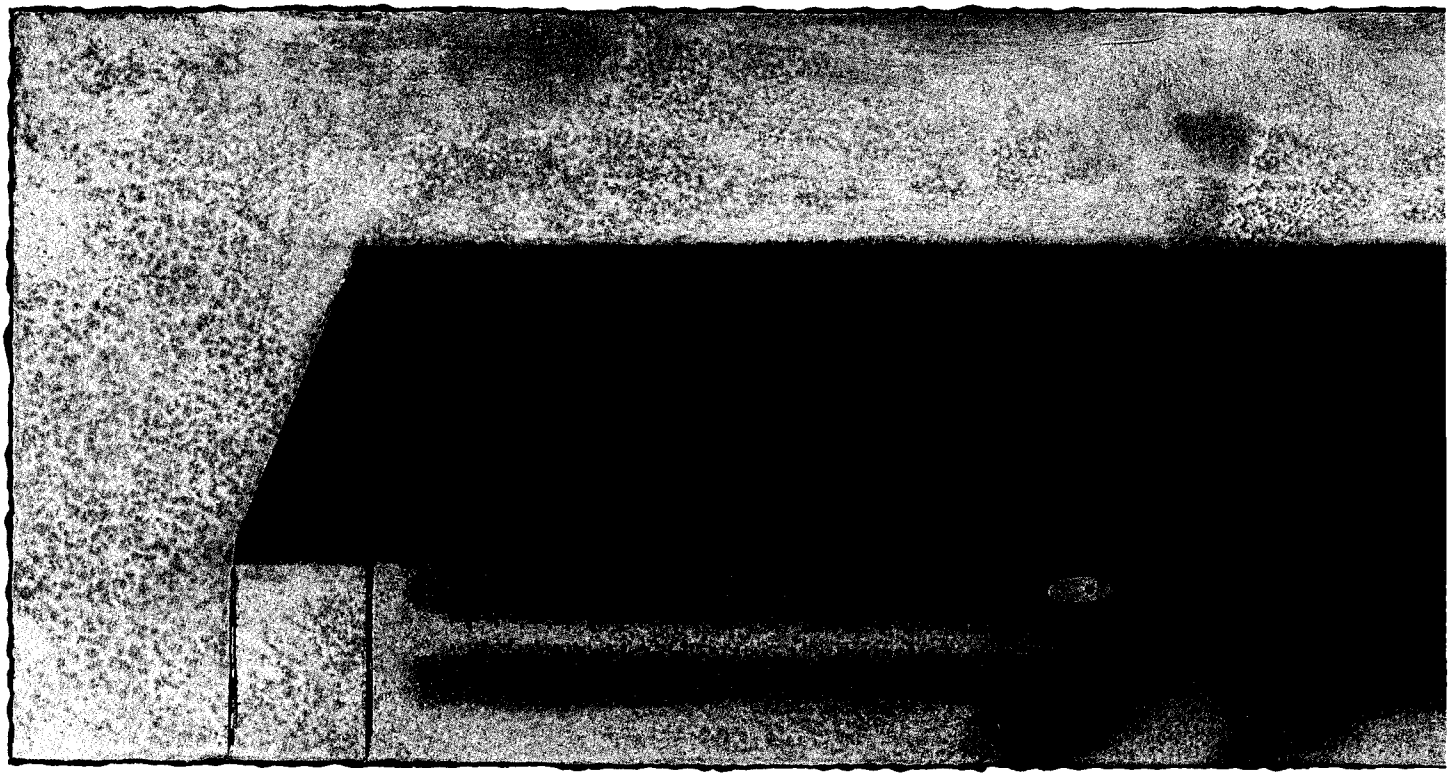
When behavior is less explosive but still conspicuous, Thompson and other professionals look at how long it's been going on. "If a child has always been shy and inhibited, his shyness may be constitutional and not symptomatic," Thompson says. But a sudden change in temperament that persists longer than it should—weeks of depressed behavior, for example, or mourning that goes on longer than a year—is cause for alarm.

The Psychodynamic Approach

WHEN LAYMEN THINK OF A PSYCHIATRIST, THEY probably imagine someone like Charles A. Sarnoff, M.D., a scholarly, gray-haired man of sixty-two with an almost whispery voice, apt to pursue the answer to any question with terrier-like tenacity. His explanations, besides citing cases, roam the cultural landscape from Aristotle to Congreve to Foucault to James M. Barrie.

Sarnoff practices in Great Neck, New York, a Long Island suburb. He also lectures at the Psychoanalytic Center for Training and Research at Columbia University's College of Physicians & Surgeons, and is a supervisor in child and adolescent psychiatry at Long Island Jewish Medical Center. In addition to the requisite training in adult and child psychiatry, Sarnoff has four years' training in the psychoanalysis of adults and six years' training in the psychoanalysis of children. In more than thirty years of practice he has seen enough patients to make a fair-sized longitudinal study.

Sarnoff is the author of two widely used textbooks on latency and one on adolescence ("latency" is a Freudian term for the years from six to twelve, and a tip-off to Sarnoff's orientation: a non-Freudian might use the term "middle childhood"). In his later years Freud—and thus



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most of his followers—characterized latency as a period in which sexual and aggressive drives diminish to permit the child to be educable; Sarnoff follows an earlier Freudian theory that the drives don't diminish but are dammed up by a retreat to fantasies that calm the child, with the same net effect.

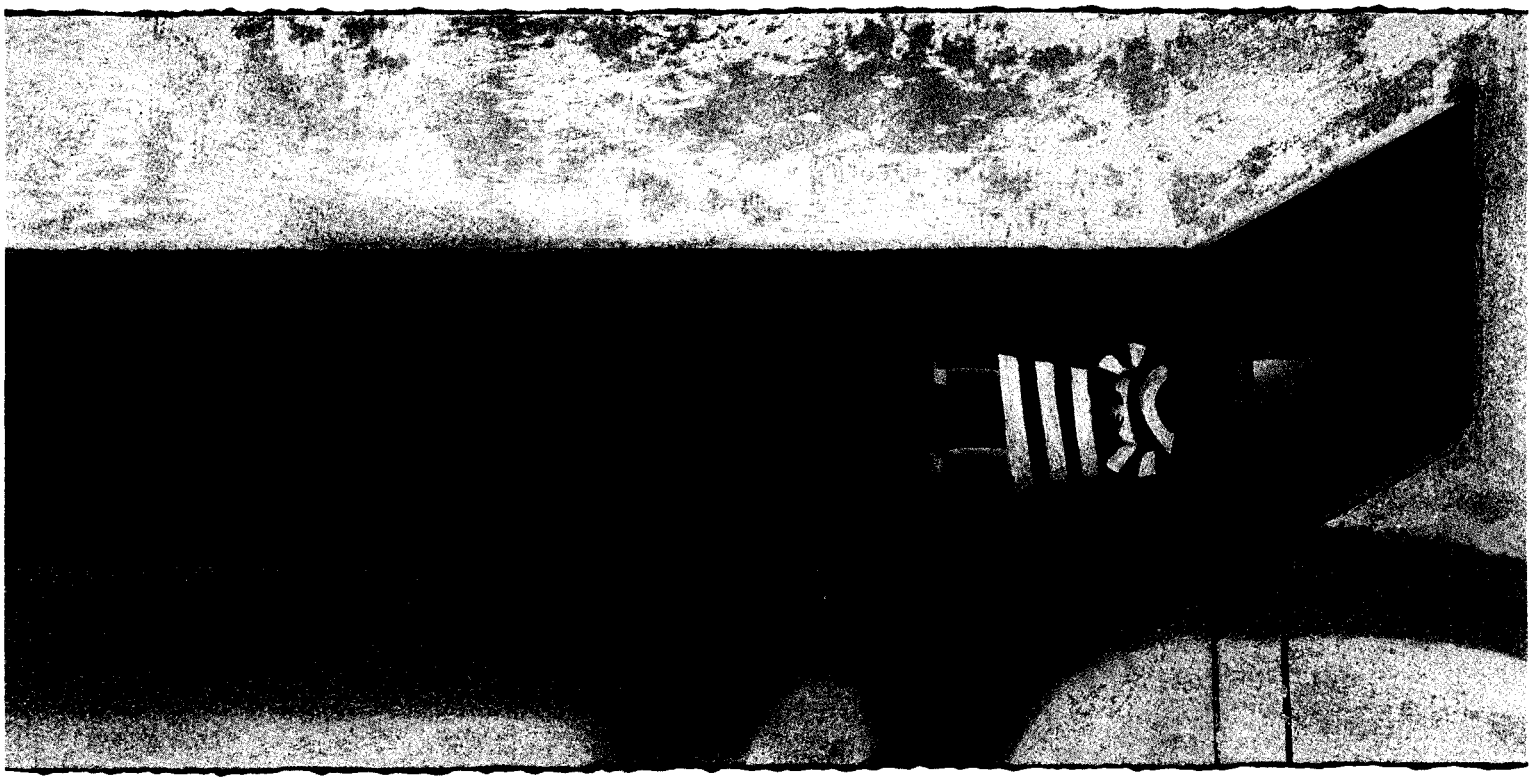
Sarnoff's books, filled with case histories from his practice, depict latency as a bubbling cauldron of psychologically significant activity. He defines himself as a Freudian primarily because he believes that drives motivate fantasies, which then contribute to the formation of symptoms (other orientations, even psychodynamic ones, don't assign this weight to unconscious drives). Moreover, his therapy often draws on the Freudian concept of transference, according to which the patient loads onto the therapist repressed feelings for others in his life. Noteworthy, however, is that Sarnoff uses words like "contribute" and "draw on." "Within mental illness or human emotional reactions today we can find a multitude of contributions," he says, "including head injuries, genetic factors, social factors, and psychological factors—and we also have to include early childhood experience." A Freudian in the 1990s needn't be a monomaniac.

When feelings and events are too stressful or humiliating to deal with directly, a healthy latency-age child, Sarnoff has written, "can fall back into a web of symbols, which, woven into a kind of mythic map, can be used as a guide to a land where his power and self-esteem are reinstated." Sarnoff explains the way this works by recalling the old movie *Forbidden Games*, in which "children are exposed to the death of relatives and seem to be calm and able to integrate and handle things, and then something strange begins to happen in town: crosses disappear from catafalques and no one knows where they're going. The children have been burying birds and little mice and having play ceremonies. They're involved in the use of three-dimensional objects that Piaget calls ludic symbols." A symptom is an unhealthy symbol. By approaching a child through play, Sarnoff hopes first to decipher his or her symbols, then to help the child work through conflicts by playing them out, and finally to give the child insight into his or her feelings and behavior.

"I call latency-age children biologically celibate soldier-dwarfs," Sarnoff says, "to show the restrictions with which they live. The child is so little that if someone picked him up and he tried to hit that person he'd be swinging in the air, and if he has any kind of sexual fantasies, he certainly doesn't have the organ capacity for carrying out his designs. Later there's a stage called ludic demise, when the play symbols are no longer used, because the children now have, say, orgastic potential available to them.

"I have devised one office after another in such a way that the child has two doors he can walk through, or he comes into the room and the way I stand makes it possible for him to choose whether he's going into the playroom or the consulting room. You actually see them go back and forth. A youngster is making Play-Doh figures of robbers. One day he moves into your office and wants to sit at the desk—he's the judge, you're a robber, and you're coming to trial."

The technique that a therapist uses to assess a new pa-



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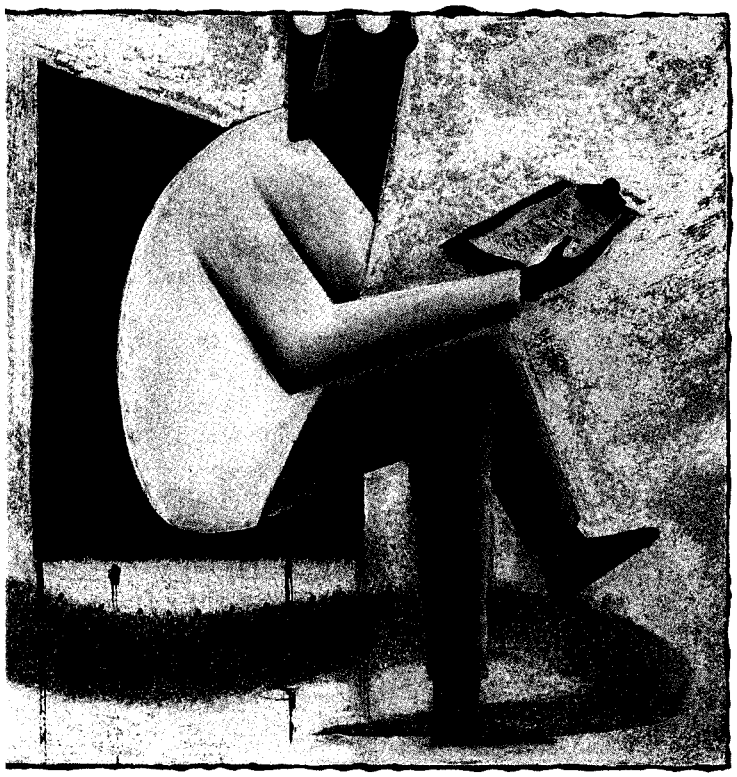
tient tends to be characteristic of both the therapeutic orientation and that individual therapist. Sarnoff orders such educational evaluations as are necessary, and pointedly calls attention to the stethoscope, ophthalmoscope, and reflex hammer in his office—the competitive arsenal against nonmedical practitioners—but his main assessment tools are interviews with the parents and child.

He starts with the parents, both to take the usual case history and to establish a working relationship, whose nature varies according to the child's age. "If it's latency," he says, "I'm in touch with the parents, they know how to reach me, they can call me two times a week, they can come and see me, we work together as a team. If it's an adolescent, then you do your best to keep the parent at a distance and the child is your patient."

How a therapist deals with parents is, of course, of major importance to the parents. A minority of psychodynamic therapists and analysts will have nothing whatsoever to do with parents; family therapists, at the other end of the spectrum, virtually always treat parents and children together. Sarnoff, like most psychodynamic therapists, follows the traditional "child guidance" model. He has written, "I prefer not to see parents and children together. There is danger that the alliance between adults . . . will be interpreted by the child as a sign of disloyalty, betrayal, or simply being left out."

At the same time, Sarnoff, whose position on most doctrinal issues is "I hew as close to the ideal as I can, but go as far away as I have to," says that in some circumstances an adolescent's parents must be dealt with. "If you have a relatively healthy neurotic child, keeping your distance can work out, but it is a perilous course when you have severely disturbed people, manipulative people. Then you have to break the rule and make yourself available to the parents. You tell the patients everything, treat them like adults, but unfortunately some of them are not adult enough to be treated that way. It's hard to maintain a relationship with patients if they think you're talking to their parents, so you really are in conflict."



With younger patients, although one or both parents are there to identify the "zone of pathology," the interview with the child is clearly the key. Sarnoff points out that the thought patterns of children differ from those of adults, and the child may even be proud of his or her symptoms. Sometimes play, drawings, and ludic symbols are the only means of communication.

All therapeutic assessments start, logically enough, with a concept of normalcy, both biological and cultural. (Sarnoff once worked at a clinic where an unusual number of child patients reported hearing holy voices; he discovered that in the parochial schools they attended, this phenomenon was not a symptom but a mark of status.) Sarnoff needs to know whether the child has entered latency, whether he or she can produce calming symbols, and how far the child's abilities to remember and understand have progressed. "I'll ask children to tell me about their favorite TV cartoon," he says. "If they can tell me a whole story, then I know they are reducing their sensory experience to a verbal memory system, and maybe even moving into a fine level of abstraction. But so many times I'll hear them say, 'I like when Bluto hits Popeye, then Popeye hits Bluto back, and they fight,' and that's all. Or they take two little figurines and they have them battling each other, constantly hitting or punching, and you know this youngster is not making up a story, he's just involved in aggressive interaction. This is perfectly all right for a three- or four-year-old, but when you get to a five- or six-year-old, you've got a problem there."

A skilled therapist can make surprisingly sophisticated concepts understandable to children. It might seem a hopeless task to convey to an elementary school child that he fears not an actual cat but his own angry feelings that he has projected onto the cat. Sarnoff does it with an object called a ghost gun, a sort of slide projector that throws a picture of a ghost on the wall. Inside the gun is a needle that punctures the film, so that the child can "shoot" the ghost; Sarnoff can then demonstrate to the child that the shooting appears on the screen but is actually going on inside the gun and being projected onto the screen, just as the feelings inside the child's head are being projected onto the cat.

Pre-adolescent children may not play with dolls and puppets, but they are usually willing to draw and model clay. Even when such older children talk, they may be talking symbolically. Sarnoff describes a twelve-year-old boy who's depressed. "Back when he was five, he was in an accident with his friend. They were playing and he

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threw something with a sharp point which hit the friend and paralyzed his hand. Now, the boy is perfectly willing to come into therapy, and he's even a good talker. He reads a lot. He likes to read Stephen King novels, and he begins to talk about *Pet Sematary*, in which a man's child dies, he brings the child back to life, and the child dies again. It becomes very clear—every story this child tells is about doing and undoing. He's not telling about this directly. If I were to say, 'You're depressed because of what you did with someone as a child,' he might get up and run out of the room. He's dealing with it in a displaced manner, passively using the symbols of Stephen King.

"Little by little, you keep on getting him to talk about these stories. You gather stories like this. You wait for him as he goes through all of them. Eventually he's going to get to this. You know when to ask him to tell more—'What do you think the character should have done?' You begin to discuss the material in a displaced form. By inadvertence, almost, you bring the material to the surface, and get a kid to work on it and talk about it and deal with it as if he's talking about someone else. That's as close as the ego can get to the trauma. He may never say it, but still he achieves a certain amount of catharsis and does better."

All child psychotherapy has become more eclectic in recent years, because most good clinicians agree that doctrinal purity doesn't get the job done.

Parents may worry about what they perceive as the indefiniteness of psychodynamic therapy: it seems to go on and on, with no clear termination point. Sarnoff, in sharp contrast to cognitive-behaviorists, believes that just clearing up the presenting symptom is not enough; unless the underlying problem is rooted out and worked through, another symptom will come along to replace the first—"old wine in new bottles," as Sarnoff puts it. "There are many external symptoms that can change with maturation," he says, "so a sadomasochistic fantasy that had been expressing itself in the form of fear of persecution—by robbers, by dogs—may appear to remit when the child goes into adolescence. But the boy has a very sadomasochistic persecutory relationship with a girl." Cognitive-behaviorists say that no one has conclusive data to substantiate the notion of "symptom substitution"; Sarnoff says he sees repeated evidence of it in his practice.

What Sarnoff does expect to see, in addition to resolution of the presenting symptom, is greater success in academic and social activities, a healthier choice of friends, and developmental progress as fast as that of the child's peers. In other words, as he has written, "further therapeutic work will only produce progress that age-appropriate natural development could provide as well"—the same termination point that is cited by D. W. Winnicott, the British psychoanalyst.

Kevin, An Eleven-Year-Old Boy

One afternoon Sarnoff and I drove out to Schneider Children's Hospital, a division of Long Island Jewish Medical Center, in New Hyde Park, New York, to watch Emanuel Falcone, M.D., a thirty-three-year-old resident completing his fellowship in child psychiatry, in session with Kevin, an eleven-year-old boy. In hopes of helping other children, Kevin and his parents had agreed to let me observe behind a one-way mirror.

Before the session Falcone, a dark-haired man with wire-rimmed glasses and a close-cropped beard, briefed me on Kevin: "He was ten when he came to us. He had many fears of separation. He was concerned that he might be kidnapped, that his parents might be killed or injured somehow. He was afraid of going on subways either alone or with his mother, because of the subway rapist. He also suffered from obsessional thinking and some compulsions.

"He was obsessed about being poisoned or food being contaminated. Once when the food was heavily peppered, he was convinced the specks were dirt, not pepper, and the lasagna dinner had to be thrown away. It was also impinging on his functioning: he wouldn't go on Boy Scout trips using the subway. He had trouble sleeping alone, and he would often go into his parents' bedroom.

"When he came to us, he had some rituals, like repetitive hand-washing, twenty times a day. There's a whole obsessive-compulsive disorder involving that behavior which is untreatable except by medication and a strict behavior-modification approach—many people feel that psychotherapy won't do any good at all. However, we saw some things off the path which had us hold off those interventions. He was able to relate—the key thing in psychotherapy. And the hand-washing stopped pretty quickly when a doctor and his parents explained that if he kept it up, his hands would become infected. One fear replaced another, but that's telling, because someone was able to break through his distorted view of reality.

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"There is worrying within Kevin's family. His father and paternal grandmother are worriers. The father checks the gas jet and rattles the front door, checking it several times before he leaves, waking up the family. Kevin used to be quite anxious about this, feeling that someone was breaking into the house. What he does now is go to the window, and if he sees his father leaving, or his car isn't there, he doesn't worry."

"When I started doing a little work with the family, I got a lot of mileage out of it," Falcone said. "I asked how they had been treating his worries. They didn't mean it, but there was overconcern. For example, he didn't want to go out in a rainstorm or stand on the porch when it was drizzling. They'd say, 'It's only drizzling; the odds are that lightning won't strike. You can certainly take an umbrella and just go to the store, because even though the umbrella is metal, it would only hit the trees first.' Well, there's more worrying than reassurance in that reassurance.

"It was very hard for them, but I had them say, 'Don't be silly, just go out, hurry up back.' I said, if you must allay your anxieties, do it from a window, not the door, and don't let him see you. That was a very small piece of work—I used to see them five minutes before Kevin's session and five minutes after."

"With one session a week his response has been very good," Falcone continued. "He went with the Scouts alone on the subway, no problem. He has started to stay out till it gets darker and they have to tell him to come in, where he used to run home the minute it got dark. He's playing rougher kinds of sports. So we were going to evaluate whether to continue treatment, and at that point he started to do worse.

"We had one failure. On an overnight Halloween outing it was his job to frighten the Cub Scouts. When they got to the campsite, they found it had been vandalized, possibly days ago, possibly hours ago. No major damage, just graffiti. That was at the back of Kevin's mind. He dressed up in his spooky outfit and went to scare the younger kids, but he just couldn't do it. He didn't have the size or the conviction; the little kids laughed at him and ganged up to beat him up. It was a humiliating experience. He's a very sensitive, empathic child. The one point in the night when he managed to scare someone, the child admitted he was scared and Kevin just couldn't bear it anymore and said, 'Now, look, it's me.'

"So what happened to the anger Kevin felt toward the kids who were laughing at him, abusing him, and beating him up? He dealt with the anger later that night, when things were quieting down. At bedtime he became terrified that the vandals were going to come back and beat people up, possibly kill them with knives and guns. He became uncontrollable. His mother and the scoutmaster couldn't manage him, and they had to send him home."

Falcone and Sarnoff agreed that Kevin's fears contained a kernel of realism, but the paranoid reactions were always triggered by situations that gave him cause for anger. In this case he was not alone in the wilderness but protected by Scouts, scoutmasters, and parents.

In recent sessions Falcone and Kevin—who was now waiting outside—had been talking about bullies at school. One goal, logically enough, was to teach Kevin to stand up to the bullies without becoming a bully himself. "The larger purpose," Sarnoff pointed out, "is to have him reach the point where he can recognize and accept his own rage, so he doesn't have to defend against it by producing fantasies that distort reality. Once you do that, you can achieve a state of calm in the individual when he goes on to deal with reality itself."

Kevin proved to be an appealing boy with shaggy brown hair, wearing jeans, a heavy sweater, and sneakers. Sarnoff and I installed ourselves behind the mirror as Falcone began to ask how the week had gone. The conversation sounded like ordinary small talk. Kevin had joined a video club to rent Nintendo games. He was fidgeting a bit, pulling his sweater sleeves over his hands and looking around the room; perhaps he was thinking about being observed. Falcone continued to chat about video games, searching for a handle. Kevin was playing with his ear.

"That," Sarnoff whispered, "is an autoerotic gesture. Something about the games made him regress." I asked if it was stage fright; Sarnoff said Kevin, who was now sitting on his hands, was afraid of his dawning sexual feelings. Falcone had asked Kevin what was happening in school, and they were up to Tuesday. Kevin began to tell a long story in a casual tone. He was smiling a bit, but the story was about a beating-up. Kevin's friend Bruce had been accused of writing graffiti about one of the bullies; when he denied it, the bully said he would fight Bruce after school. So Kevin and Bruce tried to duck out together, but this bully got some big kids and they cornered the two boys. Kevin's sister was there and the two of them escaped, but the bullies got Bruce.

Falcone questioned him about the incident in detail, almost like a policeman or a reporter, and said, "Hey, that's scary, your friend's helpless, you have to watch, there's nothing you can do." He was trying to get Kevin to admit to the emotion in the situation. Finally Falcone asked Kevin what he did next, and Kevin said that he and Bruce had rented a *Friday the 13th* video game. (Later Falcone told me that the horror-movie villains Jason, Freddy Krueger, and Michael Myers are very important figures to kids in latency and early adolescence. "We use them like a Rorschach where the child projects his own feelings onto the characters," he said. "Psychiatrists have to keep a finger on the pulse of youth. Most of us who go into our business keep the aspects of childhood close to the heart, so it's really not difficult.")

Falcone pointed out that Jason is a big bully you get to beat up in that game. "And you just got beaten up."

"I didn't want to be the big guy, because the big guy

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got beaten up," Kevin said. "In the video game I kicked him across the street."

"When you play the video games," Falcone asked, "how do you feel?

"I enjoy it. I get into it."

"Do you think they help kids?"

"Yeah."

"How?"

"Hand-eye coordination." Kevin looked around. Something was getting him.

Falcone continued. "Maybe the video game stirs up the anger."

"I don't think so. It lets it out."

"So maybe that's good."

Falcone and Kevin talked more, but clearly the major work of the session was getting Kevin to understand that the video game was a way of letting off steam. (It's not enough, Sarnoff pointed out later; Kevin must also learn to deal with angry feelings directly. Video-game parlors, he said, are filled with men in business suits at high noon, all zapping their bosses.) One source of mild disagreement between Sarnoff and Falcone, whose background is Sullivanian (a school of psychodynamic therapy that focuses on interpersonal relationships), is Falcone's preference for talk over play: Sarnoff thinks that Kevin is on the cusp of ludic demise, and that some information will be lost if Falcone doesn't allow more playtime. When Kevin gets fidgety, Sarnoff says, he needs to play.

The amount of apparent filler in a psychodynamic session is notable to a lay observer, though professionals say that some of it will prove significant later on. "You're panning for gold," I said. Falcone liked this image; Sarnoff didn't, feeling that it implied passivity and randomness. "We have to go after these golden moments," he said.

The Cognitive-Behavioral Approach

PERHAPS THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSION of Philip C. Kendall, Ph.D., is "There's no hard data, but my belief is . . ." That idiom (which would be foreign to Sarnoff) identifies him as a cognitive-behaviorist, a member of a school "identified as much by its epistemological dedication to the search for rigorous standards of proof as by alignment with any set of concepts," according to a recent article in the *Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry*. Although Kendall has beliefs that come from his clinical experience, he is always careful to separate those from conclusions supported by research data.

Kendall, forty-one, holds a cornucopia of titles at Temple University, in Philadelphia: professor of psychology, head of the Division of Clinical Psychology, director of clinical training, and director of the Child and Adolescent Anxiety Disorders Clinic. He is the author of innumerable journal articles, a co-author of *Cognitive-Behavioral Therapy for Impulsive Children*, and the author of the *Stop and Think Workbook* for use with hyperactive children in therapy. Kendall practices privately in Merion Station, Pennsylvania, and was the 1990 president of the Association for the Advancement of Behavior Therapy, the chief professional organization in his field.

As Sarnoff's personality seems to fit his therapeutic orientation, so is Kendall's manner evocative. A tall, thin, dark-haired, fair-skinned man with horn-rimmed glasses and the requisite beard, he suggests a science teacher who also coaches the tennis team. And he does say, "I'm an interpersonal psychological coach, and I'm going to find out if the backhand's good, if the serve is good, do they volley well, do they focus, and wherever they need the help, that's where we're going to put it." Kendall's aura of common sense is one that many parents, especially those turned off or intimidated by the idea of psychotherapy, would find accessible and reassuring.

A patient who signs on with Kendall needn't worry about endless therapy. "We use time-limited chunks, sixteen or seventeen sessions, and at the end we say, 'Where are we now?' If we feel we need more, we renegotiate. I say, 'Okay, you came in wanting to make friends and not get in trouble. You're getting in trouble less in school but still haven't made friends. Let's work on that for sixteen more sessions.' I even give the kids certificates when they finish. They accomplished something. They didn't go to tennis camp, so they don't have a better game to show, but they went to a psychologist and completed a program."

Traditional behavior modification aims to change a behavior by manipulating stimulus and response or by offering punishments and rewards. Because pure behavioral intervention is effective only for certain problems (and because some of its benefits may not last), many professionals have moved toward cognitive-behaviorism, which attempts "to change behavior and feelings by changing thinking patterns," as the AACAP journal article defines it. Nearly 70 percent of the membership of Kendall's organization now labels itself cognitive-behavioral.

Like psychodynamic therapists, cognitive-behaviorists believe that mental disorders arise from distortion of the meaning of experiences. The two groups differ about the reason for the distortion and the way to set it straight. In a chapter of Kendall's most recent book, *Child and Adolescent Therapy: Cognitive-Behavioral Procedures*, he writes,

> Consider the experience of stepping in something a dog left on the lawn. The first reaction ("Oh, sh—") is probably a self-statement that reflects dismay. Individuals then proceed to process the experience. . . . Some may attribute the misstep to their inability to do anything right; such a global internal and stable attribution often characterizes depression. . . . An angry individual, in contrast, might see the experience as the result of someone else's provocation ("Whose dog left this here—I bet the guy knew someone would step in it!");

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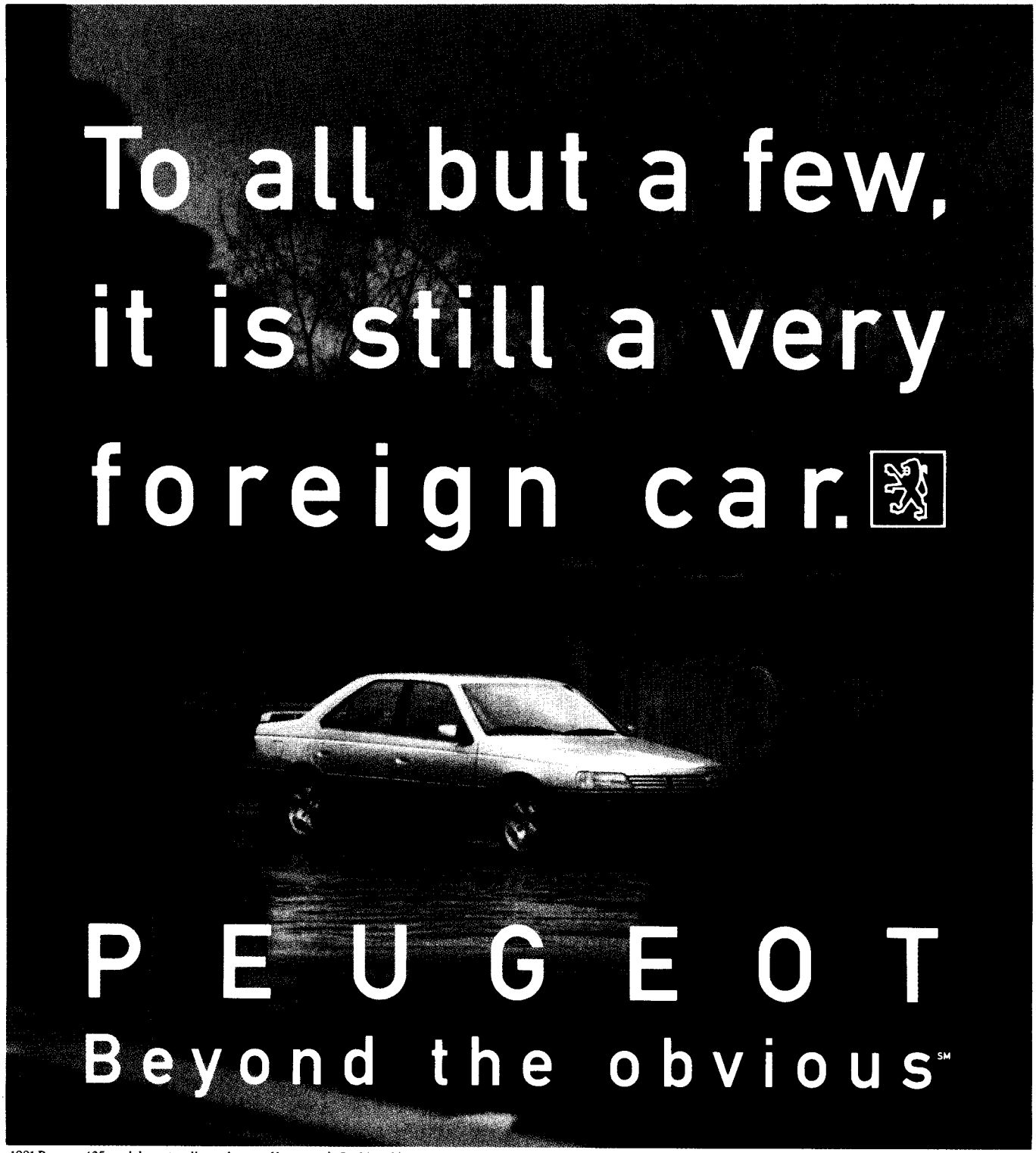

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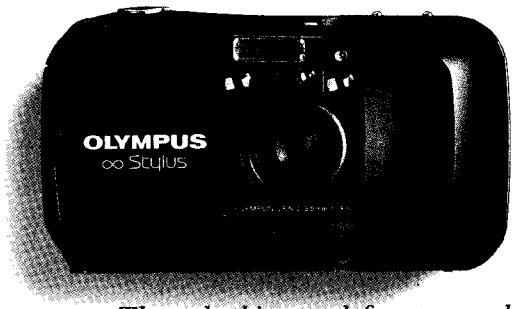

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> attributing the mess to someone else's intentional provocation is linked to aggressive retaliatory behavior. . . . An individual who brings an anxiety-prone structure to the misstep experience . . . would see the threat of embarrassment and the risk of germs, and process the experiences accordingly. Anxious cognitive processing of the experience might include self-talk such as "What if somebody notices the bad smell; they'll think I'm dirty." "What if germs get into my shoes and then to my socks, and my feet? Should I throw these shoes away?"

Later in the chapter Kendall writes, "Knowing that we all, figuratively, step in it at times, what is needed is a *structure for coping* with these unwanted events when they occur." Cognitive-behavioral therapy aims to provide that structure by helping the child analyze whether his perceptions are justified, modeling ways to deal with stressful situations, and giving him opportunities to rehearse a competent response. While a good, flexible psychodynamic therapist will offer some help with coping strategies, Sarnoff describes this as "what one does while waiting for insight to arrive."

Kendall, on the other hand, says, "I think other schools pay too much attention to cause. Once they find a cause, miraculously things will get better. I don't believe you can find an exact understanding of cause. We want to get as good a handle as we can, because fifteen to twenty-five percent of the time it will help us design a more accurate intervention. Then we want to move forward."

Kendall points out that cognitive therapy is not effective for severe disorders like autism and schizophrenia, and he prefers straightforward behaviorism for retarded children. At the other end of the spectrum, he says, "a child might come in for what's labeled depression by the parents but is really adjustment to the loss of the grandparents, who both died of cancer within six months of each other. He's allowed to be depressed for up to a year. He doesn't need therapy, just support. But if he starts thinking, 'Oh, I did it, it's my fault because they told me to clean my room and I didn't,' then we can provide some help in correcting that false belief."

Unlike the stripped-down, beat-up playrooms of dynamic therapists, Kendall's office—he runs his private practice out of his home—is traditionally furnished, with a wing chair, mahogany tables, an Oriental rug, a rocker with a needlepoint cushion, and books that are largely academic and professional. It seems to belie his informal manner, but reflects both his therapeutic bent and his original specialty—treating hyperactive children. "It sets the tone for you to behave," Kendall says. "If I have a child who can't sit still and I put him in a room with a million opportunities not to sit still, that's tough. I bring him in here, I set the expectation that we're going to do some work. The first ten minutes we talk, and I take out the workbook or whatever and say, 'Don't forget we're going to start our work.' Gradually, over time, I just point to the clock and they go, 'Oh, yes, we've got to start our work.' Then the last ten minutes we play computer games or hangman or draw pictures. The fun activity is a reward for work."

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Most therapists play with children, but the purpose of play differs with each orientation. "I often play cards with impulsive kids," Kendall says. "Here's a book, *The Official Rules of Card Games*. Impulsive kids will start a game and switch the rules in the middle, and it's frustrating for their peers. So I say, 'Let's look it up. I'm not telling you to do it my way or your way; let's see what the rules say.' When we play, we play by the rules, we can't switch in the middle, we don't change games, even though we don't have to play the same game all the time."

When a family is referred to Kendall, he begins by meeting three times with the child. "With a hyperactive kid," Kendall says, "I'd say, 'Hey, we've got some things we have to do today. First, we've got to get to know each other, and second, I have some materials and pictures and some games or tests. I want to see how you do on those, and I want to ask you what you like and don't like. The deal we made with your mom is we're going to meet for three weeks, and if we can identify some things to work on, and if we both like each other and you want to try it, we'll pursue it.'

"Some parents say, 'This kid is hyperactive.' I get him in here, he's six years old, he's wiggly, but a six-year-old should be wiggly, and he's no worse than an average kid. The parents' expectations are that the child should sit still in church for three hours, and that's developmentally inappropriate. If that's my conclusion, I'll get them in and say, 'I used these tests, here's a distribution of scores nationally, here's where your child fits, right where most kids fit. I wonder why you think he's hyperactive. What do you see that I don't see?' They might tell me, and I'd say, 'This is my opinion, but if he were to behave in your home as he did in my office, I don't think that's a disorder. Maybe there's more energy than you'd like, and maybe you'd like to reduce your stress, but he seems to be within the borders of normal behavior. Maybe we can ask you to try and tolerate it a little more.' That happens two out of ten times in the case of hyperactivity."

Kendall also uses parent and teacher questionnaires that compare the child's behavior with a nationwide norm. Like most professionals, he rates teachers' opinions high, because the teacher has met enough children to have a good standard of comparison.

The essence of Kendall's therapeutic techniques is laid out in the treatment manuals that he and his students have written for those working with impulsive children and with anxious children. In the anxiety manual, for example, the authors describe seventeen sessions. The therapy delineated here is notably different in ambience from the psychodynamic approach, in which the therapist remains a blank screen. Therapist and child ask each other get-acquainted questions, and, the manual says, "it will be helpful throughout the treatment if the therapist is comfortable with the child's asking personal information about her and with providing answers to appropriate questions." The down-home style of the therapy should be pleasing to most kids; it will engage some parents and turn others off.

The child begins by learning to identify anxious feelings and the somatic responses to them. After each session he takes home a "Show-That-I-Can" (STIC) task. The first of these is to write down

> a brief example of a time when he feels really great—not upset or worried. The child is asked to try to think and focus on what made him comfortable and what he felt and thought at the time. To help the child understand the assignment, the therapist should provide an example of a time when she felt really great and should describe it in terms of what she felt and thought.

By completing the STIC task, the child earns two points, which can be used to buy rewards the child and therapist agree on: small toys, books, or games in the earlier sessions, and later on, time spent playing a computer game or going out for ice cream with the therapist.

The sessions continue with role-playing and storytelling exercises that show the child how people express their emotions physically. The child picks a real or fictional hero and with the therapist makes up stories about how the hero would cope with worry and overcome challenges. Gradually child and therapist begin discussing situations in which each of them feels anxious, and describing their feelings. The therapist notes which situations are most taxing for the child, and the child keeps a journal between sessions. The child learns to recognize the symptoms of his or her own anxiety—butterflies in the stomach, flushing, trembling—and picks up relaxation techniques and self-talk to use when he or she feels tense. The therapist keeps in touch with the parents and even allows them to sit in on part of a session.

The course moves from understanding feelings to figuring out coping strategies ("I expect . . . to happen, or I am afraid . . . will happen. How else can I think about it? What else could happen?"). In later sessions the child begins a graduated series of custom-tailored *in vivo* exercises, in which he's exposed to situations that might make him anxious and, with the therapist nearby, gets to practice his skills. Finally, the child makes a brief TV commercial in which he shows how his hero copes with a tense situation.

Treating an Anxious Child

THE ANXIETY DISORDERS CLINIC AT TEMPLE IS A federally funded research project to test the effectiveness of these techniques and to learn more about anxiety disorders in children; this is, Kendall points out, the first major clinical trial of cognitive-behavioral therapy for these disorders. "The majority of children identified for psychological help fall in the category of externalizing problems," he says. "They act out, they aggress, they wiggle, and it affects people around them. Other kids are referred because they don't

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do well in school. But a problem that I think is understudied is the kids who are anxious or depressed. They don't bother anybody. You ask the teacher, 'How's Bobby?' and she says, 'Terrible. He acts up, he's rough, he needs help.' You ask, 'How's Billy?' 'Oh, he's fine.' 'Does he have any friends?' 'No.' 'Does he ever talk in class?' 'No. But he's fine.' Billy's sitting in the back thinking, 'If I raise my hand, lightning will strike me dead.'" Kendall's grant proposal cites a study reporting symptoms of anxiety in 10 to 20 percent of school-aged children.

Over the life of the trial eighty children will be treated—sixty in the initial group and twenty more in the waiting-list control group. Children are assigned at random to one of four doctoral candidates who have been trained in workshops and who are supervised regularly. Most of the subjects are nine to thirteen years old. Sessions are taped, and the treatment is free. When I visited the clinic, three months of the two-year trial had passed; after the trial will come a year of follow-up studies, and then Kendall and his students will analyze and write up the results.

The children have been carefully screened to make sure they conform to research requirements. They must show one of three anxiety disorders listed in *DSM*-III-R. "The classic thing we see in our kids is they worry about absolutely anything and everything," says Fran Sessa, who does the screening. "They may hear about a plane crash and suddenly become very worried about a relative having to take a plane somewhere. A lot of the kids are very bright—they're on the gifted-and-talented track. You'd think with the type of therapy we're doing, that would be easier, but they are almost like little adults. They've either forgotten how to be a kid or never been allowed to be one. They come on with this pseudo-maturity and it's very difficult to work with them, because you want to treat them like twenty or thirty, not nine or ten."

I watched the tapes of screening interviews with Bill, a bright, husky eleven-year-old who met the criteria for overanxious disorder, and his parents. Dad seemed morose and frustrated, Mom volubly strung-out, as they answered detailed questions about Bill's anxieties on the Child Behavior Check List, rating some reactions on a scale of 1 to 4.

"He's very hard on himself," Mom says. "He would get into these moods where he'd go in his room and just lie down because he was so upset with himself. Then he put the blame on us for everything. I know how it feels, because it used to happen to me. He would come home with a lot of homework, he would get so panicked. 'How am I going to do it?' He gets himself so crazy about it, you can't say to him, 'Well, Bill, sit down and do this first.'"

"Has he ever gotten himself sick from worry?" Sessa asks.

"Terrible headaches," Mom says. "He makes it like his head's going to fall out. Sometimes he'll get a nosebleed."

Dad says, "He gets tired. He never had a headache at school, never at camp, only at home."

"Does he need more reassurance than the typical kid needs?" Sessa asks.

"I don't reassure him a lot, because he gets a big head," Mom explains. "He'll put his brother down. He gets a little obnoxious."

"He's too smart," Dad says.

"He's not straight *A*s anymore, but he used to be the one who'd take a book and read to the class," Mom adds.

"What does he worry about in social situations? Would he try to avoid situations because he's worried?"

"Yeah," Mom says. "At camp this summer he was very self-conscious about the way he looked when he had to go swimming. He went, but he felt very in conflict. He was wearing the same bathing suit every day, because that was the only one he looked all right in. He's not an easygoing kid at all, he's hard, he doesn't just roll with the punches."

In the mornings Bill asks his mother over and over what jacket to wear. Bill is afraid of thunder and lightning and bees and moths and slugs, and runs on for half an hour before going to the dentist, after anticipatory hysterics the night before.

Bill sits through his interview with a visibly furrowed brow. His voice is very soft, and he is not forthcoming. "When Bill showed up for this interview," Sessa says, "he brought a backpack I couldn't lift, all stuffed with books. He was worried about spending too much time here and not being able to do his homework for the night."

Bill has now had two therapeutic sessions, Sessa tells me, and shows himself to be a typical anxious kid. "The therapist asked him to write down one good experience a week. Bill came in and had filled up the entire notebook with good experiences because he didn't know which good one to pick and he was afraid of showing the wrong one to the therapist."

Anxiety is an equal-opportunity disorder; the children at the clinic don't necessarily have anything in common but their symptoms. Tyrone is a fifteen-year-old black boy from north Philadelphia. His public school had sent him to an annex that deals with its problem kids: he was at risk for dropping out and possible delinquency. "He has this negative peer group that pulls him to stay out of school," says Kevin Ronan, the student therapist who works with Tyrone. "In addition, he's very fearful of going to school, particularly at the beginning of the year. He has a real hard time just showing up. His fears tend to revolve around failure, having people find out that he's no good. He's phobic of a lot of specific things: dogs, airplanes, and subways. Those things, his mother had initially targeted to work on—they're kind of easy. But after tossing it around in our supervision sessions, we decided

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a more appropriate focus was getting him to attend school regularly and helping him to become more adaptive in his environment—to be able to say no in a simple fashion.

"His mother is a very nice woman, very supportive of him, but she's not outstanding at setting limits. I think his mother's done a good job of giving him moral values. He abhors drugs. He's very much into sports, and that's helpful in our therapy. His favorite player is Magic Johnson. Sometimes we talk about what Magic Johnson would do in a situation, how he'd get psyched for it."

I listened to a tape of Tyrone in his twelfth session, in which Ronan was focusing on school attendance and getting an afternoon job. Ronan explained to me, "He's very fearful of the whole process, what to wear, how to get an application, how to get an interview." When Tyrone says he went to school, he might mean he went to one class in a whole week, so Ronan tries to pin him down. "Well, I mostly go every day of the week," Tyrone says. "What is the problem with going to school? What is keeping you out of school?" Ronan asks Tyrone. "I been trying to figure it out since this all began. If I could get a tutor, I would get a private tutor and stay at home." One problem with anxious kids, Ronan thinks, is that "their anxiety is sort of clouding them and they can't focus on exactly what it is that's bothering them." He says, "We're trying to help them relax a bit so they can sort it out."

Kazdin notes an absence of empirical data that would make it possible to compare therapeutic techniques. In varying degrees, all types of therapy are understudied.

Tyrone is now on a treadmill trying to catch up with what he missed and move along with new work, hoping to pull his grades up. "I don't know if Tyrone's telling me the God's-honest truth," Ronan says. "He's prone to not immediately coming out with the truth. He'll say, 'I've been attending school for three weeks straight.' He hopes you're going to brush it over, but when you say specifically, 'Did you go to this class?' then he'll back off and say, 'No, I couldn't make it to that class.' I called yesterday morning at seven-thirty to make sure he was up and getting ready for school. That was part of our agreement last week, to call him nightly in order to see how his day at school went, so after the weekend I called Monday morning."

Ronan asks Tyrone, "When you get up in the morning, what are you thinking about when you don't go to school?" and Tyrone answers, "That's mostly on my mind—if I can make it this morning." Tyrone worries that his mother will push him out the door. It's tough just getting out of bed, and when he gets out of bed, it's tough seeing if he's actually going to go to school, and when he gets to school, it's a struggle to stay there. "Can I take a guess?" Ronan asks Tyrone. "Will you tell me if I'm right or wrong? When you start something new, you get nervous about it, you need to warm up?" "It's like a car battery that's gone dead," Tyrone says. "This is like when I first got into seventh grade, but it's totally different. I got more freedom."

With all this, the boy doesn't sound unsavable, and Ronan says, "That's why I have chosen to stay with him when he was skipping therapy so much. There was a point where we could have said we've got to make a contract here: if you don't show up for so many sessions, that's it. But I think these kids need particular follow-up, and you've got to be really persistent with it."

Going to school is Tyrone's *in vivo* situation, which Ronan cites as the reason he feels free to call Tyrone on the telephone even if that seems to be pushing the research boundaries a bit. But while the therapy is cognitive-behavioral, social and family issues are apparent as well: Ronan wants the boy's mother to go to his school and try to have him switched into a more structured program. "We're holding to the integrity of cognitive-behavioral treatment, but not necessarily going *blunk blunk blunk* down the manual."

Like Tyrone, Vicki, who's eleven and lives in the suburbs, has trouble getting to school, but when she doesn't want to go, her parents cart her there. Vicki is a perfectionist, and she's painted herself into a corner: she's afraid she might fail, and because she's always done so well, she fears that everybody will laugh at her. In the audiotape I heard, Vicki and her therapist, Elizabeth Kortlander, are going over how Vicki approached a homework assignment. "She has a tendency to keep going on something even if she feels she should stop," Kortlander says. It's the eighth session, and Vicki has learned Kendall's FEAR acronym: Feeling frightened? Expecting bad things to happen? Attitudes and actions that will help. Results and rewards.

"I had this space project, and I was working on it for a long time," Vicki says. "We had to go make a copy of something, and while we were in the car coming back, I had a funny feeling in my stomach, and I tried to brush it off . . ."

Kortlander asks her about the funny stomach feeling. "I pull my hair when I'm a little bit anxious," the thera-

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pist says. "When you feel anxious, catch yourself, take a deep breath . . . try it now."

"I said to myself, calm down; I took some deep breaths," Vicki continues. "I said to myself, you did enough of the space project."

"You're sort of jumping ahead," Kortlander says. "Do you know what you were feeling before you did that nice job of calming yourself down? Do you know what you were thinking of? The social studies? You were expecting not to get it done if you didn't put all this work into it? I want to catch the thoughts that were leading you to put all that work into it."

Vicki is making some progress; she decides to move from the space project to writing a story, which is what she enjoys. Her tone is not depressed but cute and perky. "That's something you have to watch for," Kortlander says. "She's so good at being a perky cute girl and doing everything perfectly. Every week we have these STIC assignments, and she always does them just right. So I said, 'In the next few weeks, when I tell you to do something, you have to make the choice not to do it.' That's very hard for her. She'll have to come to the session with her notebook without the assignment. We'll look through what's hard for her in that situation."

A fairly typical *in vivo* for the clinic might involve a girl who can't order food in a restaurant or ask for help in a bookstore. "The first thing you do is here, on this floor, with an adult we have prepared for her visit," Martha Kane, another therapist, explains. "You work out a situation where the child speaks to that person, asks directions, or borrows a pen. Once the child commands that, you go to the next step, which might be approaching someone we haven't prepared for her coming, so there's that element of surprise. Then you gradually have the child and therapist going into a bookstore, just being there. Then the child goes in without the therapist, beginning to navigate around the bookstore; if the panic hits, you're close by. Eventually you get to a point where the child goes into the bookstore and interacts with the adults while you're out of sight."

Anyone who spends time at the clinic and talks to Kendall and his students is likely to suspect that the compelling part of their therapy lies in the commitment and skill of the therapist—that is, the part that's not in the manual. To some extent Kendall has come to terms with this. "Way back, manuals were verboten," he says. "You couldn't put therapy on paper. Then the behaviorists said you can't study it without a manual, and the graduate students became mechanical. Now we've backed off from rigid adherence to manuals. They're a guideline; you operationalize as best you can. And when you're doing research, you tape the sessions to see that the therapy doesn't deviate too far."

Very often the therapists at the clinic run up against problems with the patient's family. "There are two tines in the fork when you have accurately identified interactions with the parents that are maladaptive," Kendall says. "One strategy is to teach the child to distance himself from it, to say, 'That's my parents, I don't have to believe them if they say I'm the worst person on the face of the earth. That's their problem, not mine.' The other tine in the fork is, you change the environment. Do you get the child to adjust to the world he lives in in a healthy way, or do you change the world he lives in to make it healthy? That question comes up in fifteen hundred different ways, and there's no hard evidence to say one way is better than another. What we're going to do next is get some of our students trained in family therapy and conduct a research test to see if a family intervention makes a difference."

The Family-Systems Approach

BACK IN 1962, WHEN RICHARD CHASIN, M.D., WAS A second-year resident in adult psychiatry, he was assigned to the outpatient clinic at Massachusetts Mental Health Center. "We were given six interviews in which to dispose of a case," Chasin remembers. "'Dispose' could mean 'have admitted to hospital,' 'bring about a cure,' or 'start in long-term therapy,' but we were a walk-in service and we had just those six meetings to make a decision.

"Frequently the people were very disturbed, some of them mute or incomprehensible. Their families were in the waiting room. They were Boston- and Brookline-area residents who weren't using private services. I did what many of the social workers were doing, which was to talk with the family after talking with the patient. I developed a lot of information, but it sometimes didn't jibe with what the patient was telling me.

"So, as a simple matter of expedience, whoever the patient came with, I would just bring them in too. It was obvious to me that anybody who brought someone to a walk-in center was himself very concerned. So suddenly they were all in the room, and I would say, 'What's the story?' The interplay was highly mobilized by this context. They might yell and scream at each other, and suddenly I was in the middle of a very hot drama. I was able to make sense out of what was going on and even think of something to do very quickly.

"What struck me about it was the efficiency. The family was willing to pitch in because they were in crisis. These cases made sense to me much faster than the ones where I was alone with the identified patient and the social worker saw the families. It seemed only natural to continue doing this. My turnover was very rapid. Six meetings were much too long. I was working from no theory, just common sense. I was a naif. I knew there was a thing called family therapy, and that it was bad. There were two people in our hospital who were doing it, and they were considered wild."

The next year Chasin was the chief resident and

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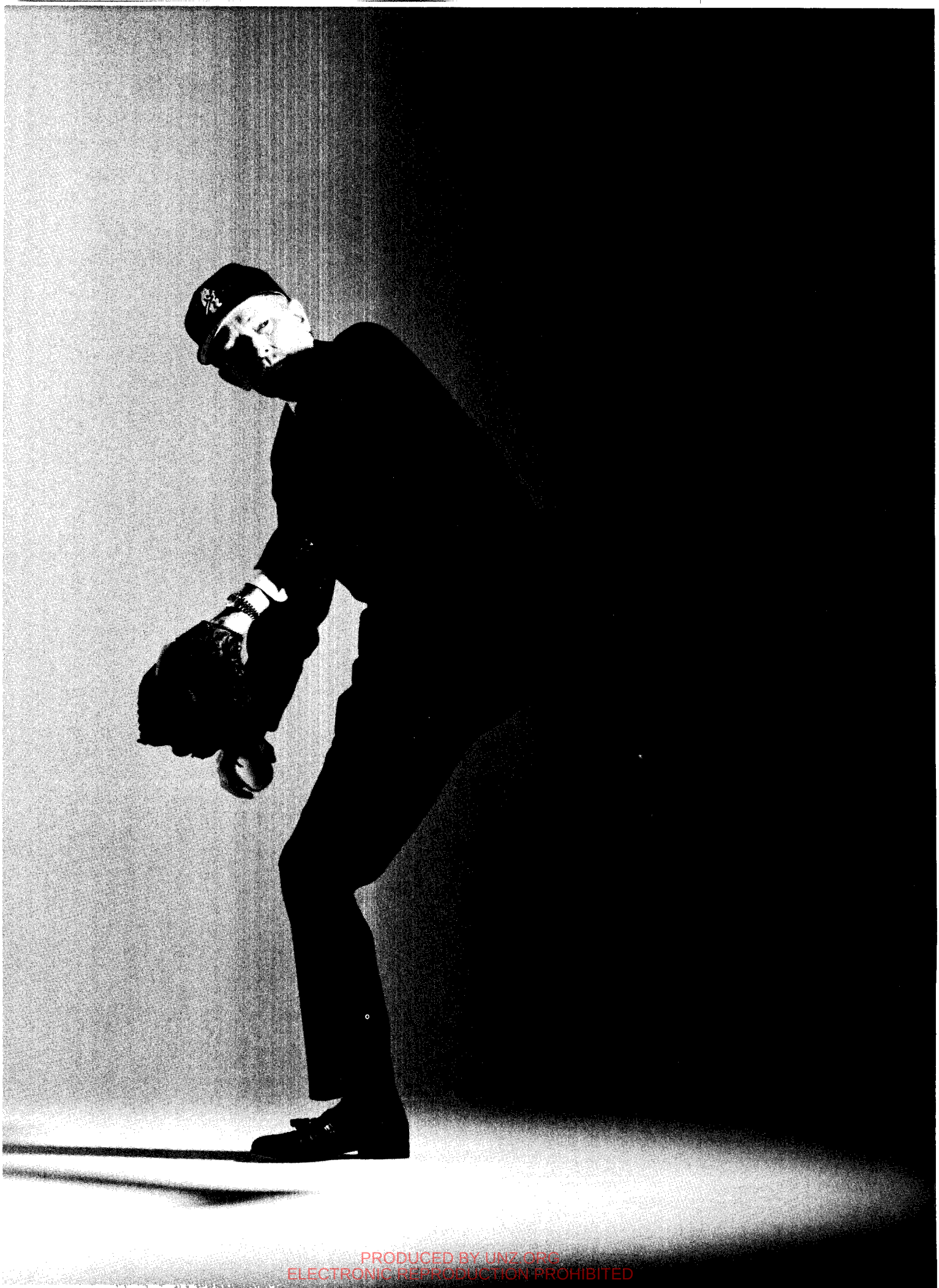

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worked intensively with one of the two wild people. "I must have interviewed a hundred and twenty families, and learned something about how to survive such an interview, how much you could get done, and some of the dangers. It got so I could no longer tolerate not knowing all the players and what they were like with each other. Sitting in a room with one person was a tremendous handicap, like wearing blinders."

Alan Kazdin, in *Child Psychotherapy*, cites a 1977 study reporting that 94 percent of psychiatrists and psychologists see children concurrently with their parents at some time during therapy. But concurrent sessions are not necessarily the same as family-systems therapy, which is marked by the way it defines the patient. Chasin says, "I'm trying to step back from the pathologizing of an individual. Let's say there is a twelve-year-old girl who one day says she really doesn't see the point of living out her life. Mother hits the panic button. Father says all twelve-year-old girls are like that. I start to talk with the mother, and it turns out one of her parents committed suicide. Father is really worried about this girl, but he is much more frightened that his wife's going to go off the deep end hearing this stuff, so he doesn't say quite honestly how he's feeling.

"The girl doesn't understand why he's so unconcerned with her. Do you see how complicated this is? One of the reasons she feels so depressed is that every time she brings up a problem her mother goes off the deep end with terror and her father pooh-poohs it, so she doesn't get an honest down-the-middle response from anybody. Any one of these people in a different context could look very good. If the daughter had acute leukemia and the mother said, 'I have to drop everything and deal with this kid,' you'd say, 'What do you *expect* this woman to do?' And if the father played a sort of jolly role, people might say, 'Somebody's got to keep some balance in this horrible picture.' But here they are all stuck in a problematic behavior where the girl is facing life feeling abandoned by two people who are being relatively useless to her.

"It's not that I don't believe there are problems that

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it has happened again: the sky
moving out of the west
and before the clouds
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so many so fast that the pines
are mobile with blue backs
and bay breasts switching places,
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yellow, white, twitching among
branches, impossible to locate
fast enough, but as though
at the end of summer
an East European primitivist
had painted a Christmas tree
whimsical with birds.
A yellow-throated warbler, one
for the life list, though
I promised myself again
I'd swear off this year.
Instead I've come back
for just one more, a failed
teetotaler of birds,
and better this stupefaction at
a lemon-bibbed ounce of
feathers than the shoddy
illusion of the aloneness
of things, wherein the sky
pours down oceanic emptiness
and the life of a grove migrates
across the road to the gas pumps:
even the common foreground
chickadee and background crow
give dimension to our days,
and not to salute such
charity of song
though it be plain as
thumbsqueaks on clear windowpanes,
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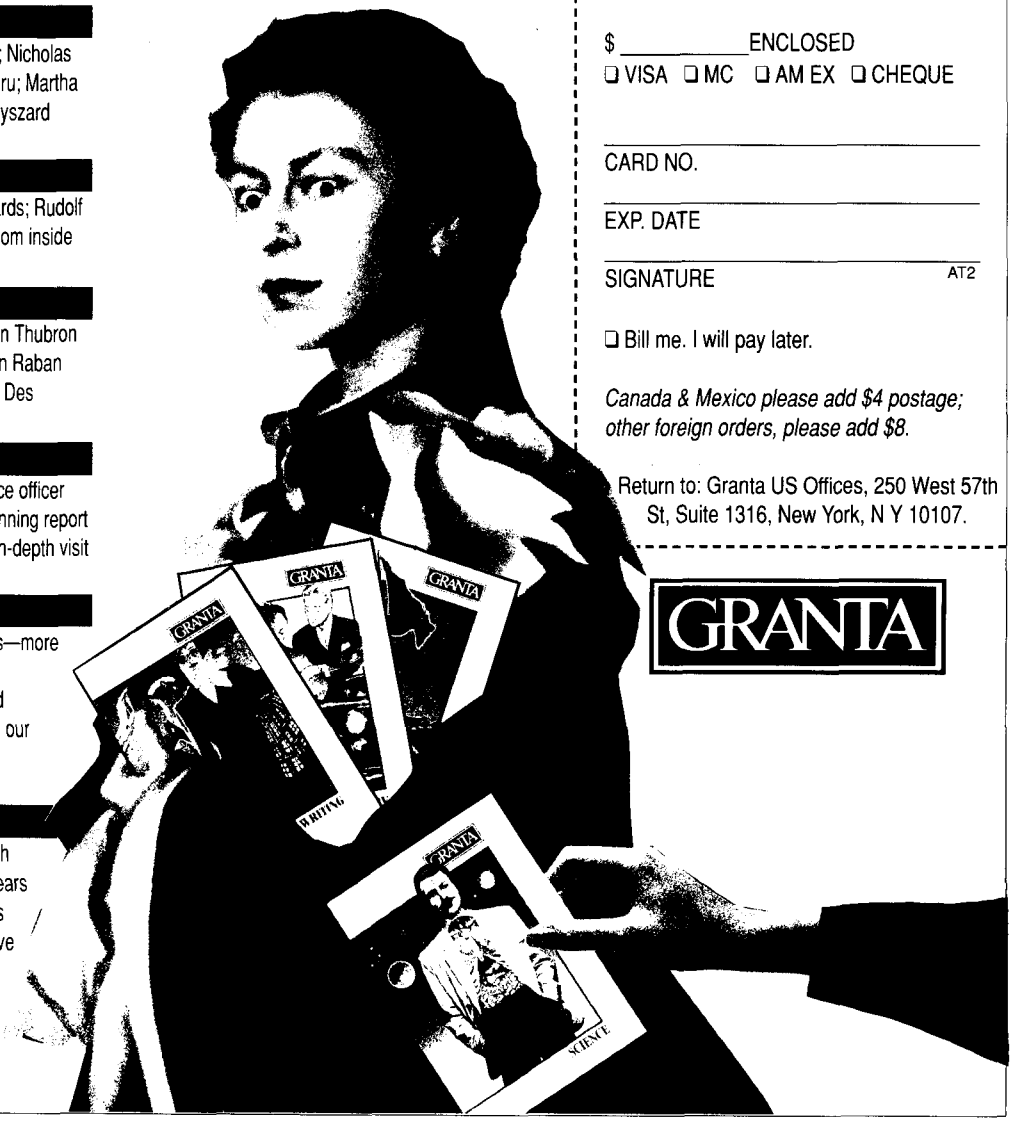

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inhere in people—there are genetic problems, developmental problems. But people are different in different contexts. If somebody is the same way in every context, then it becomes increasingly interesting to look at the kid's biology or maybe certain intrapsychic things. I would still think of the other people in the system as being potentially of value to the kid, but he may also need something more—a drug or individual therapy. That can go on side by side with family therapy, or after it, or before."

What family therapy doesn't do, barring cases of outright abuse, is blame the parents for the child's problem. Rather, its approach suggests the familiar bumper sticker INSANITY IS HEREDITARY—YOU GET IT FROM YOUR KIDS. The notion of linear causality is anathema to family-systems people. "The idea that A causes B, which causes C, is a very limiting way to think about causal chains and mutual influences," Chasin says. Indeed, for parents, family-systems is the most collaborative of the therapies. No one person has the problem; no other person caused it; the family is in a knot and must unravel it together.

Therapy with families has been practiced since the thirties, but it has gathered considerable steam since the sixties, and the people in the field and the way they practice have a flavor of egalitarian rebellion. Lee Combrinck-Graham, M.D., a peppery woman of fifty who until recently was the director of the Institute for Juvenile Research, in Chicago, and who has written frequently on family issues (and who went through seven years of analysis herself), says, "I don't tend to use psychodynamic formulations, while I love to read about them. That's because I believe it's a kind of patronizing process. The theorist has the theory about someone else's internal workings. I believe people's internal workings are basically their own business, not mine. When a child goes into analysis, you as therapist urge the child to form a deep, abiding, and secret relationship with you. Unless you plan to adopt the child and the family is willing to give the child up, I think that's outrageous."

Psychodynamic therapists revere the towering figures in the history of psychoanalysis, most of them dead. Cognitive-behaviorists revere controlled double-blind clinical trials. Family-systems therapists revere the live geniuses who are constantly dreaming up new metaphors for framing a family's problems. The family-systems counterpart to the behaviorists' apology "There's no hard data, but . . ." is "The field has evolved away from that." A family undergoing systems therapy may encounter a therapist who does elaborate genograms of grandparents and great-grandparents or one who doesn't; a therapist who tries to mix into the family drama as it unfolds or one who stays carefully neutral; a therapist who perceives the family in terms of structure, or boundaries, or belief systems, or intergenerational loyalties. However particular therapists may vary in technique, their common ground is the focus on the group, not the individual.

Because of this focus, that many therapists have M.S.W.s is not surprising; the number who do is a factor in the field's disdain for "elitist" credentials and pecking orders—which in turn can sometimes make it difficult to check out a particular therapist. Richard Chasin's establishment credentials (Yale undergraduate, Harvard Medical School, Boston Psychoanalytic Institute, five years of residency in adult and child psychiatry, current appointment as an associate clinical professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School) give him credibility in the outside psychiatric and medical worlds, which tend to be uninformed and nervous about family-systems therapy.

Chasin practices at an office in his home and also at the Family Institute of Cambridge, of which he is a co-director. The most arresting feature of both sites is the abundance of elaborate television equipment. The control room at the institute might well be part of NBC News, with screens hooked up to four cameras. In viewing rooms as many as twenty people can watch one family; interviews can be broadcast throughout the building. Every office at the institute has a one-way mirror into some other office, "so we can look at each other's work." Some rooms have stages for psychodrama. Chasin's home office is a smaller version of the studio setup.

Clearly, privacy is not the crux of this practice. "The whole atmosphere in family therapy is more open and comes much less from an expert position than many other therapies," Chasin says. "When one is learning family therapy, there's someone behind a one-way screen who's watching and calling in moves. The tapes are shown to supervisors. Consultation is frequent. 'Needing a consult' means only that we need an infusion of new ideas from a therapist who probably himself or herself would get stuck at points along the way and ask for consultation. It's in the culture of family therapy to work in the open."

"It's offered to people as an opportunity," says Sallyann Roth, M.S.W., Chasin's colleague. "To have more people thinking about their case, more people focusing on what they need." Among the variations one might see in a course of family therapy are Mom and Dad watching children and therapist through one-way mirror; therapist watching consultant and family; consultant watching therapist and family; team of consultants watching therapist and family; family watching team of consultants discuss their case.

On the other hand, nobody has to be watched by anybody, and the watching is only occasional. Since the family generally pays for one practitioner per session, the others are donating time for their own professional development. In addition, good therapists work with a strict set of rules, which might state that any family member may "pass" on a particular question and that, when necessary, parts of the family can discuss certain things with the therapist in private. (Chasin will agree to keep a child's comments confidential if it's "safe" for the parents

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not to know; the older the child gets, the broader the definition of safety.) Just as other therapists often talk with a child's parents, family therapists sometimes see individual family members alone, but the focus of therapy remains on the family context.

Chasin's office reflects not only his therapeutic culture but also Chasin himself: his waiting room is filled with blowups of Steig and Feiffer cartoons on psychiatric subjects. Chasin is fifty-five, has shaggy, grizzled hair, and looks as if he started the day neat and proper but life interfered. His most memorable mannerism is a belly laugh that racks his frame and seems to express unending wonder at the varieties of human behavior. "What a piece of work is man," it says, or, less elegantly, "Get this!" I watched a number of tapes with Chasin sitting by to provide play-by-play commentary. Although he presumably sees these tapes repeatedly in the course of training and writing, he seemed as astounded by what was going on as if he were watching them for the first time.

The institute's adult consulting room and theater-playroom are both stocked with psychodynamic therapy's usual array of puppets and rag dolls. "Without psychodynamic and behavioral techniques I'd be helpless," Chasin says. Chasin uses play not to unravel symbols but to help children act out what they haven't the courage or skill to tell him directly: the puppet king and queen say the same things Daddy and Mommy say. I also heard him ask some questions that duplicated those of the cognitive-behaviorists at Temple. Chasin remembers a case of a teenage boy with "horrible self-esteem problems." He says, "I asked the family to name the things they liked about him, and almost everybody cited his terrific sense of humor. It then became a source of interest—How did he get this sense of humor? What might it mean for him if he grew up and had such a charming sense of humor? As we talked about this, you could see his face changing, and then he would say something clever and I would say, 'Is that an example of what they're talking about?' and he'd say, 'Not a very good one.' I'd say, 'They're *even* better than *that*?' You could just see how the mood moved. It's highly behavioral, on-the-spot conditioning, eliciting the behavior, shaping it, and rewarding it."

Chasin calls himself a technician, by which he means that he doesn't come up with theories and test them out in practice. His greatest skill lies in the therapeutic interview, in which the way he pulls information out of people becomes therapy in itself. In this therapeutic questioning and other interventions he draws on whatever theories seem useful, particularly one that holds that a problem is almost always associated with some issue on which the family varies very little. Chasin says, "When they are in a particular context, they always do the same damn frustrating thing. If you ask the family, 'How would you do this?' and they honestly say that there are eleven different ways they could do this that would be satisfactory, it's unlikely that's going to be an area of trouble. But if you say to a teenager, 'When you're going out at night, what happens in the family?' and it's always the same thing, it's like a little flashing mark. Then the question would be, 'And the way you always do things, does it work?' If they say it usually doesn't and I say 'Do you try other ways?' and they say no, I know that's a problem."

In two out of three family cases Chasin sees, the child is the lead problem, and in the third (warring couples, for example) "there's another problem, but I see the children." Like Kendall and Sarnoff, Chasin will order neurological and educational tests when he feels they are appropriate, but if a purportedly hyperactive child comes out normal, he won't leave it there. "If the family perceives there is a problem, there is a problem, even though it may not go by the name they advance. How is the family dealing with the fact that there's such variation in itself? I had one this morning where a woman was saying she had this intense kid who does everything at a fast pace. He rushes the family along, and she finds herself getting explosive about it. I suggested she tell the child it's wonderful he can do things so speedily; that probably makes him very good in school and a terrific soccer player. It's unfortunate he has to live with people who aren't so fast, and she must apologize. Then I talked with the kid about his mother's thoroughness. 'What a wonderful thing—when the two of you do something, you provide the speed and she provides the thoroughness. You must make a great team!' That's called reframing, and it's a whole lot better than saying to this kid, 'What is with you? Why are you pushing everybody all the time?'" Chasin willingly accepts that some family

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therapy just involves teaching people tact (which is a form of child guidance). Most of his work, however, is more complex.

Family therapy begins with a process called "joining," which involves forming a new system composed of the therapist and family. (Chasin is free of one besetting sin of doctors and psychologists: he starts off saying, "My name is Dr. Chasin. You may call me Dick if you would like to," and then asks family members to introduce themselves by the names they themselves prefer.) Chasin seldom starts by asking what the problem is: he feels that's a bad beginning, and usually has individuals describe their strong points; then he asks the family members their goals. "I'm not interested in finding out how bad things are to the last little detail. I want to know where they want to go and how they're going to get there. If you start off by asking people all the ways they're stuck, it demoralizes them and tends to aggravate the stuckness. You will discover the problem soon enough."

The Tyler Family

THE EFFICIENCY THAT CHASIN DESCRIBES IS EVIdent on tapes of sessions he's held: a surprising amount of work gets done in a few hours of family therapy with a skilled practitioner. I watched the second and third sessions he held with the Tyler family. Jane Tyler, an elementary school teacher, was a patient of Chasin's wife, Laura, a psychiatric social worker (both Chasins do adult therapy and sometimes work as a team, presenting psychodrama workshops). "It's common for an individual therapist to call in a family person when she feels the whole family needs work," Chasin says. "She doesn't want to change her relationship with her patient. My therapy with the Tylers was mostly separate from Jane Tyler's therapy."

Jane and Peter Tyler and their three sons had, however, started family therapy by meeting with both Chasins. The obviously symptomatic family member, four-year-old Bobby, was encopretic (in the nontechnical language used by the boys, he "pooped in his pants"). But as the Tylers' story unfolded, they proved to be a good illustration of the systemic point of view. Jane now remembers, "I was locked into a bitter struggle around Bobby's bowel training, and I couldn't distance myself from the intensity of our conflict. I was extremely angry and scared, and I wasn't getting much support or understanding from anyone else in the family."

Chasin found other problems. "The oldest boy, Ted, who was thirteen, was moving into adolescence a little too fast. I had the sense he was being disaffected and trashing things too much, precociously trying to put his family behind him. It would be okay for him not to abandon childhood so rapidly. On the other hand, Andrew, the middle kid, who was nine, was superclean, overorganized, compulsive. One boy was too bad and the other too good, and in opposite ways each was unable to deal with his impulses." Chasin says, "The whole male subsystem was so poorly bonded. The kids were not supported by each other, and the mother was dealing separately with each of them and with her husband. The concept was to find links, bonds."

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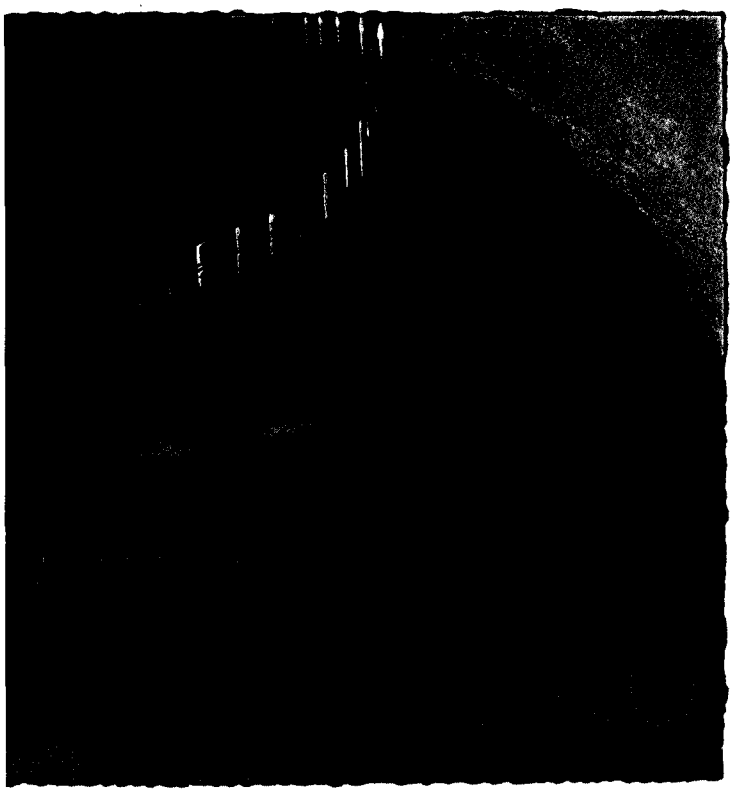

As session two began, Chasin and the boys were sprawled comfortably on the floor, nestled in pillows and cradling batakas, the large soft bats he offers to patients who are feeling violent. The older boys were talking maturely; Bobby was giggling, making faces, bopping Chasin with a bataka, and saying things like "I'd like to pee inside your hair." Chasin, acting unflappable, got the story from Andrew:

A: He has to have medicine to make him do it in the toilet.
RC: Have you ever told him how you feel about him pooping in his pants? Have you talked about it?
A: Yep. We tell him it's disgusting. I told him that only babies do poops in their pants.
RC: I see. And that doesn't seem to help very much?
A: I tell him it's really disgusting.
RC: I see. You tell him it's disgusting. And what do you do for him when he stops doing that, when he does it in the toilet?
A: Well, we used to give him a prize, but now just everyone starts cheering.
RC: I see.
A: And my mother does a jig dance.
RC: Well, why should he bother to grow up? Why will it be good for him to grow up?
A: It's fun to play with him when he's bigger.
RC: You like him better when he's bigger, huh? It's important for him to know why he should grow up, because otherwise he'll just keep on pooping, and stay a baby. What would be a good reason for him to grow up, besides what Andrew mentioned?
A: So we can communicate with him better.
RC: You want him to go to the bathroom like a big boy, and you want to talk with him like a big boy, and you want to play with him like a big boy. So you want him to be part of your club, huh? You have a big-boys' club in your house . . .

The "boys' club" is one of the themes of this session, and the other is "control," which Chasin has introduced by asking the boys about their mother's explosions of temper; summarizing their account of it, he says, "So this anger of hers used to be more frightening. Now there's more control."

Andrew also says that Bobby bites and pinches, and he wishes that Bobby would stop. Meanwhile, Bobby continues to carry on, and Chasin, who is growing sterner, finally says, "I can see how the silliness is used to get attention." But when he asks the older boys how *their* relationship could improve, he learns that Andrew wants Ted to play with him more and Ted is getting punched by Andrew as well as Bobby. "People get attention for the wrong things, being silly or hitting," Chasin says.

Now he asks Bobby to stand on a chair and show him how tall he would like to be. The brothers seem pleased when Bobby climbs up, and Chasin says, "Now let's make believe you're very big, okay? And see what happens." Chasin, Andrew, and Ted all kneel down. "You're the biggest one right now," Chasin continues. "Now let's turn it upside down, let's make believe that Andrew's the baby." Andrew and Ted are having a wonderful time regressing, rolling on the floor and hitting each other with pillows. "Okay," Chasin says, "now look at those babies, look how they're carrying on! *You can tell them to stop because you're bigger.*"

"Stop! Stop!" Bobby says, and the older boys' compliance is instantaneous. Now Chasin, ever the magus, asks Andrew, the overcontrolled middle brother, to pretend he's pooping in his pants, and Bobby to tell him what to do. "Do it inside the toilet!" Bobby shouts commandingly, and Andrew immediately pretends to obey. Bobby orders the boys to do pee-pee in the toilet, and the boys, laughing wildly, perform, until Bobby says, "Hold it, hold it!" and they stop. Chasin is standing next to Bobby, coaching him gently, and says, "You're a terrific grown-up."

Bobby tells Andrew not to hit Ted, and Chasin says, "They're getting good at holding it. Are you going to sing to them?" The game continues with Bobby getting to stay up later than Andrew and Ted. The brothers are clearly enjoying one another.

Now Chasin introduces "a very strange game called Poops. Everyone is a poop in this game." The boys get into this, with Ted yelling, "Someone's flushing me," and Chasin saying, "We're all poops. What happens after we go down the toilet?" "We drown. Aaaah!" Andrew shouts, and all the boys jump off the chairs. Now everyone, including the therapist, is rolling on the floor, and the boys are laughing wildly. Chasin says, "Now we're swimming in the sewer somewhere. We're going into the

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ocean. Did you ever swim in the ocean?" There's lots of squealing, giggling, and roughhousing—"Look out!" "Get off me, you poop!"—and Chasin says, "I bet you didn't know your poops had this much fun after they left the toilet. I want to interview each of these poops." The interview goes this way:

RC: Now, did you go into a toilet?
A: Yep, I almost drowned.
RC: You almost drowned, but what happened? You seem to be quite alive right now. Did you go into the ocean?
A: No, I think I was resting in the sewer drain for about fifty years. I'm almost faded, you see?
RC: I see, you don't look quite a good color. Now, what about you?
T: I'm an old hand, I've been in the sewer for about thirty years. Sixty years!
RC: All right, and are you a poop over here? Did you go into that toilet, poop?
B: Yes, I just went down a big tube, yesterday.
RC: And what's at the bottom of the tube?
B: Poops! [The boys pile up on each other.]
RC: All his brother poops. A whole family of poops.

By the end of the session the boys seem much more of a unit. Chasin observes that he was drawing on psychoanalytic ideas—"Many kids are afraid their body parts are slipping down the toilet"—and playing symbolically, but the psychodramatic techniques were much different from those Sarnoff might use: instead of taking his cues from Bobby, Chasin directed the play himself. "Bobby was getting attention by being a baby. I wanted to see if he could develop an image of himself as big, and have it fortified by his brothers, so I turned everything around. The other kids were given enormous license to be childish. Each kid learned something about stopping impulses. For Bobby it was highly rewarding to replace this fearsome lavatory where you drop your parts with the idea of a romp with his brothers—a whole family of poops taking a trip."

The encopresis stopped soon after this session. Chasin's next—and last—move with the Tylers was a "bash" for Dad, Andrew, and Bobby, in which Peter Tyler and his two sons joined in picking up batakas and having at the people who needed bashing in each of their lives, represented by a giant soft-sculpture doll. Dad, a management consultant, wanted the boys to help him bash "clients that don't let me come home on time"; Andrew had a couple of teachers he wasn't fond of; and Bobby offered up some bullying playmates. The Tylers also got to bash one another (for specified reasons) and the absent Mom and Ted, who were then going to look at the tape, but the family-bashing was followed by a countervailing ritual in which each Tyler thanked the others for one good thing. The striking feature of the bash was its good humor. It was designed not to smoke out deep resentments but to build empathy.

Jane Tyler was pleased with the results. "I think the issue was to get me out of this problem completely and try to give it some lightness. The boys formed a sympathetic bond with Bobby in a way they couldn't at home because I was so uptight about it. I had been very down on myself because I couldn't deal with the problem alone. But then I thought if Dick doesn't see it as such a horrendous thing, maybe I'm not such a terrible person."

While Jane, outnumbered by the men in her family, still needed individual therapy to deal with her own angry feelings, the Tylers decided after the family sessions that Bobby and his brothers would benefit from particular shared activities. He and Andrew started karate classes together, and "little by little we began to look more diligently for ways to involve Bobby in the life of the other boys." After three sessions Chasin felt that his work with the Tylers was done. "When the ice breaks, things begin to flow and the therapist gets out of the way," he says.

I asked Chasin whether he felt that Bobby's infantile behavior had served some buried family purpose, a notion of a kind that various family-systems theorists have propagated over the years. "They were just stuck," Chasin says. "I don't know why, but unless I see a family resolutely rewarding symptomatic behavior and undermining my therapy, I give them the benefit of the doubt. I assume solutions that once worked for them may no longer be useful, and they have simply developed some crummy habits for the next stage of life. They want to move on, but don't know how."

Homework assignments are common in family therapy: they're seen as a way to introduce variety into the family's behavior. "For example," Chasin says, introducing a hypothetical family, "Mother, whose parents abused her, feels Father is too rough on the kids. Father either smacks them or screams at them or stands there helplessly while she says, 'You poor children.' There's no discipline. So you make a homework task: Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, Father's way will prevail, and Mother will sit and watch. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday you do it Mother's way, and Father watches. Sunday you do whatever you want. So the father might find that because he's not so angry with his wife for tying his hands, he gets less furious with the kids. He might grab them, but he doesn't beat them up, he just says, 'Go to your room, I don't tolerate this,' and the kid comes out quiet. When Mother's day comes, she's ready for a little variation. Father notices she's more assertive, so he's somewhat more respectful of her. At the end of the week, if the therapist stays out of it, the two of them will work out what to do. They reconstruct their belief system."

If the parents don't do their homework, Chasin explores in a neutral, collegial tone whether it came into their minds to do it, how they dismissed the idea, what they did instead. "When you introduce something new, you change the context, and there's a possibility of their

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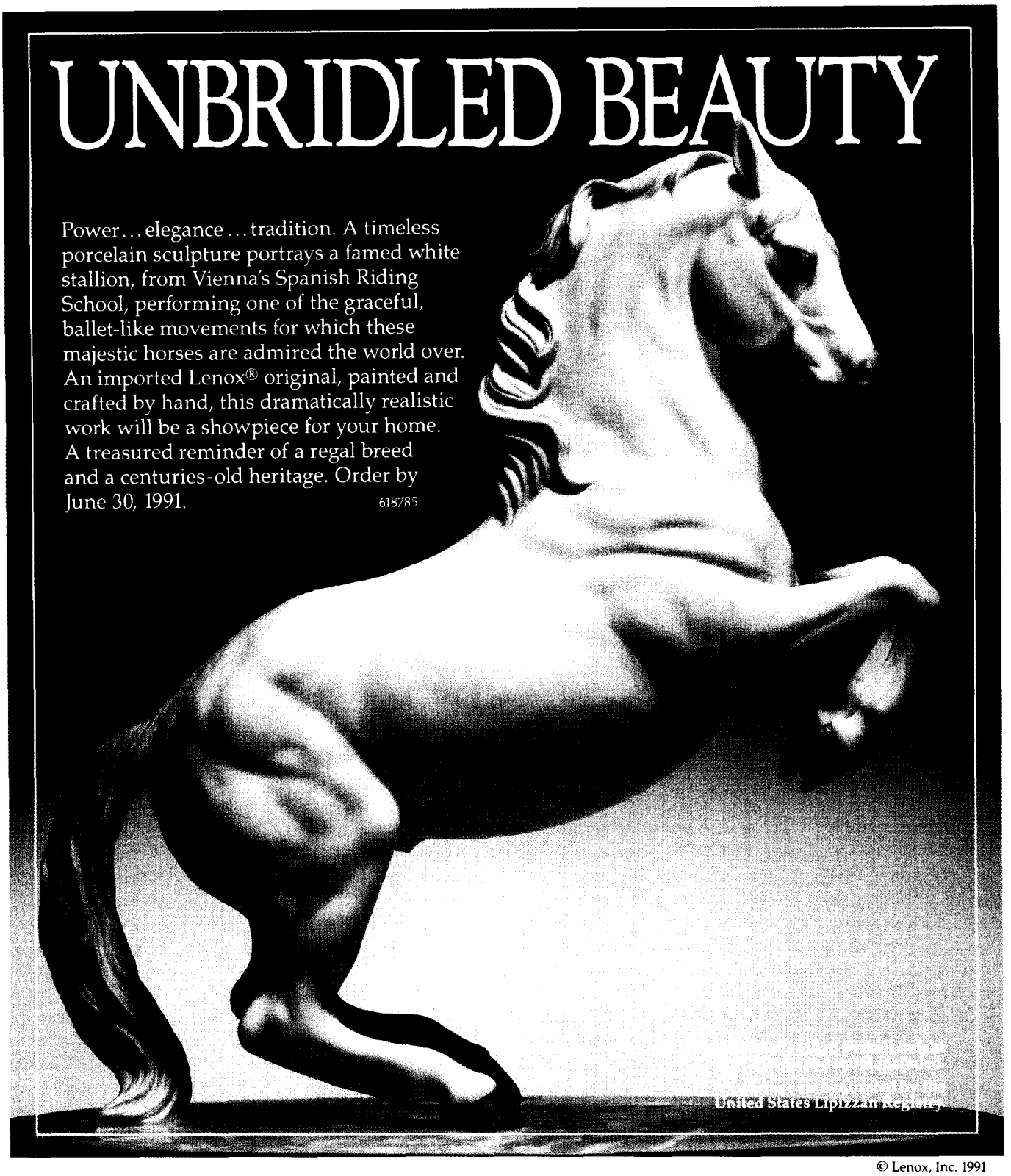

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learning something." In essence, this technique is cognitive, altering the family's behavior and feelings by changing its pattern of thought.

Evaluating Therapy for Children

WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT THE EFFECTIVENESS of psychotherapy for children? Very little. Alan Kazdin, whose book is subtitled "Developing and Identifying Effective Treatments," cites a 1985 meta-analysis of smaller outcome studies which established that the average child who is treated is better off at the end of therapy than 76 percent of those who did not receive treatment. This figure is slightly less optimistic than one reputable but arguable figure of 80 to 85 percent better off for treated versus untreated adults. At the same time, Kazdin notes an absence of empirical data that would make it possible to compare therapeutic techniques. In varying degrees, all types of therapy are understudied.

According to Morris B. Parloff, a clinical professor of psychiatry at Georgetown University and a retired chief of the psychosocial-treatments research branch of the Division of Extramural Research Programs at the National Institute of Mental Health, what studies exist tend to cover behavioral therapy, because it lends itself to easy measurement and because courses of the therapy are short enough that it is a manageable dissertation subject. Psychodynamic therapists tend to find outcome studies "reductionistic," and since they've long been the establishment, they haven't felt the need to prove themselves.

Parloff, an adult psychologist, has written frequently about the "nonspecificity" hypothesis and its implications: "Since different forms of psychotherapy, using quite different 'specific' techniques and procedures, nonetheless achieve equivalent effects, then such effects may be attributed not to the specific techniques but to some 'nonspecific' elements common to these therapies."

In discussing what these nonspecific common factors may be, Parloff notes the work of Jerome Frank, who held that all therapy treats the patient's "acute sense of demoralization," and does it in four different ways: it offers "a trusting, confiding, emotional relationship"; it does this in a setting with a special "safe" aura; the therapist offers, in Frank's terminology, an explanation for "bewildering subjective states and behaviors"; and therapy provides a "prescribed set of procedures based on the conceptual scheme."

The nonspecificity hypothesis is not meant to be simplistic. It doesn't apply in the case of severe psychoses, for which therapy is neither the cure nor the sole treatment but simply a rehabilitative measure. It doesn't deny the need for skill and experience on the part of the therapist, who is more than just a paid chum. As Parloff points out, "The expert therapist knows when to turn down the rheostat and do something else. The novice, however, who is uncertain of what to do, has no justification for doing anything other than being a nice guy."

Neither Parloff nor Kazdin believes that comparisons are impossible: both hope that research will eventually find out more about *what* treatment, by *whom*, is most effective for *this* individual with *that* specific problem, under *which* set of circumstances. Kazdin calls attention to the complexities of defining a problem, structuring rigorous studies, and measuring success, but he also points to some promising avenues for future research.

Meanwhile, the ball appears to be in the parents' court. During the course of my research I heard stories of bad experiences with child therapists; most parents have probably heard some too. The common thread in these stories seemed to be that the parents—suffering, intimidated, and guilt-ridden—had suspended the informed skepticism that a consumer usually brings to any high-ticket purchase. A therapist is not a stereo set, but parents do shop for schools and camps: such quests might be a model for seeking a therapist.

What, first of all, might parents expect therapy to achieve for a troubled child?

I began with the fairly common layman's assumption that therapy should be like orthodontia: The child has buck teeth, you have the teeth straightened, and that's that; if the overbite returns, the job was not well done. I came to realize that mental-health problems are more like lower back pain: You have an acute episode and you choose an orthopedist or a chiropractor who relieves the acute symptoms. A good practitioner also gives you a regime for managing your chronic problem; you hope life will cooperate and not oblige you to lift something heavy, because your sacroiliac is naturally vulnerable.

Most child therapists expect to see some sort of positive results in a surprisingly short time. Even Charles Sarnoff looks for the first signs of improvement after two or three weeks of semiweekly sessions, although the therapy may go on for three years.

Emanuel Falcone terminated therapy after a year with Kevin, who now feels strong enough to deal with the fears and bullies that once laid him low. "We talked about where the anger went," Falcone says. "I showed him how he hid it and it snuck out in the form of fears. We talked about what he'd do if Jason and Freddy came, and he said he'd hit them but not kill them, because even murderous creatures have rights: that's Kevin. I believe he may be in treatment again, because problems he's had in separating from his parents will re-emerge when it's time to leave home. But I think I sold him some understanding."

In the book chapter cited earlier, Philip Kendall writes,

> A rational expectation for therapists to hold is that psychotherapy does not cure maladaptation. Therapy does provide help, but the help is more of the form of a

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strategy for the *management* of psychopathology. The anxiety-disordered adolescent will not receive a treatment that will totally remove all perceptions of situations as anxiety provoking, but he/she will be able to employ newly acquired strategies in the management of anxious arousal when it does occur. The attention-deficient child may not erase all impulses for immediate action, but will have available skills that can be implemented when more cautious, thoughtful action is needed.

The definition of success is "that the family no longer feels stuck with the problem," according to Richard Chasin. "They feel they're dealing with it rather well. This may mean the problem is eliminated, or it may mean it's not eliminated but they're doing damn well with two schizophrenic children, or they send the mother to AA and she's doing well and Dad's going to Alanon and he doesn't feed into the temptation to drink. They're on their way."

In family therapy, of course, the parents will directly experience the therapist at work. Lee Combrinck-Graham says, "The most important thing is that the therapist is part of something happening in the session which makes you think. You should feel there are things to think about that you didn't know to think about before you got there, and some of them are questions that are disturbing and some are new choices."

Most often, a child's school—from nursery school on up—first suggests that the child needs psychotherapy; the parents then call their pediatrician. Joseph A. Silverman, M.D., a clinical professor of pediatrics at Columbia University's College of Physicians & Surgeons, says, "My practice is to get the services of a couple of people: one does a complete psychometric evaluation of the child and the other does a learning work-up. This is all done with the parents' understanding that the real reliability of this kind of testing doesn't come about until a child is perhaps eight years of age—only you can't wait that long if he's tearing up the kindergarten or disrupting the whole family. So you say, 'We'll use what we can glean from it, but we may have to do more testing down the line.'"

Once they have some understanding of the child's problem, parents can think about the sort of therapeutic experience that makes sense for it—a therapy based on insight or one that favors skill-building. Whatever the problem, a symptomatic child is bound to disrupt the even keel of family life: the child will require extra attention, and this will affect siblings; the parents may disagree on how to handle the child. Thus, even in a family where everybody is fond of everybody else and the child clearly has a neurological disorder, a few sessions of family therapy may be helpful, to resolve tensions.

To be suitable, a therapist must, of course, have training and clinical experience with patients the child's age, and with similar problems. These credentials are basic, but it's also important to get a referral from someone—a pediatrician, a friend in the field, a satisfied patient—who knows the therapist. "My experience with people who do damage is that it's independent of their credentials," Parloff says. "Their problem is zealotry. Truth has been revealed to them, and they push on regardless."

Parents may worry about what they perceive as the indefiniteness of psychodynamic therapy: it seems to go on and on, with no clear termination point.

Particularly with adolescents, parents should be wary of therapists who might, in the name of confidentiality, let them twist slowly in the wind. While this sounds like an argument for family therapy, neither Kendall nor Sarnoff takes a rigid position about talking with a teenager's family. Kendall says, "It's the therapist's final responsibility to get the child back into the family. There are iatrogenic effects in clinical practice, but if relationships have gotten worse, part of the therapist's job is to fix them." Parents who don't find out beforehand how the therapist plans to deal with them are asking for trouble.

When parents are unhappy or perplexed, they have a right to talk with the therapist. If he or she is not helpful over the phone, Silverman suggests, "the next time your child has an appointment, you show up instead of the child. Say, 'Look, I'm paying for the time and Frank has the flu, so I thought maybe we could have a chat.' Sometimes psychiatrists don't like that, but I've always felt doctors are supposed to work for patients; it shouldn't be the other way around." If the chat is unsatisfactory, parents should seek a second opinion, which can be obtained without putting the child through additional diagnostic interviews by having the consultant talk with the therapist and report back to the parents.

If the bad news is that child psychotherapy offers no guarantees, the good news is that many different techniques can relieve suffering, and often they work; skilled and sensitive therapists can change their patients' lives. If parents inform themselves and do not yield their inherent authority, they and their children may well find relief. □

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AIG Issues Forum

Why reforming our liabi America is to succeed

EXCESSIVE LIABILITY AWARDS MAKE IT TOUGH FOR U.S. COMPANIES TO COMPETE.

We are a compassionate society. We want to compensate those who have suffered.

But when our courts expand the traditional concepts of liability, causing defendants to pay excessive compensation, we add to the costs we all pay for goods and services. We encourage companies to stop research and development on new products. And we even make it harder for American companies to compete overseas.

PAYING A HIDDEN TAX.

In reality, the American system of liability has become the source of a hidden tax on our economy—a tax that can account for as much as 50% of the price paid for a product.

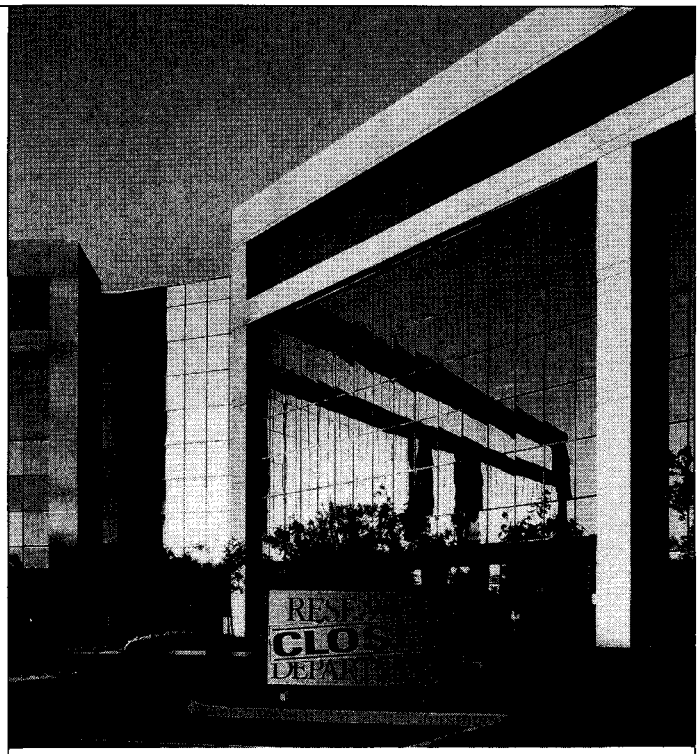
What's worse, it has been estimated that this hidden tax amounts to $80 billion a year—a sum equal to the combined profits of the nation's 200 largest corporations.

Our economic competitors' legal systems do not encourage litigation to the extent we do. Consider, for example, that there are 30 times more lawsuits per capita in the U.S. than in Japan.

Is it any wonder that America is having a tough time competing in overseas markets?

UNCERTAINTY STIFLES ENTERPRISE.

The unpredictability of our liability system is also enormously costly to American competitiveness. For example, in a recent survey of CEOs, the Conference Board found that worry about potential liability lawsuits caused 47% of firms surveyed to discontinue one or more product lines. What's more, 25% stopped certain product research and development, and 39% decided



against coming out with a new product. Meanwhile, our overseas competitors continue to research and develop new products at an ever-increasing pace.

ARE WE CONTROLLING RISKS OR INCREASING THEM?

When we give a drunk driver the right to sue an automaker or highway engineer for a million dollars after a crash, are we controlling risk?

Or just encouraging risky and careless behavior?

If you are a manufacturer, you can be sued even if your product has state-of-the-art safety features. Even if your customer misused it against your instructions. Even if the risks of misuse were obvious.

When fear of lawsuits causes physicians to limit

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ity system is essential if in overseas markets.

services to patients—or worse, to abandon their practice altogether—lack of adequate treatment means greater risks for everyone.

Is this controlling risk or increasing it?

It's an unhealthy and dangerous situation that needs correcting.

We must reform our "deep pockets" approach to liability.

Specifically, we need to change our approach and base liability suits on fault.

Our current system often encourages the frivolous suing of those with the ability to pay—in other words, those with "deep pockets." But does it make sense to hold such parties entirely liable, even if they were only minimally at fault?

A more rational approach.

Those who suffer economic losses because of another's negligence should be fairly reimbursed. No one could argue with this principle. There should also be just compensation for pain and suffering resulting from real and severe injuries.

But can we afford to continue a system that encourages litigation and financial judgments bearing little direct relationship to fault or to the actual cost of injuries suffered?

Clearly, a better approach is needed.

Congress has a role.

Legislation providing a uniform product liability standard would allow American companies to compete without the burdens of excessive liability risks. And this would unclog the courts and put American business in a stronger position as barriers to international trade and investment fall.

There is proposed legislation before Congress dealing with these issues. A solution to the liability crisis is vital to American competitiveness, and Congress can play a role in restoring the right balance.

So do the courts.

When all is said and done, our courts are the interpreters of our laws and our values. It's our values as a society that count, especially as reflected in the courts and individual jury decisions.

Together our legislative and judicial branches must recognize the damage being done to American competitiveness from the current liability system. And help America restore the proper balance.

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A Short Story

Same Place, Same Things

by *Tim Gautreaux*

THE PUMP REPAIRMAN WAS CAUTIOUS. HE SAW the dry rut in the lane and geared the truck down so he could take it through slow. The thin wheels of his ancient Ford bounced heavily, the road ridge scraping the axles. A few blackbirds charged out of the dead brush along the road and wheeled through the sky like a thrown handful of gravel. He wondered how far down the farm lane the woman lived. When she had called him at the tourist court, she had not been confident about giving directions, seeming unsure where her own house was. On both sides of the road fields of strawberries baked in the sun. It had not rained, the locals told him, for seven weeks.

Leafless branches reached out to snatch away his headlights. Billows of dust flew up behind the truck like a woman's face powder, settling on roadside dewberry bushes that resembled thickened fountains of lava. It was an awful drought.

In a short while he arrived at a weathered farmhouse set behind a leaning barbed-wire fence. He pulled up and got out. No one came from the house, so he slammed the door of the truck and coughed loudly. He had been in this part of the country long enough to know that the farm people did not want you on their porches unless you were a relative or a neighbor. Now, in the Depression, life was so hard for them that they trusted almost nobody.

Something about the way she looked at him suggested toughness. Before long he knew why

Finally he blew the truck's horn and was rewarded with a movement at one of the windows. In half a minute a woman in a thin cotton housedress came out.

"You the pump man?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Name's Harry Lintel."

She looked him over as though he were a goat she might or might not buy. Walking to the edge of her porch, she looked back toward the field behind the house. "If you walk this trail here for a while, you'll find my husband trying to fix the pump." He did not like the way she made a face when she said "husband." He was uneasy around women who did not like their men. She walked off the porch and through the fifteen feet of thistle and clover that served as a front lawn, moving carefully toward the pump repairman, who regarded her warily. Poor people made him nervous. He was poor himself, at least as far as money goes, but he was not hangdog and spiritless like many of the people he'd met in this part of the state, beaten down and ruined inside by hard times. She looked at his eyes. "How old you think I am?"

She seemed about forty, four years younger than he was, but with farm women you could never tell. He looked at her sandy hair and gray eyes. She was thin, but something about the way she looked at him suggested toughness. "Lady, I've come to fix a pump. What kind do you have and what's wrong with it?"

"My husband, he'll be back in a minute. He'll know what all you need to find out. What I want to know is where you're from. I ain't heard nobody around here talk like you in a while." She had her hair tied back in a loose knot and reached up to touch it delicately. This motion caught his eye. He guessed she might be closer to thirty-five.

Harry Lintel put a hand in his right front pocket and leaned back against the door of his truck. Taking off his straw hat, he threw it into the front seat over his shoulder. "I'm from Missouri," he said, running a hand through a clump of short, brassy hair.

Her expression was still one of intense evaluation. "Ain't there no pump work in Missouri?" she asked. "Or did your woman run you off?"

"My wife died," he said. "As for pump work, when it's dry and the local pump repairmen can't keep up with their work, or there ain't any pump repairmen, I come around and take up the slack." He looked around her at the peeling house and its broken panes patched with cardboard.

"So why ain't you where you belong, taking up slack?"

He looked at her hard. That last remark showed some wit, something he had not found in a woman for a while. "Where's your husband, lady? I've got cash jobs waiting for me up Highway Fifty-one."

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"Keep your pants on. He'll be here, I said." She folded her arms and came a step closer. "I'm just curious why anyone would come to this part of Louisiana from somewheres else."

"I follow the droughts," he said, straightening up and walking along the fence to where it opened into a rutted drive. The woman followed him, sliding her hands down her hips to smooth her dress. "Last week I was in Texas. Was doing a good trade until an all-night rain came in from Mexico and put me out of business. Wasn't much of a pumping situation after that, and the local repairmen could keep things going." He looked down the path as far as he could see along the field of limp plants. "Month before that I was in North Georgia. Before that I fixed pumps over in Alabama. Those people had a time with their green peppers. Where the devil's your old man?"

"I never see anyone but my husband and two or three buyers that come back in here to deal with him." She began to look at his clothes, and this made him uneasy, because he knew she saw that they were clean and not patched. He wore a khaki shirt and trousers. Perhaps no one she knew wore unpatched clothes. Her housedress looked like it had been made from a faded window curtain. "Texas," she said. "I saw your ad in the paper and I figured you were a traveling man."

"No, ma'am," he said. "I'm a man who travels." He

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saw she did not understand that there was a difference. She seemed desperate and bored, but many people he met were that way. Very few were curious about where he came from, however. They cared only that he was Harry Lintel, who could fix any irrigation pump or engine ever made.

He walked off into the field toward the tree line a quarter mile off, and the woman went quickly to the house. He saw a wire strung from the house into a chinaberry tree, and then through a long file of willows edging a ditch, and figured this led to an electric pump. He was almost disappointed that the woman wasn't following him.

As he walked, he looked around at the farm. It was typical of the worst. He came upon a Titan tractor stilted on wood blocks in the weeds, its head cracked. Behind it was a corroded disc harrow, which could still have been useful had it been taken care of. In the empty field to his right stood two cows suffering from the bloat.

He was sweating through his shirt by the time he reached a thin stand of bramble-infested loblolly edging the field. Two hundred feet down the row of trees a man hunched over an electric motor, his back to the repairman. Calling out to him, Lintel walked in that direction, but the other man did not respond—he was absorbed in close inspection of a belt drive, the pump repairman guessed. The farmer was sprawled on a steel grid that hung over an open well. Harry walked up and said hello, but the farmer said nothing. He seemed to be asleep, even though he was out in the sun and his undershirt was as wet as a dishcloth. Harry stooped down and looked over the pump and the way it was installed. He saw that it was bolted to the grid without insulation. Two stray wires dangled into the well. He watched for the rise and fall of the man's body, but the man was not breathing. Kneeling down, Harry touched the back of his knuckles to the steel grid. There was no shock, so he grabbed the man by his arms and pulled him off the motor, turning him over. He was dead, without a doubt: electrocuted. His fingers were burned, and a dark stain ran down his pants leg. Harry felt the man's neck for a pulse and, finding none, sat there for a long time, studying the man's broad, slick face, a face angry and stupid even in death. He looked around at the sorry farm as though it were responsible, got up, and walked back to the farmhouse.

The woman was sitting on the porch in a rocker, staring off into a parched, fallow field. She looked at the repairman and smiled, just barely.

Harry Lintel rubbed his chin. "You got a phone?"

"Nope," she said, smoothing her hair down with her right hand. "There's one at the store out on Fifty-one."

He did not want to tell her, feeling that it would be better for someone else to break the news. "You've got a lady friend lives around here?"

She looked at him sharply, her gray eyes round. "What you want to know that for?"

"I've got my reasons," he said. He began to get into his big dusty truck, trying to act as though nothing had happened. He wanted to put some distance between himself and her coming sorrow.

"The first house where you turned in, there's Mary. But she don't have no phone."

"See you in a few minutes," he said, cranking up the truck.

At the highway he found Mary and told her to go back and tell the woman that her husband was dead out by the pump. The old woman simply nodded, went back into her house, and got her son to go with her. Her lack of concern bothered him. Didn't she care about the death of her neighbor?

At the store he called the sheriff and waited. He rode with the deputies back to the farmhouse and told them what he knew. They stood over the body, looked up at the dry sky, and told the pump repairman to go back to his business, that they would take care of everything.

He and one of the deputies walked out of the field past the farmhouse, and he tried not to look at the porch as he passed, but he could not keep himself from listening. He heard nothing—no crying, no voices heavy with muted passion. The two women were on the porch step talking calmly, as though they were discussing the price of berries. The widow watched him carefully as he got into the police car. He thought he detected a trace of perfume in the air and looked around inside the gritty sedan for its source.

That day he repaired six engines, saving little farms from turning back to sand. The repairs were hard ones that no one else could manage: broken timing gears, worn-out governors, cracked water jackets. At least one person on each farm asked him if he was the one who had found the dead man, and when he admitted that he was, each sullen farmer backed off and let him work alone. Late in the afternoon he was heating an engine head in his portable forge, watching the hue of the metal so that he could judge whether the temperature was right for brazing. He waited for the right color to rise like the blush on a woman's cheek, and when it did, he sealed a complex crack with a clean streak of molten brass. A wizened Italian farmer watched him like a chicken hawk, his arms folded across a washed-out denim shirt. "It's no gonna work," he said.

But when, near dusk, Harry pulled the flywheel, and the engine sprang to life with a heavy, thudding exhaust, turning up a rill of sunset-tinged water into the field, the farmer cracked a faint smile. "If you couldna fixed it, we'da run you out the parish."

Harry began to clean his hands with care. "Why?"

"Stranger find a dead man, that's bad luck."

"It's better I found him than his wife, isn't it?"

The farmer poked a few bills at Harry, turned, and began walking toward his packing shed. "Nothin' surprise that woman," he said.

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IT WAS EIGHT-THIRTY WHEN HE GOT BACK TO THE Bell Pepper Tourist Court, a collection of six pink-stucco cabins with a large oval window embedded in each. The office, which also contained a small café, was open, but he was too tired to eat. He sat on his jittery bed, staring across the highway to the railroad, where a local passenger train trundled by, its whistle singing for a crossing. Beyond this was yet another truck farm, maybe twelve acres punctuated by a tin-roof shack. He wondered how many other women were stuck back in the woods living without a husband. The widow of the electrocuted man didn't even have children to take her mind off her loneliness. He had that. He had gotten married when he was seventeen and had raised two daughters and a son. He was now forty-four and on his own, his wife having died five years before. The small Missouri town he was raised in couldn't keep him provided with work, so he had struck out, roaming the South and the Southwest, looking for machines that nobody else could repair.

He stared through the oval window at his truck. At least he could move around and meet different people, being either sorry to leave them or glad to get away, depending. He gazed fondly at the Ford, its stake body loaded with blacksmith's tongs, welding tools, a portable forge, and boxes of parts, wrenches, sockets, coal, hardies, gasket material, all covered with a green tarp slung over the wooden sides. It could take him anywhere, and with his tools he could fix anything but the weather.

THE NEXT MORNING AT DAWN HE HEADED OUT for the first job of the day, noticing that the early sky was like a piece of sheet metal heated to a blue-gray color. He pulled up to a farmhouse and a small man wearing a ponderous moustache came out from around back, cursing. Harry Lintel threw his hat back into the truck and ran his hands through his hair. He had never seen people who disliked strangers so much. The little farmer spat on the Ford's tire and told him to drive into the field behind the farmhouse. "My McCormick won't throw no spark," he said.

Harry turned to get under way, but over the Ford's hood he saw, two hundred yards off, the back of a woman's head moving above the weeds in an idle field. "Who's that?" he asked, pointing two fields over.

The farmer craned his neck but could not recognize the figure, who disappeared behind a briar patch between two farms. "I don't know," the farmer said, scratching his three-day beard, "but a woman what walk around like that with nothing better to do is thinking up trouble." He pointed to Harry. "When a woman thinks too long, look out! Now, get to work, you."

The day turned as hot as a furnace and his skin rolled with sweat. By noon he had worked on three machines within a half mile of one another. From little farms up and down Highway 51 he could hear the thud and pop of pump engines. He was in a field of berries, finishing up with a balky International, when he saw a woman walking along the railroad embankment with a basket in the crook of her right arm. It was the wife of the dead farmer. He waited until she was several rows off and then looked up at her. She met his look head on, her eyes the color of dull nickel. He admitted to himself then and there that it scared him, the way she looked at him. Harry Lintel could figure out any machine on earth, but with women he wished for an instruction manual.

She walked up to him and set the basket on top of his wrenches. "You ready to eat?" she asked, as though he had expected her.

He wiped his hands on a kerosene-soaked rag. "Where'd you come from?"

"It's not far from my place," she said. He noticed that she was wearing a new cotton dress, which seemed to have been snagged in a few places by briars. She knelt down and opened the basket, pulling out a baby quilt and sandwiches. He sat on the parched grass next to her in a spot of shade thrown by a willow.

"I'm sorry about your man," he said. "I should have told you myself."

Her hands moved busily in the basket. "That woman and I get along all right. You did as good as you could." They ate in silence for a while. From the distance came the deep music of a big Illinois Central freight engine, its whistle filling the afternoon, swaying up and down a scale of frantic notes. The Crimson Flyer thundered north, trailing a hundred refrigerated cars of berries, the work of an entire year for many local farmers. "That train's off its time," she said. "Seems like everything's off schedule lately." She took a bite of ham sandwich and chewed absently.

"I asked the boys that own this engine about your man. They didn't want to talk about him." He took a bite of sandwich and tried not to make a face. It was dry, and the ham tasted like it had been in the icebox too long. He wondered if she had fed her husband any better.

"He was from New Orleans, not from around here. Nobody liked him much, because of his berries. He tried to ship bad Klondykes once, and the men at the loading dock broke his leg."

The pump man shook his head. "Breaking a farmer's leg's kind of rough treatment."

"He deserved it," she said matter-of-factly. "Shipping bad berries give the area farmers a bad name." She looked at her sandwich as though she had seen it for the first time, and threw it into the basket. "He was too damned lazy to pick early enough to ship on time."

He was afraid she was going to cry, but her face remained as dry as the gravel road that ran along the track. He began to wonder what she had done about her husband. "What about the services for your old man?"

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"Mary's pickers helped me put him in this morning after the coroner came out and give us the okay."

So that's it, he thought. Half your life working in the sun and then your woman plants you in back of the tool shed like a dog. He was tempted to toss his sandwich, but he was hungrier than he had been in weeks, so he bit at it again. The woman put her eyes all over him, and he knew what she was doing. He began to compare himself with her husband. He was bigger. People told him frequently that he had a pleasant face, which he figured was their way of telling him he wasn't outright ugly.

When she stared away at a noisy crow, he stole a long look at her. The dress fit her pretty well, and if she were another woman, one that hadn't just put her husband in the ground, he might have asked her for a date. A row of pale freckles fell across her nose, and today her hair was untied, hanging down over her shoulders. Something in the back of his mind bothered him.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Ada," she said quickly, as though she had expected the question.

"I thank you for the sandwich, but I've got to get going up the road."

She looked along the railway. "Must be nice to take off whenever you've a mind to. I bet you travel all over."

"A lot travel more'n I do." He bent down and began to pick up box-end wrenches.

"What you in such a hurry for?" she asked, stretching out her long legs into the dead grass. Harry studied them a moment.

"Lady, people around here wonder what the trees are up to when they lean with the breeze. What you think someone that sees us is going to think?"

He walked over to his truck, placed his tools in the proper boxes, row-hopped over to the engine, slung the flywheel with a cast-iron crank, and backed off to hear the exhausts talk to him. The woman watched his moves, all of them. As he was driving out of the field, he felt her eyes on the back of his neck.

THAT EVENING AFTER SUPPER IN THE BELL Pepper Tourist Court café Harry looked up from his coffee and saw Ada walk in through the screen door. She walked across the hard-scrubbed pine floor as if she came into the place all the time, sat across from him in a booth, and put on the table a bottle of bright-red strawberry wine. She had washed her hair and put on a jasmine perfume.

Harry was embarrassed. A couple of farmers looked at them in hangdog fashion, and Marie, the owner, lifted her chin when she saw the bottle of wine. He was at first grouchy about the visit, not liking to be surprised, but as she asked him questions about his travels, he studied her skin, which was not as rough as he had first thought, her sandy hair, and those eyes that seemed to drink him in. He wondered how she had passed her life so far, stuck on a mud lane in the most spiritless backwater he'd ever seen. He was as curious about her static, unmoving world as she was about his wandering one.

Conversation was not his long suit, but the woman had an hour's worth of questions about Arkansas and Georgia, listening to his tales of mountains as though he were telling her of China or the moon. What he wanted to talk about was Missouri and his children, but her questions wouldn't let him. At one point in the conversation she looked over at Marie and said, "There's them around here that say if you hang around me, there's no telling what trouble you'll get into." She put her hands together and placed them in the middle of the green oilcloth.

He looked at them, realizing that she had told him almost nothing about herself. "You said your husband was from New Orleans, but you didn't say where you were from."

She took a swallow of wine from a water glass. "Let's just say I showed up here a few years ago. Nobody knows nothing much about me except I was kept back in that patch and never came in to drink or dance or nothing. Where I'm from's not so important, is it?" She took a sip and smiled at him over the rim of her glass. "You like to dance?" she asked quickly.

"I can glide around some," he said. "But about this afternoon. Why'd you follow me with them sandwiches out in the field?"

Ada bit her lower lip and thought a moment. "Maybe I want to move on," she said flatly. Harry looked out the window and whistled.

They took their time finishing off the bottle. She went to the ladies' room and he walked outside into the dark parking lot. He stood there stretching the kinks out of his muscles. Ada came out to him, looked up and down 51 for cars, and threw her arms around his waist, giving him a hard kiss. Then she backed off, smiling, and began walking up the dark highway toward her place.

Oh, my, he thought. Her mouth had tasted of strawberry wine, hot and sweet. Oh, my.

Later that night he lay in his bed with the window open, listening to the pump engines running out in the fields, which stretched away on all sides of the tourist court for miles. They throbbed, as delicate as distant heartbeats. He could tell which type each was by the sound it made. He heard an International hit-and-miss engine fire once and then coast slower and slower through several cycles before firing again. Woven into that sound was a distant Fairbanks Morse with a bad magneto throbbing steadily, then cutting off, slowing, slowing almost to stillness before the spark built up again and the engine boomed back alive. Across the road a little McCormick muttered in a ditch. In the quiet night the engines fought the drought, popping like the musketry of a losing army. Through the screen of his window drifted the scent of kerosene exhaust.

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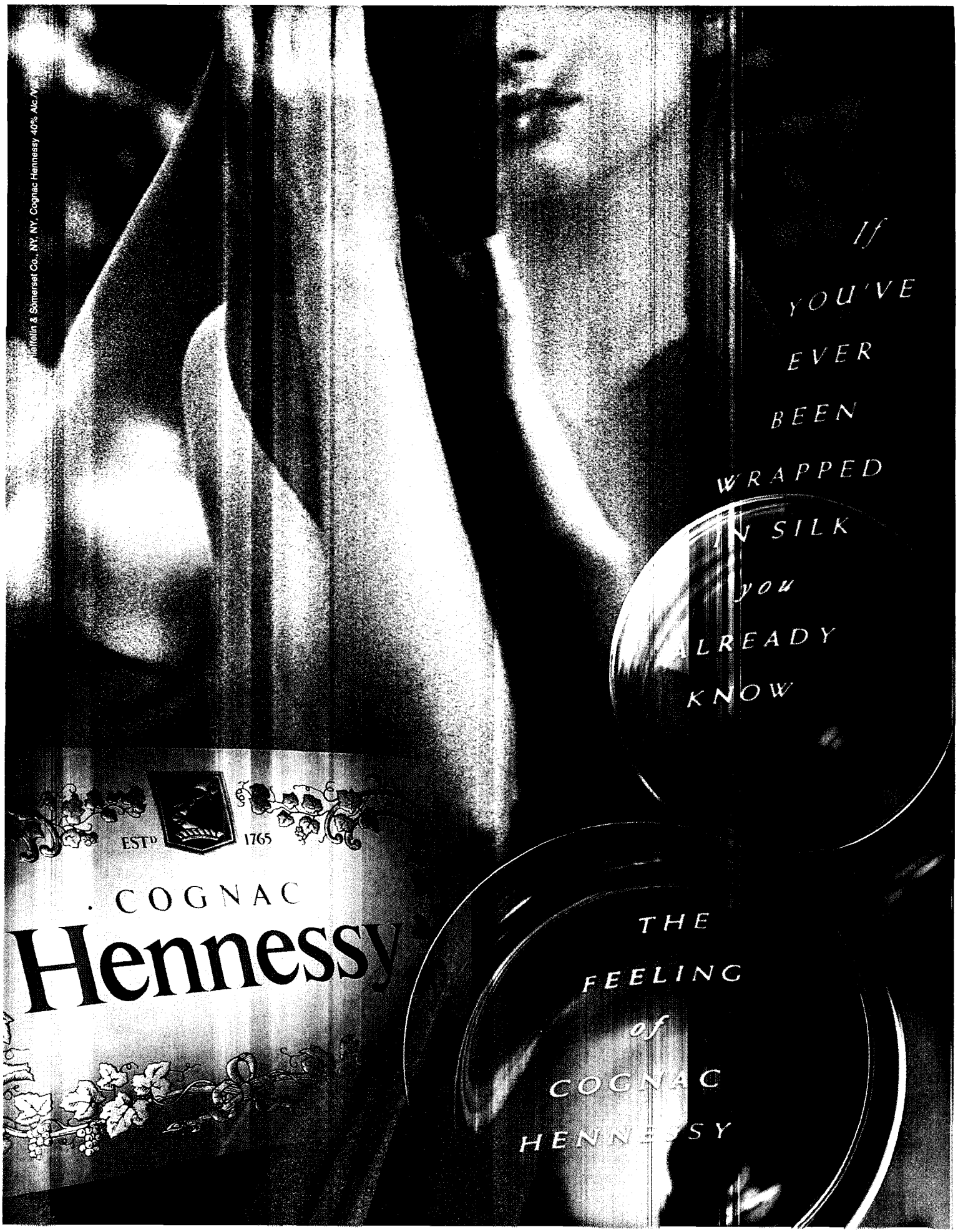

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He thought of the farmer's widow and finally admitted to himself, there in the dark, that she was good-looking. What was she doing right now, he wondered. Reading? For some reason he doubted this. Sewing? What, traveling clothes? Was she planning to sell the patch and move back, as many women had done, to wherever she had come from? If she had any sense, he thought, she'd be asleep, and he turned over and faced the wall, listening to the springs ring under him. He tried to remember what he had done at night when he was at home, when he was twenty-four and had three children and a wife, but nothing at all came to him. Then, slowly, thoughts of rocking sick babies and helping his wife can sweet corn came to him, and before two minutes had passed he was asleep.

THE NEXT MORNING THE SKY WAS AS HARD AND expressionless as a pawnbroker's face. At eight o'clock the temperature was ninety-one, and the repairman had already welded a piston rod in Amite and was headed south. When he passed the woman's lane, he forced himself not to look down its rutted surface. He had dreamed of her last night, and that was enough, he thought. Times were so hard he could afford only his dreams. A half mile down the road he began working at pouring new babbitt bearings for an old Dan Patch engine. The owners of the farm left him alone so that they could oversee a group of inexperienced pickers, and at nine-thirty, while he was turning the blower for the forge, she came out of the brush to the north carrying a clear-glass jug of lemonade.

"I'll bet you're dry," she said, giving him the jug and a tin cup.

"You're an awful friendly lady," he said, pouring himself a drink and looking at her slim waist, her long hair.

"I can be friendly when I want to be." She rested her hand on his damp shoulder a moment and let it slide off slow.

They talked while he worked the forge. He tried to tell her about his children, but she seemed not to be interested. She wanted to know where he had been and where he was going. She wanted to know how it was living on the road, what people were like in different places. "Do you stay in tourist courts every night?" she asked, wide-eyed.

By the time he had finished his repair, she had told him that she had just buried her third husband, that she had never been a hundred miles from the spot they were standing in, and that she didn't care if she never saw another strawberry for the rest of her days. "Sometimes I think it's staying the same place, doing the same things, day in, day out, that gets me down. Get up in the morning and look out the window and see that same rusty fence. Look out another window and see that same willow tree. Out another and see that field. Same place, same things, all my life." She heard a distant train whistle and looked off toward it, caught up in the haunting sound.

Harry Lintel was at a loss in dealing with unhappy people. He remembered that putting his big arms around his young wife years ago would stop her from crying, but he had no notion why this worked. Looking at the delicate hollow of Ada's cheek, he felt sorry that he didn't know what to do for her. He wondered if she would take up with him in his truck if he asked her, would just go off with him up the highway to Tennessee or Georgia, wherever the next drought was needing him to fix engines or windmills. Would this heal what was wrong?

After a local freight train racketed by, three men in overalls drove over the track, got out of their pickup, and began telling him about a big engine in a dry field six miles west, and how nobody could get it to run all week. The men ignored the woman, and as the repairman packed his tools and dumped the forge, he saw her walk off. She went south, away from her place, along the dirt lane that sidled up to the railroad, keeping her thin brown shoes out of the heaped-up dust ridge. After he had loaded the truck, he cranked it, and headed not west, along the route given him by the three men, but north. Turning into her lane, he bumped along the ruts down to her farmhouse. He walked to the back of the property and saw her berries blanched by the sun as if they'd had kettles of boiling water poured over them. Returning to the house, he opened the fuse box nailed to the rear outside wall and saw that one fuse was blown, even though it was a special heavy-duty type. He used his pocket knife to pry off the faceplate and saw where a switch wire cut into the circuit and ran from the bottom of the box through a hole into the house.

He found the front door unlocked. Walking through the house, he saw there was little furniture: only a set of dark-varnished chairs, two small, rough tables, and a rickety, curled-up sofa. The windows were dirty. In the kitchen he found the wall switch that activated the pump and, peering close, saw that it had been turned on. He was sure that many farms with electric pumps also had inside switches. But surely the man would have killed the circuit before he went out to work on the thing. And then he remembered that he hadn't seen any switch out in the field.

He sat down at the oilcloth-covered kitchen table and squinted out the front window. He saw a rusty fence. Looking out a side window, he saw a willow tree. My God, he thought. He turned to look through the rear window, into a field. Near the broken tractor was a freshly dug mound of dirt. He put his face down into his hands and shook like a man who had just missed being in a terrible accident.

The next ten days he worked the whole parish. Wild animals came out of the woods looking for water. Bottoms of drainage ditches cracked open and buckled. He saw pickers brought out of the field with heatstroke. The

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woman found him only twice, and he was polite, listening to her tell him about her nights and what she saw through her windows. She wore the same dress, but kept it clean and ironed. Once she asked him to come over for supper, but he said he had work to do past dark.

At the tourist court he avoided the café and went to bed early, putting himself to sleep thinking of his wife, painfully, deliberately. He remembered the kindness of her meals in their kitchen and the fondness of her touch, which was on him still, teaching him.

On a Thursday morning before dawn he was awakened by a drumming sound to the northwest. At first he thought it was someone at the door, but when the sound rolled down on the parish again, he knew it was thunder. By first light the rain had started in earnest, and at eight he was still in his room, staring out at sheets of wind-tortured spray welling up in puddles along the highway—three inches at least, and more to come by the looks of the sky. It was time to move on.

In the café, for the first time Marie had no repair calls for him. He paid up, gave her a hug, and headed out north in his groaning truck, rainwater spilling off the taut new tarp covering the back.

The highway followed the railroad up through a series of small towns, and he made good time despite a traffic of small truckloads of produce and an occasional horse-drawn farm wagon. He felt lighthearted for the first time in days, and whistled as he steered around slower vehicles navigating the rainy road. There was something good about getting out of this section of the country, he felt, something good about pointing his headlights toward Jackson or Memphis, where he would hole up in a boardinghouse and read a big-city paper until the weather reports told him where he'd find lots of dust, heat, worn-out pumps, and busted windmills.

About noon he pulled over at a café south of McComb. Walking to the back of the truck, he saw that one of the tarp ropes had come undone. When he raised the cloth to check inside, the woman lifted her face toward him, her eyes rusty and dark. "When I heard the rain start on my roof, I knew you'd be pulling out," she said. "You can go somewheres. I can't."

He stared at her for a long time, trying to figure what to say. He looked up and down the red-dirt highway lined with spindly telephone poles and then at the café, which was closed, he realized. Finally he climbed in and sat on a toolbox lid next to her in the oily dark. "You can't come along with me."

"Don't say that," she said, putting her arms loosely around his neck. "You're the only person I ever met can go where he wants to go." She said this not in a pleading voice but as a statement of fact. "I can go with you. I'll be good to you, Mr. Lintel."

He looked at her eyes and guessed that she was desperate for his freedom of movement but not for him. The eyes seemed already to be looking ahead, looking at a whole world passing by a truck window. "Where you want to go," he said at last, "I can't take you."

She pulled her arms away quickly. "What you mean by that? You just going to toss me off on the side of the road like a worn-out machine? There's something in me what needs to get away with you."

Harry Lintel leaned toward her and took her hands, trying to remember the ways he had once brought solace to his wife. "If I could help you, I'd bring you along for the ride," he said. "But I can't do a thing for you." He half expected her to cry when he said that, but she only shook her head.

"You've got a heart like a rock," she told him.

"No, ma'am," he said. "I loved a good woman once, and I could love another. You can't come with me because you killed your old man."

Her eyes seemed to pulse, and what softness lingered around the corners of her mouth disappeared into a flinty expression of fear and desperation.

He reached for his wallet. "I'm going to buy a ticket and put you on the southbound. You can walk home from the station."

She grabbed a bill from him and then straightened up, throwing an arm in back of her as if she were searching for the handle of her cardboard suitcase. Harry stared at his empty hand for a moment and turned to climb out into the drizzle. He heard the music of a tempered wrench being picked up, and then a bomb went off in his head, and he was down on the floorboards, rolling in cinders and wire, his arms and legs uncontrolled, his eyes letting in a broken vision of the woman standing over him, looking down the way someone might examine a stunned fish. "I've never met a man I could put up with for long," she told him. "I'm glad I got shut of all of mine."

His head roared like a forge, and he tried to rise, his eyes flickering, his arms pushing him toward the woman's upraised fist, where his biggest box-end wrench glimmered like a thunderbolt. The blow was a star-giving ball of pain, and he felt the tailgate in the small of his back, the world going over like a flywheel, his face in collision with gravel and clay, a coppery rill coursing through his nose and mouth. The only thing in his head was the silver ringing sound of a tool, and then the exhaust of a four-cylinder engine pulling away, fading into a clash of gears at the top of a hill, and then, for the longest time, nothing. Somewhere a cow bellowed, or a car passed without stopping, or wind blew through the grass around him like knowledge through an ear.

Near dusk he woke to a dove singing on the phone wires. He idly wondered where she would sell the truck, to what town she would ride on the train. It didn't matter. She was a woman who would never get where she wanted to go. He was always where he was going.

One eye began to work, and he watched clouds, the broken pieces of the world hanging above like tomorrow's big repair job, waiting. □

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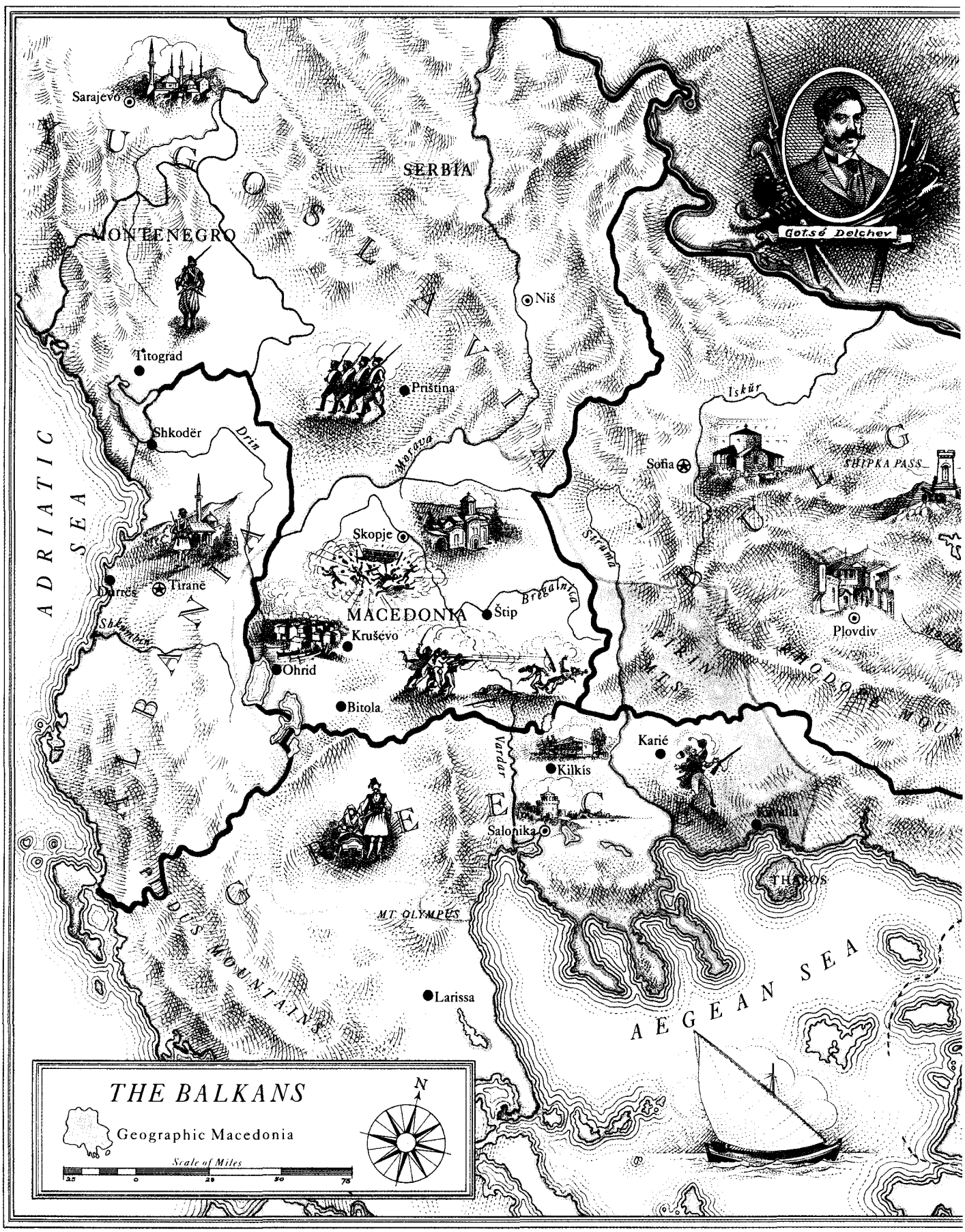

ILLUSTRATED MAP BY LASZLO KUBINYI

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Until the advent of Communist dictatorships in the Balkans, the region known as Macedonia was Europe's Lebanon. Today the lid is coming off once again, offering a timely reminder of the destructive power of ethnic passions

HISTORY'S CAULDRON

BY ROBERT D. KAPLAN

UPI/Bettman Newsphotos

ON A RECENT JOURNEY THROUGH THE BALkan Peninsula, a place where I have lived and traveled widely, my trajectory took me ever southward, from the Yugoslav republic of Croatia into Old Serbia and finally into the Yugoslav republic of Macedonia. Macedonia—a name that I will use henceforward to designate not the Yugoslav republic but rather a larger and more amorphous geographic entity—has never really been what modern analysts would call a nation-state, and not since antiquity has it been a stable and independent polity. The boundaries of Macedonia stretch west to east from somewhere in Albania to somewhere in Bulgaria, and south to north from somewhere in northern Greece to somewhere in Yugoslavia. Macedonia is a place that is strangely difficult to define, where the landscape cannot merely be looked at but must be read, according to each racial and linguistic claim and each interpretation of history. The print is small, the sentences long and confused. Appropriately, this tract of land is where the tectonic plates of Africa, Asia, and Europe—plates shouldering peoples and religions that have historically been at odds—happen to collide.

Today the significance of Macedonia lies in several facts. It is, to begin with, where any epilogue to a break-

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up of Yugoslavia will be written. Whereas the Yugoslav provinces of Serbia and Croatia are easily imaginable as nation-states, Macedonia represents a political no-man's-land where Serbian, Albanian, Bulgarian, and Greek ambitions vie with one another and with a nascent Macedonian nationalist movement. Second, the long, bloody history of ethnic and sectarian strife portends the likely future of Balkan politics in the last decade of the twentieth century. And third, Macedonia offers a clearer window than any other region of the Balkans onto the sources of strife in the area. Why are peoples pitted so relentlessly one against another? Why do hatreds run so deep?

Macedonia, the inspiration for the French word for "mixed salad" (*macédoine*), reflects the principal illness of the Balkans: conflicting dreams of lost imperial glory. What the Bulgarians and the Serbs have always demanded, Rebecca West noted in her book *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, is that with the retreat of the region's longtime rulers, the Ottoman Turks, "the frontiers recognized when they came in should be re-established, in spite of the lapse of five centuries." The same yearnings, one might add, apply to the Greeks.

Each nation harbors the dream that its borders will revert to those it boasted when the ancient empire it once possessed was at the zenith of expansion. Because Philip II of Macedon, a monarch with strong Greek ties, established de facto rule over much of present-day Greece in the fourth century B.C., the Greeks believe Macedonia to be theirs. Because the Bulgarians in the tenth century, under King Simeon and later King Samuel, and again in the thirteenth century, under King Ivan Assen II, extended the frontiers of Bulgaria all the way west to the Adriatic Sea, the Bulgarians believe Macedonia to be theirs. Because the Serbian King Stefan Dušan overran Macedonia in the fourteenth century, and was crowned Emperor and Autocrat of the Serbs and the Byzantines, the Bulgars and the Albanians, in the Macedonian city of Skopje, the Serbs believe Macedonia to be theirs. In the Balkans, history is not thought of as a chronological progression. It jumps around and moves in circles.

Macedonia's mixed salad is plainly evident in Skopje, the capital of Yugoslav Macedonia. Minarets soar above silver domes and a ramble of bazaar stalls, emphasizing the lonely horizontalness of the plain on which the city resides. The Turkish residue is thick. Men in white skullcaps play backgammon and drink rose-hip tea. In the fifteenth-century Mosque of Mustapha Pasha thick carpets dispel a drizzly chill. In the nearby Church of St. Dimitrios, an Eastern Orthodox church, the glass covering the icons refracts light in such a way that the saints' faces appear alive and in motion. The stone bridge over the Vardar River, which flows through Skopje, is built on Roman foundations that have withstood major earthquakes in A.D. 518, 1520, and 1963 (the last left 100,000 people homeless). The faces that cross over it could be Greek, Turkish, Serbian, Albanian, or Bulgarian. Beyond the bridge is "new" Skopje, rising defiantly from the ruins of the 1963 earthquake: massive evocations of poured concrete that are already cracked and stained from damp. Graffiti is everywhere, and written not in a Slavic language but in a self-taught *Clockwork Orange* sort of English: *bad end . . . no futur, mucky pup . . .*

Gane Todorovksi, a poet who lives in Skopje, understands what all this is about:

> The Vardar is mute. It swells and passes
> carrying something or other day and night for centuries,
> rolling filth, illusions, names
> of extinct, outlived, rootless
> trunks, stumps, destinies, empires, greatnesses,
> carrying all, crushing all, rolling all
> unstably, ignobly, without dignity.

Only the Turkish mosque, the smoke-blackened Orthodox church, and the Roman bridge stones appear to have solid foundations. Macedonia—whence Alexander the Great set out to conquer the world—is a historical and geographical reactor furnace. Here the ethnic hatreds released by the decline of the Ottoman Empire first exploded, hatreds that would permeate Europe and the Middle East.

Macedonia itself has not figured prominently in the headlines during most of the past half century. The ardor of its hatreds—among Muslim, Orthodox, Catholic, and Jew; among Bulgar, Greek, Serb, and Turk—was abruptly, if temporarily, chilled by the advent of stern Communist regimes on the Balkan Peninsula after the Second World War. But as totalitarianism itself cools, the old animosities in the Balkans have begun to heat up. And while the dissension thus far has been most obvious in Yugoslavia, where Serbs and Croats have begun to undo one more part of the post–First World War peace settlement, it is in the transnational region of Macedonia that the full range of local distress can most vividly be glimpsed.

At the same time, ironically, Macedonia seems to mock human frailty with its sere and mysterious beauty. Ancient volcanoes, now dormant, block the winds that blow out of Central Asia. In autumn velvety shawls of maroon and sienna drape hillsides that fold down upon willow-braided streams. Along the coasts the landscape sparkles with Aegean clarity. "Macedonia is the country I have always seen between sleeping and waking," Dame Rebecca wrote. From childhood, "when I was weary of the place where I was, I wished it would turn into a town like Yaitse or . . . Bitolj or Ochrid."

Last Days of Empire

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BEGAN AND COULD yet end with the names of such towns on the lips of people far away. John Reed, in *The War in Eastern Europe* (1916), wrote:

> The Macedonian question has been the cause of every great European war for the last fifty years, and until that

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is settled there will be no more peace either in the Balkans or out of them. Macedonia is the most frightful mix-up of races ever imagined. Turks, Albanians, Serbs, Rumanians, Greeks, and Bulgarians live there side by side without mingling—and have so lived since the days of St. Paul.

Culver Pictures

LET US REASON TOGETHER: BULGARIAN BRIGANDS, 1901

The long, bloody history of ethnic and sectarian strife portends the likely future of Balkan politics in the last decade of the twentieth century.

Macedonia, according to Lord Kinross, taking up Reed's theme, "was a projection in miniature of that loose but functioning organism" called the Ottoman Empire. It lay in the heart of the southern Balkans, in the region called "Turkey in Europe" at the turn of the century and known to the Turks themselves as "Rumeli," a word handed down by the Byzantine Greeks and meaning "the land of the Romans."

Turkey in Europe began cracking up in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, when Montenegrins, Serbs, and Greeks initiated bloody struggles for independence from the Ottoman Empire. However, it was Czar Alexander II's war to liberate Bulgaria from Turkish occupation, begun in April of 1877, that lit the fuse of the Balkan powder keg. The Czar's troops, joined by Romanian units and Bulgarian guerrillas, slugged their way to the top of the Shipka Pass, in central Bulgaria, and defeated a Turkish army. By December the Russians had occupied the Bulgarian capital, Sofia. By March, with Russian forces a short distance from İstanbul, Count Ignatiev, the Russian ambassador to the Turks, dictated to Sultan Abdul-Hamid II the Treaty of San Stefano.

From the Treaty of San Stefano rose the principality of Bulgaria, which, though nominally under Turkish suzerainty, was in fact a re-creation of the once-great medieval Bulgarian kingdom. It was to encompass not just present-day Bulgaria but most of geographical Macedonia besides. A delegation of Bulgarian bishops journeyed to San Stefano to thank the Russian forces personally for this gift. "To you [Czar Alexander] songs of praise will rise forever from the peaks of the Balkan range, from the valleys of Thrace and Macedonia."

Odd as it may seem, this Russian-midwifed "Greater Bulgaria" fairly closely met the Wilsonian standard of national self-determination, decades before Woodrow Wilson began thinking about the map of Europe. The huge bulge of Greek Macedonia awarded to Bulgaria was at the time mainly inhabited by Bulgarians, although it also had significant Greek, Turkish, and Jewish minorities. In the rest of Macedonia, Bulgarian nationalism was far more advanced than any other nationalism (though this fact is today vehemently denied there). John Reed, from a vantage point much closer in time than my own, wrote,

> The vast majority of the population of Macedonia are Bulgars. . . . They were the first people, when Macedonia was a Turkish province, to found national schools there, and when the Bulgarian Church revolted from the Greek Patriarch . . . the Turks allowed them to establish bishoprics, because it was so evident that Macedonia was Bulgarian.

Reed went on to explain that the Serbs and the Greeks built schools in Macedonia—and infiltrated the region with guerrillas—only later, as a reaction to rising Bulgarian nationalism.

Though expedient on ethnic grounds, the union of Macedonia and Bulgaria created a new and overpowering pro-Russian state in the Balkans which Great Britain, Germany, and, in particular, Germany's ally Austria-Hungary (with its own Balkan holdings to defend) could not accept. In the view of these states the Treaty of San Stefano had to be amended. To that end the German Chancellor, Prince Otto von Bismarck-Schönhausen, convened a meeting in Berlin in June of 1878 to resolve this and other Great Power problems.

At the Congress of Berlin, Greater Bulgaria was dismembered. Most of Bulgaria's northern half, between the Danube River and the Balkan Mountains, did get its freedom, as promised in the Treaty of San Stefano, though a section in the extreme northeast, by the Black Sea, in what is known as the Dobruja, was given to Romania. However, the southern half of Bulgaria, between the Balkan Mountains and the present-day Greek border, became a Turkish province, with local autonomy under a Bulgarian Orthodox Christian governor. And Macedonia itself was abandoned to direct Turkish rule,

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as if the Russian army had never stormed through Bulgaria and the Treaty of San Stefano had never existed.

The Russians did not leave Berlin unhappy. Bismarck compensated them for their client state's loss of Macedonia with new lands, taken from the Romanians, in Bessarabia, and from the Turks, in northeastern Anatolia. The Treaty of Berlin also granted full independence to Russia's Slavic allies, the Serbs. To compensate Hapsburg Austria-Hungary for this provocation, Bismarck arranged for Bosnia and Herzegovina, the provinces next door to Serbia, with a large Serbian population that also wanted independence, to be liberated from Ottoman rule—but only so that they could be handed over to the Hapsburgs, and ultimately provide the proximate cause of the First World War. Great Britain, for its part, received from the Turks the island of Cyprus.

In Macedonia the Treaty of Berlin led to an orgy of violence. The Sultan's army, rather than being forced to evacuate under the terms of the Treaty of San Stefano, could now rule with unfettered authority. Reports came from Ohrid of Turks raping and torturing young girls. In the village of Bistritsa they beat people and imprisoned them in pigsties for not paying the exorbitant Turkish taxes. In Skatsintsi, south of Skopje, Turkish soldiers gouged out the eyes and cut off the ears and nose of one Petur Lazov, keeping him in agony for several days before cutting off his head. Meanwhile, the advance of the Russian army through the newly liberated northern half of Bulgaria gave rise to an exodus of enraged ethnic Turks who, along with Muslim Bosnians fleeing the Hapsburg advance into Bosnia, poured into Macedonia, where they joined the Turkish army in terrorizing the Orthodox Christian population.

Local Orthodox priests, led by the Bishop of Ohrid, acted as front men to equip roving *cheti*, or bands of guerrillas, who in October of 1878 initiated a bloody uprising against the Turkish occupying force. Over the next half century the Macedonian guerrilla movement was to go through a series of radical permutations. Macedonia would become the wellspring not only of modern world war but also of modern political terrorism and clerical fanaticism.

Culver Pictures

A BULGARIAN AIDS A DYING TURK NEAR ADRIANOPLE, 1912

When the twentieth century began, Macedonia was a place of atrocities and refugee camps about which people in the West had become jaded and cynical.

THE FIRST MACEDONIAN GUERRILLA UPRISING COLlapsed under Turkish whips and rifle butts in the suffocation cells of Bitola prison in 1881. Although the Turks were strong enough to crush a local insurgency, however, they could not prevent insurgents and propagandists from filtering into the area from outside.

The first to come were the Serbians. In 1881 Serbia grudgingly recognized Austria-Hungary's occupation of Bosnia. In return Serbia received the blessing of the Hapsburg court to expand into Macedonia, as a bulwark against both the Ottoman Turks and the pro-Russian Bulgarians. In 1885 the southern half of Bulgaria was unified with the already independent northern half. Fearful that the Bulgarians might yet achieve their aim of a Greater Bulgaria, the Turks decided to encourage Serbian propaganda in Macedonia.

In 1897 the situation in the Balkans broke all bounds of complexity when an uprising on the island of Crete suddenly sparked a war between Greece and the Ottoman Empire. To prevent Bulgaria from joining forces with Greece, the Turkish Sultan suddenly reversed his policy in Macedonia. Rather than continue to help the Serbs contain the Bulgarians there, the Sultan gave Bulgaria's Prince Ferdinand carte blanche to help the Serbs contain the Greeks.

Meanwhile, in Salonika, six conspirators had founded the Macedonian Revolutionary Organization on the ruins of the original *cheti* movement. They soon won converts in other Macedonian cities and towns, among them Gotsé Delchev, a twenty-two-year-old schoolteacher in the town of Štip, southeast of Skopje. To distinguish this indigenous movement from a Macedonian underground group in Sofia, the Macedonian Revolutionary Organization renamed itself the *Internal* Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, or IMRO. IMRO spread rapidly during the 1890s, raising money through collections and occasional kidnappings of notables, whom they held for ransom.

By the turn of the century Macedonia was a cauldron of ethnic and sectarian violence. The absence of a viable central govern-

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ment and of a defining concept of what the region was and to whom it belonged permitted various outside powers—all soon to collapse as a result of what Macedonia would help unleash—to play out their rivalries there. "Two hundred and forty-five bands were in the mountains. Serbian and Bulgarian *comitadjis*, Greek *andartes*, Albanians and Vlachs, . . . all waging a terrorist war," Leon Sciaky wrote in *Farewell to Salonica*. Christian militias fought Muslim ones, and one another as well. Bearded, bandoliered terrorists like Gotsé Delchev planted bombs at cafés and railway stations, murdered members of rival groups, conducted secret tribunals and executions, took hostages. When the twentieth century began, Macedonia was a place of atrocities and refugee camps about which people in the West had already become jaded and cynical. It represented a situation that could never be resolved, and one to which the newspaper correspondents paid far too much attention.

All this is today long past and forgotten—in the West, that is.

GREEK-TURKISH ENMITY FLARES AGAIN: TI

Judgment on Delchev

GOTSÉ DELCHEV'S thick handlebar moustache, sweep of jet-black hair, and grave black eyes to this day haunt the museums and government offices of Bulgarian and Yugoslav Macedonia, and Delchev's case haunts Macedonia's memory. Delchev was born in 1872 in a town belonging to the Ottoman Empire, north of Salonika, called Kukush by its Bulgarian inhabitants. On July 2, 1913, during the Second Balkan War, the townspeople fled before an invading Greek army, believing they would return in a few days, after Bulgarian forces drove the Greeks "into the Aegean." The Greeks burnt Kukush to the ground, and its Bulgarian inhabitants never came back. The Greek town of Kilkís rose from the ashes—a place today dominated by a strip of fast-food restaurants. "Do not talk to me about Kilkís," a red-faced Bulgarian diplomat in Greece told me a few years ago, at a time when experts dismissed Bulgaria as little more than a loyal Kremlin satellite. "You are from America and know nothing of these things. Know only that there is no Kilkís, only Kukush, and one day, after NATO and the Warsaw Pact are no more, there will be Kukush once again."

Delchev received his secondary education at a Bulgarian school in Salonika (now an all but completely Greek city, in Greece). Afterward he attended a military academy in the Bulgarian capital, Sofia. The rest of his short life he passed as a schoolteacher and a guerrilla and terrorist fighting to free Macedonia from the Ottoman Turks. He died on May 4, 1903, in a hail of Turkish gunfire, "cloak flung over his left shoulder, his white fez, wrapped in a bluish scarf, pulled down, and his gun slung across his left elbow," in the words of a comrade. The skirmish occurred in the Bulgarian-inhabited village of Banitsa, now the Greek village of Karié. To Bulgarians this change changes nothing: "The land remembers every one, even the murdered unborn babies who have no names," Mercia MacDermott, Delchev's pro-Bulgarian biographer, wrote.

In 1923 Greek authorities agreed to transfer Delchev's remains from Greece to Bulgaria, which has long regarded Delchev as a national hero. In 1946 Stalin, wanting to placate Tito, whose nation contains a large chunk of Macedonia (this was two years before Yugoslavia left the Warsaw Pact), forced the Bulgarian Communists to give up Delchev's bones. Today Delchev's tomb is in the courtyard of the seventeenth-century church of Sveti Spas in

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Skopje, under a fir tree, marked by a block of stone adorned with wreaths. The Bulgarians have never forgiven Stalin or the Russians for Delchev's reburial.

"Do not tell me about Macedonia," the Bulgarian diplomat I met in Greece told me. "There is no Macedonia. It is western Bulgaria. The language is eighty percent Bulgarian. But you don't understand. You have no grasp of our problems. Gotsé Delchev was a Bulgarian. He was educated in Sofia. Bulgaria funded his guerrilla activities. He spoke a western-Bulgarian dialect. How could he be something that does not exist?" The diplomat handed me a copy of MacDermott's biography of Delchev, along

UPI / Bettman Newsphotos

SSY AFTERMATH OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR

with a huge book in a blue jacket, titled *Macedonia: Documents and Material*, published by the Bulgarian Academy of Sciences and containing nearly a thousand pages of tiny print. I opened the book and read: "A survey of some of the key issues examined in this volume of documents about Macedonia convincingly shows that the Slav population in this region is Bulgarian. . . . This is the historical truth, reflected in a multitude of documents."

"THE BULGARIANS ARE WELL-KNOWN FALSIFIERS of documents around the world," Orde Ivanovski, a state historian for the Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia, explained when I met him in his office in Skopje. "What can you expect of Tartars?" It occurred to me that because the world's media have tended to ignore the Balkans for so long, people there have not yet learned, as some Israelis and Arabs have, how to talk in code, so as not to offend Western sensibilities with their racial hatred. People speak more honestly in the Balkans than in the Middle East, and therefore more brutally.

Ivanovski went on: "The Bulgarians, you know, have specialized teams who invent books about Gotsé Delchev. They bribe foreign authors with cash and give them professorships in order to put their names on the covers of these books. I know that the Bulgarians are now buying up ad space in India to propagandize about Macedonia and Gotsé Delchev. How could Gotsé Delchev be Bulgarian? He was born in Macedonia. He spoke Macedonian, not Bulgarian. How could he be a Bulgarian? He was a cosmopolitan; he wanted a democratic commonwealth of nations, sort of what is emerging now in Central Europe. Chauvinism is poisoning the soul of humanity. We Macedonians"—he is speaking not only for Yugoslav Macedonians but for Macedonians everywhere—"hate no one and have no pretensions. We search in the darkness for a friend." Ivanovski grabbed my forearm and handed me a biography of Delchev published by the Yugoslav Republic. "You must help us," he pleaded.

If Delchev could rise from the grave, what would he call himself: a Macedonian or a Bulgarian? Experts agree that the Slavic language he spoke—the one spoken in Macedonia now—is closer to Bulgarian than to Serbian. But, especially after Tito's break with Stalin, the Yugoslav government, encouraged by the Serbs, promoted the idea of Macedonia's separate ethnic and linguistic identity, in order to sever any emotional links between the local population and the one next door in Bulgaria, whose government obeyed Moscow's every order. When Delchev lived, there was no one to promote such a separate Macedonian identity.

On one thing only do the two sides agree: Delchev, certain facts be damned, was no terrorist. "He was an apostle," Ivanovski said.

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The Balkan Wars

THREE MONTHS AFTER DELCHEV'S DEATH, ON August 2, 1903, Macedonia exploded. IMRO began a new uprising on Ilinden, the feast day of St. Iliya, or Elijah. In Bulgarian Orthodox tradition Elijah is a transmutation of Perun, the pagan lord of lightning and stormy heavens, to whom the pre-Christian Slavs had sacrificed bulls and human beings. Church bells rang; IMRO operatives cut Turkish telegraph wires and burned tax registers. In the town of Kruševo, high in the mountains of western Macedonia, 1,200 IMRO guerrillas proclaimed the Kruševo Republic. It lasted ten days, until 20,000 Turkish soldiers, supported by heavy artillery, overwhelmed the rebels in Kruševo. Forty of the rebels, rather than be taken alive, shot themselves in the mouth after kissing one another good-bye. Wild dogs and pigs devoured the corpses of townspeople killed by the Turks.

Everywhere it was the same. The two-month uprising cost the lives of 4,694 civilians and 994 IMRO guerrillas. Rape was endemic. Thirty thousand Orthodox Christian refugees fled from Macedonia into Bulgaria. A correspondent for the London *Daily News* at the scene, A. G. Hales, wrote in the October 21, 1903, edition, "I will try and tell this story coldly, calmly, dispassionately. . . . [one must] tone the horrors down, for in their nakedness they are unprintable." In Western Europe there were public protests against the Turkish Sultanate. As a result of action by the British Prime Minister Arthur James Balfour, the Russian Czar Nicholas II, and the Hapsburg Emperor Franz Josef, an international peacekeeping force entered Macedonia in 1904.

"In Macedonia," Lord Kinross wrote, "the sands were running out. No thinking Turk could fail to sense that the Empire was on the brink of disintegration." It was no accident that the Young Turk Revolution that toppled the power of the Ottoman Sultanate originated in Macedonia: a young Turkish major, Enver, soon to be called Enver Pasha, stood on the balcony of the Olympos Palace Hotel, in Salonika, on July 24, 1908, and acknowledged the wild cheers of a multi-ethnic crowd by acclaiming "Liberty, equality, fraternity, justice."

Kemal Atatürk, the father of modern Turkey, was also a Macedonian, born in 1881, in Salonika. Standing behind Enver on the balcony that historic day, Kemal immediately had doubts about the revolution. Other than forcing Sultan Abdul-Hamid to accept a liberal constitution, the officers led by Enver had no well-defined program. Much like Mikhail Gorbachev and his reformist allies in the Soviet Union, Enver and the other Young Turks were determined to preserve, albeit in a looser, more liberal form, the empire, which was threatened by a reactionary sultanate and its near-total resistance to change. But, as Kemal suspected, Enver and the Young Turks underestimated the force of the many long-repressed nationalisms in the Balkans. The Orthodox Christian nations wanted more than just constitutional safeguards within a Muslim-run confederation. "The Revolution," Lord Kinross wrote, "far from arresting the disintegration of the Empire, as the Young Turks had hoped, at once accelerated it."

In October of 1908 Bulgaria's Ferdinand proclaimed his country's complete independence (and himself King), which for a long time had been de facto but not de jure. The same week, the island of Crete (still part of Turkey) voted for union with Greece, and the Austrian Hapsburgs annexed the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which they had been administering since the Congress of Berlin. (It was in retaliation that a Bosnian Serb later assassinated the Hapsburg Archduke and started the First World War.) The empire's disintegration enraged fundamentalist Muslims within Turkey proper. In early 1909 army units revolted. Joined by turbaned masses shouting, "We want *sharia* [Islamic law]," they demanded a return to more-conservative rule. The Young Turks violently crushed this counterrevolution, and forced the Sultan into exile in Salonika. When the Sultan learned that he was being dispatched to the Macedonian city where the revolution against him had begun, he fell unconscious into the arms of a eunuch.

The retrogression of the Young Turks into killers

The Granger Collection

TO THE FRONT: TURKISH INFANTRY IN CONSTANTINOPLE, 1912

"In Macedonia, the sands were running out. No thinking Turk could fail to sense that the Empire was on the brink of disintegration."

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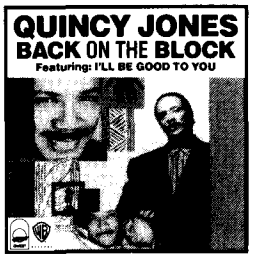

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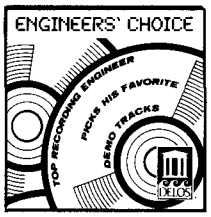

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more brutal and efficient than even the Sultan (as evidenced, for example, in the slaughter of some 1.5 million Turkish Armenians), together with the unwillingness of other nations to interfere, prompted Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece to do what no one had thought possible: submerge their differences and form an alliance. The years 1909–1912 saw all these states build up their armies. In October of 1912 all three (along with Montenegro) declared war on the Ottoman Empire, their principal purpose being to liberate Macedonia. The First Balkan War ended with the dissolution of virtually all of Turkey in Europe. In Macedonia the Serbian army occupied Skopje, Stefan Dušan's ancient capital, and the Greek army occupied Salonika. Bulgaria, though its army had overrun Turkish Thrace up to the gates of İstanbul, and had gained a foothold on the Aegean Sea, found itself virtually locked out of the very region that for decades it had been close to obtaining.

John Reed described how, in the aftermath of the First Balkan War, the Serbs and the Greeks tried to wipe out Bulgarian influence in Macedonia:

> A thousand Greek and Serbian publicists began to fill the world with their shouting about the essentially Greek or Serbian character of the populations of their different spheres. The Serbs gave the unhappy Macedonians twenty-four hours to renounce their nationality and proclaim themselves Serbs, and the Greeks did the same. Refusal meant murder or expulsion. Greek and Serbian colonists were poured into the occupied country. . . . Bulgarian school-teachers were shot . . . Bulgarian priests given the choice of death or conversion. . . . The Greek newspapers began to talk about a Macedonia peopled entirely with Greeks—and they explained the fact that no one spoke Greek, by calling the people "Bulgarophone" Greeks. . . . The Greek army entered villages where no one spoke their language. "What do you mean by speaking Bulgarian?" cried the officers. "This is Greece and you must speak Greek."

Meanwhile, in Bulgaria the government and people smoldered. At 1:00 A.M. on June 30, 1913, without any warning or declaration of war, the Bulgarian army crossed the Bregalnica, a Vardar tributary, and attacked the Serbian forces. The Second Balkan War had begun.

The battle lasted several days. The Serbs recovered the advantage; in other battles Greek forces likewise prevailed against the Bulgarians. Then the Romanians joined the Serbian-Greek alliance and invaded Bulgaria from the north, in a campaign in which more men died of cholera than of bullet wounds. At the peace conference, in August, in the Romanian capital of Bucharest, Bulgaria lost virtually everything: most of its Aegean coast, its gains in Thrace from the First Balkan War, and, worst of all, almost every square inch of Macedonia. Sofia, with its teeming encampments full of vengeful Bulgarian refugees from Macedonia, provided a foretaste of what Beirut would one day be like.

In the fall of 1915 Bulgaria entered the First World War on the side of the Central Powers (Germany and Austria-Hungary), in order to regain Macedonian territory from Serbia, which was aligned with the Triple Entente (Czarist Russia, Great Britain, and France). From 1916 until the armistice in 1918, trench warfare raged across the length and breadth of Macedonia, pitting the French, the Greeks, the Serbians, and British troops pulled back from Gallipoli against the Hapsburg and Bulgarian armies. For Bulgaria the First World War ended much as had the Second Balkan War, with most of Macedonia lost to the Serbs and the Greeks. Just as the disintegration of the Soviet empire under Gorbachev in this century's last decade mirrors the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire under Enver Pasha in its first decade, the political tragedy of the Arab world in the second half of the twentieth century mirrors that of Bulgaria in the first half.

After losing two wars over Macedonia, King Ferdinand abdicated, in 1918. For the next twenty-five years, until the middle of the Second World War, his son, King Boris III, presided over a political system in Sofia riven by coups and other violent conspiracies, often connected to the loss of Macedonia. IMRO, further radicalized by the defeats of 1913 and 1918, became a terrorist state-within-a-state and, helped by its skull-and-crossbones insignia, a synonym in the outside world for hate and nihilism. Opium profits financed IMRO's purchases of weaponry. With $20 the standard fee for an IMRO assassination, Bulgarian politicians walked around with trains of bodyguards.

By the 1930s Macedonian terrorists were hiring themselves out to other radical groups—in particular, to the Croatian Ustashe, whose chief paymaster was the Fascist dictator of Italy, Benito Mussolini. It was a Bulgarian Macedonian, nicknamed "Vlado the Chauffeur," who in 1934 assassinated King Alexander of Yugoslavia.

The Second World War provided another sickening replay. As in the First, Bulgaria joined a German-led alliance against Yugoslavia in order to regain Macedonia. While German forces invaded Serbia from the north, Bulgarian troops invaded Macedonia from the east. Again, Serbian and Greek resistance forces, aided by the British, drove the Bulgarians back to the hated borders established in 1913, when the Second Balkan War ended.

At that point Communist totalitarianism settled over the Balkans and stopped history there until now. Nothing of all this, of course, has yet been resolved.

"Solon Is Ours"

DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR, BULGARIAN occupation troops in Macedonia worked alongside the Nazis. Enforced "Bulgarization" of the population repeated the savagery of the Serbian and Greek occupation troops of 1913. While King Boris's regime helped save the Jews residing in Bulgaria proper, in Macedonia the Bulgarians collaborated in rounding them

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up for transport to death camps. State terrorism of this sort erased much of the pro-Bulgarian sympathy that had existed in Macedonia for decades, and forged a new Macedonian identity distinct from Macedonians' various allegiances to Bulgaria and Greece, even as Yugoslav Macedonians, accustomed to thinking of themselves as autonomous, began to entertain ambitious dreams. They entertain them still. "Two thirds of Macedonia is under foreign occupation and still to be liberated," explains Ante Popovski, a poet in Skopje. "The rest of Europe in 1989 achieved their national rights—but not yet the Macedonians in Greece and Bulgaria."

Culver Pictures

BULGARIAN SOLDIERS DURING THE SECOND BALKAN WAR

Travel for a while in Bulgaria, and you will be nagged by passionate monologues about a "Macedonia" that is really "western Bulgaria."

During my last visit maps were thrust upon me depicting a leaf-shaped bulge of territory much larger than the present-day Yugoslav republic of Macedonia. Inside the thick black border lines of this ideal Macedonian state were a third of mainland Greece and all of the Greek island of Thasos, together called Aegean Macedonia; a chunk of southwestern Bulgaria, called Pirin Macedonia after the Pirin Mountains there; a slice of "Macedonian" land in Albania; and what is considered the only liberated part of the country to date, Vardar Macedonia, named after the river, corresponding to Yugoslav Macedonia. I even heard claims that Istanbul is historically part of Macedonia.

A rediscovered "Macedonian" language is being promoted through new works of history and literature. The new Macedonian poetry is the usual stuff of nationalism:

> As evening soots the gradual snow
> Bird and beast are silent under the heavy firs. . . .
> Space hides in its curvature
> The unsuspected leap of a mountain lion
> And tomorrow when the sun appears with his
> Angry halo over an earth thawed and gurgling
> The air, bloodied by spurs, will scream. . . .

On the walls near the Greek consulate in Skopje the graffiti reads, "Solon is ours!" "Solon" is the Macedonian word for Salonika, now Greece's second largest city.

In 1988 members of the local Macedonian community in Melbourne, Australia, rioted to protest a visit by the Greek President, Christos Sartzetakis. "We are surrounded by enemies," a Macedonian Republic official raged at me, by way of justifying his people's hatred of Greece and Bulgaria. "The Greeks say there is no Macedonian language. Then how come their consulate sign here in Skopje is written in Macedonian?"

Greece, for its part, according to a Greek consular official whom I visited in Skopje, does not permit anyone with a "Slavic" name who was born in northern Greece and now lives in Yugoslav Macedonia to visit Greece, even if he or she has relatives there. This means that many families have been separated for decades. The consular official explained, "They use Slavic place-names to identify their place of birth [for example, Kukush instead of Kilkís]. What's the idea? These people could be engaging in Macedonian or Bulgarian propaganda on our territory."

As I left the consulate, the Greek official gave me a 600-page book titled *Macedonia: 4000 Years of Greek History and Civilization*.

"I AM BORN IN ŠTIP, DURING THE TURKISH SLAVERY. My father was a pupil of Gotsé Delchev. I am a real Macedonian. I know what I am. I am a sparrow, not a Bulgarian, not an eagle of Serbia." Metropolitan Mikhail raised his hand in the way of the Pantocrator (Christ the Almighty), whose stern image beautifies the dome of many an Orthodox church. Metropolitan Mikhail has ironed-back locks of white hair running down his neck. His eyes smolder. "We have some of Alexander in our blood, it is true. We have been crucified, like Jesus, on the cross of Balkan politics. That is Macedonian coffee you are drinking, not Turkish coffee or Greek coffee. Macedonia, not Serbia, is the true birthplace of the Renaissance. What is Gračanica compared to Ohrid? How can Giotto compare to our artists? Tell me, how can Giotto compare?"

Metropolitan Mikhail told me about his church. "You must have patience, young man. It is a long story."

I will shorten it: The two ninth-century apostles who brought Christianity to the Slavs, Cyril and Methodius, were born in Salonika. (This makes them Greek, Bulgar-

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ian, or Macedonian, depending on your point of view. Metropolitan Mikhail is in no doubt over which they were.) Two disciples of Cyril and Methodius, Sveti ("Saint") Kliment and Sveti Naum, taught at Ohrid, where the Macedonians, under King Simeon, founded an independent Orthodox patriarchate toward the end of the tenth century. When Stefan Dušan conquered Macedonia, in the fourteenth century, he sanctioned the independence of the Macedonian patriarchate. "But in 1767 the Turks abolished our patriarchate at Ohrid because we were organizing an uprising against the Sultan. Only in 1967 was an independent Macedonian Orthodox Church re-established. Why will the Serbs, the Greeks, and the Bulgarians not recognize our Church? Macedonia is where Slavic Christianity was born. We are better Christians than they. Tell me, why are we friendless?"

ZLATKO BLAJER, WHO, AT THE TIME OF OUR INTERview, was the editor in chief of *Vecher* ("*Evening*"), a daily newspaper in Skopje, is one of perhaps thirty Jews remaining in the city from a population that numbered 3,795 before the Second World War. He sat against a mirror in a Skopje restaurant as we talked. His voice had an immaterial quality. He was one of the few people I met in Skopje who had no book to give me.

"This is the most volatile area of the Balkans. We are a weak, new nation surrounded by old enemies. For decades the Yugoslav federation has protected us. As Yugoslavia falls apart, Macedonia again becomes a power vacuum. We are a quiet Kosovo: Twenty-three percent of Macedonia's population is actually Albanian, and their birth rate is much higher than Macedonians'. We face the same fate as the Serbs in their historical homeland. But we fear rising Serb nationalism, even though the Serbs are the only ones who can help us.

"At the end of the twentieth century we're trying to separate inseparable strands, to divide this one from that one, because this one may be Macedonian and that one may be Bulgarian. Here the men sit back like the old men of Crete, talking about nationalism and hate while the women do all the work."

Indeed, Macedonia is once again poised to erupt. Never in half a century has there been so much anger in Macedonia, as its people wake up from a Communist-imposed sleep to face 30 percent unemployment, towns and cities that are begrimed with pollution, phones that don't work, mountains of garbage that aren't collected, and alienating, space-age buildings—put up by Communist regimes in a crazed and hopeless attempt to erase the past—falling into ugly disrepair. The upshot of this anger is a nationalism that has little practical potential, because unlike the other old and well-established nations now arising from the ashes of Tito's Yugoslavia—Croatia and Serbia, in particular—Yugoslav Macedonia is militarily, economically, and demographically weak compared with its neighbors.

Like Macedonia, these other nations are waking up from a Communist stupor to embrace dreams of lost glory. In Bulgaria, for instance, nationalism is steeply on the rise. For the moment it is directed against Bulgaria's ethnic Turkish minority, which represents a demographic threat as well as a reminder of a hated colonial past. But travel for a while in Bulgaria, as I have often done, and you will be nagged by passionate monologues about a "Macedonia" that is really "western Bulgaria." It may be only a matter of time before this grievance flares up.

Then there is Albania, whose continuing evolution away from what has long been the most brutal Communist system in Europe may have consequences that laterally fissure into Yugoslavia. This is because ethnic-Albanian riots and labor strikes against Serbian domination have been a feature of daily life in southern Yugoslavia for a decade now. But Albania, long a Stalinist police state, has provided little inspiration for its ethnic compatriots next door in Yugoslavia. A freer Albania, no matter how imperfect, would unleash aspirations for union between it and the parts of Old Serbia and Macedonia that are demographically dominated by ethnic Albanians. And because the Catholic Croats and Slovenes in the north of Yugoslavia want no part of the burden of defending Orthodox Christians in Serbia and Macedonia against Muslim Albanians, any increase in tensions will widen the already considerable gulf between the republics of northern Yugoslavia and those of the south.

Unable to stand on its own, like its more populous and historically grounded neighbor Serbia, Macedonia could implode under the pressures of Albanian nationalism from the west and Bulgarian nationalism from the east. And this is to say nothing of the pressures of Greek nationalism from the south. In Greece, Macedonia recently surfaced as a significant issue once again after the International Olympic Committee voted to award the Olympic Games in 1996, the hundredth anniversary of the first modern Olympics, to Atlanta, Georgia, instead of to Athens. In the wake of the IOC's vote a Greek delegate to the committee, Lambis Nikolau, stated: "We were sold out by the Yugoslavs." Once Belgrade's own bid had been eliminated, in the first round of voting, all seven of Yugoslavia's votes went to Melbourne and then, in the final round, to Atlanta. What Nikolau did not have to explain to his fellow Greeks was that Yugoslavia's anti-Athens and pro-Melbourne stance was political. Yugoslavia sought to curry favor among Macedonians in the country with the most vocal community of Macedonian expatriates: Australia.

The various popular convulsions in the Balkans are inexorably converging on Macedonia, just as they were doing a century ago. It is a tragic yet fascinating development. Rarely has the very process of history been so transparent and cyclical. One cannot but wonder: What will Lebanon offer the student of history a hundred years from now? □

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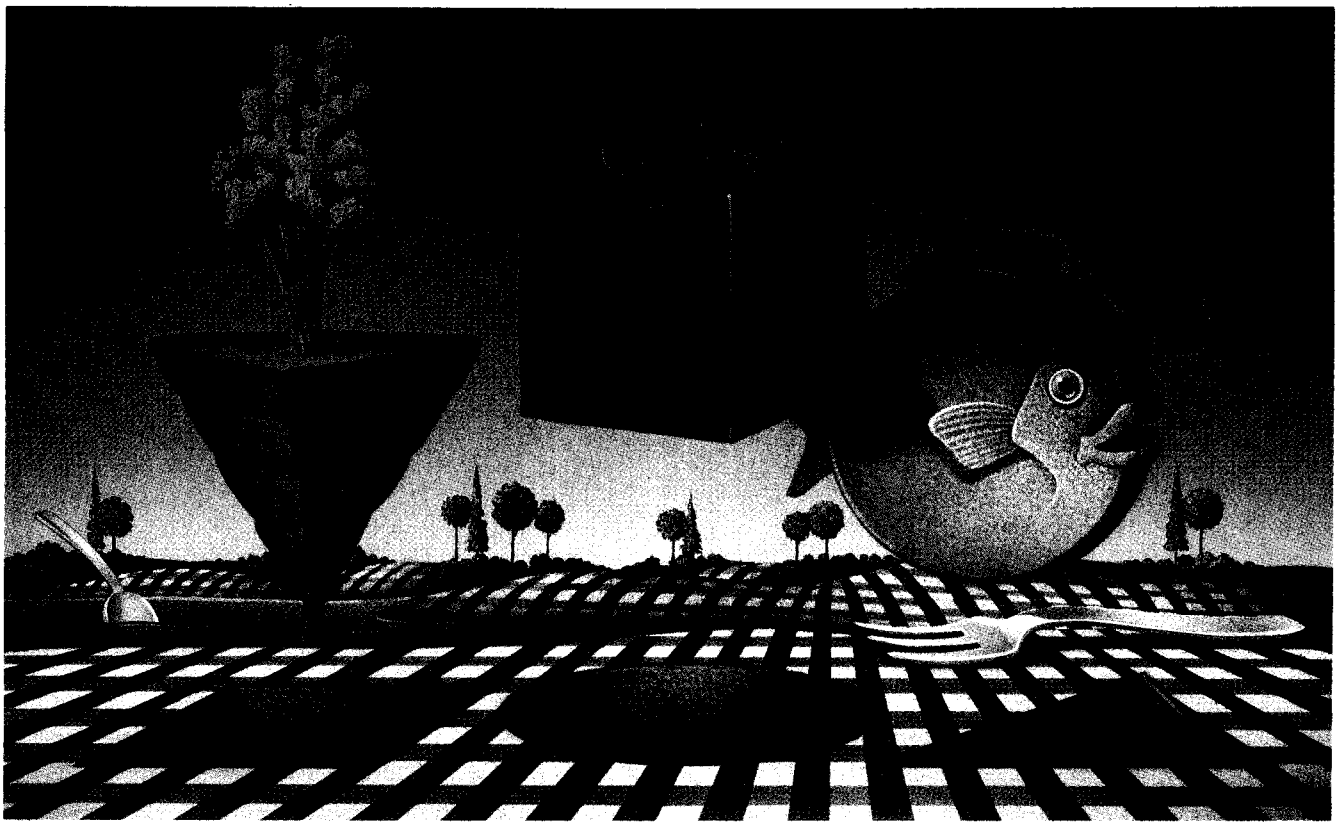

What Vegetarians Don't Get

The answer isn't what you think, and it can be a problem for meat-eaters, too

by Corby Kummer

SOMETIMES AT the end of a perfectly nice day I'll think, "I forgot the protein." I'm not a vegetarian by conviction, but on many weekdays a convenient way to eat meat doesn't befall me, and I worry that the yogurt, bagels, and fruit I've snacked on liberally throughout the day haven't really nourished me. More and more people I know have given up meat, and they are concerned that getting adequate protein requires endless calculations of just how much rice or bread or pasta to eat with just how many lentils or kidney beans, as various articles and books lead one to believe. And that's not even to bring up soybeans, or any number of exotic health-food ingredients that seem to be part and parcel of vegetarianism. I worry that I'll lose all energy if I don't make sure I have a plentiful daily dose of protein.

These concerns, I've recently learned, are misplaced. Protein deficiency does exist in this country, but very rarely in vegetarians. Johanna T. Dwyer, the director of the Frances Stern Nutrition Center, at New England Medical Center and Tufts University, says that unless American adult vegetarians are on a severe low-calorie diet—under 1,200 calories a day—or a "very eccentric" one, protein deficiency is so uncommon as to be a "non-issue."

Still, it's worth bearing in mind the rules for consuming adequate protein in a vegetarian diet. Meat-eaters, too, should bear in mind that many other nutrients are as important to well-being as protein, however impressive its reputation, and that eating large amounts of protein isn't the best way to get energy or to build strength. Other dietary inadequacies are much more prevalent than a lack of protein—particularly a lack of iron. And vegetarianism may not be the panacea many seem to assume it is.

THE REASONS people choose to become vegetarian have changed. Historically, vegetarianism has been connected with some form of idealism. In recent times the counterculture of the 1960s revived the debate over the defensibility of eating meat, which had been especially heated before and after the First World War. The questioning this time

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was more personal than philosophical. "Confronting meat eating was part of the consciousness-raising process," Warren J. Belasco writes in *Appetite for Change*, his rollicking history of the commercialization of the counterculture's diet from 1966 to 1988. Many communal kitchens actually prepared meat, he points out, depending on how much money there was. A broad public began to take the idea of vegetarianism seriously only after 1971, the year that Frances Moore Lappé published *Diet for a Small Planet*, which by 1982 had sold nearly two million copies and is still in print. Lappé advocated vegetarianism not to spare innocent animal lives but as a way of correcting inequities in the world economy and opposing a "cultural pattern of waste."

Today the motives for becoming a vegetarian are usually less lofty. True, interest in animal rights has been growing. Even my toothpaste bears a notice that it is "Cruelty Free," because it has not been tested on animals. But the main concern is health. Dread of cholesterol and fats has become a part of everyday life since Lappé wrote, and many people avoid red meat in the hope of lessening their risk of heart disease; many also worry about harmful additives such as antibiotics and hormones, and food-borne pathogenic bacteria. A simple and pure diet, however, as anyone learns who seeks out organically raised produce and meat, comes dear in money and time.

Nor is vegetarianism a guarantee of freedom from maladies. "The notion that by returning to plant-based diets the human race will attain spiritual innocence and perfect health persists and seems to attract many adherents," Johanna Dwyer writes in this year's *Annual Review of Nutrition*. "In fact, the nutritional and health consequences of vegetarian diets are neither necessarily all good nor all bad." Vegetarians on average weigh less, she reports, have lower blood pressure and lower rates of coronary-artery disease, and suffer less constipation. But this may well be because of the way they live rather than solely because of what they eat; the clearest connection is between the high amounts of fiber in vegetarian diets and improved bowel function. All the other benefits can be achieved by exercising and decreasing overall consumption of animal fats while increasing consumption of fruits, vegetables, and complex carbohydrates—without giving up meat, including red meat.

As to claimed reductions of risk for lung cancer, gallstones, kidney stones, osteoporosis, arthritis, and dental cavities, Dwyer told me that connections between a vegetarian diet and decreased risk are not so well supported by experimental data, and that disease rates do not vary as markedly between vegetarians and omnivores (yes, the term really exists, for creatures that eat both plant and animal foods, and it occurs frequently in nutrition texts) once other differences in life-style are taken into account. "New studies on diverticular disease," she said, "colon cancer, and adult-onset diabetes are suggestive but not definitive." Frank Sacks, a doctor at the Harvard Medical School who researches the effects of dietary fat, says that the decrease in fat and increase in fiber that a diet high in cereal grains, vegetables, and fruit provides are important in helping prevent cardiovascular disease, colon cancer, diabetes, and diverticular disease—advantages that omnivores who limit their consumption of meat can also achieve.

Many people think that changing to a vegetarian diet might help them lose weight. Vegetarians indeed eat more complex carbohydrates, which give a feeling of satiety and are thought to offer at times a caloric rebate of as much as 25 percent, because of the amount of energy the body expends to store and use the calories not immediately needed. But if a vegetarian isn't careful to shop for low-fat dairy products—assuming that dairy products are included in the diet—the very high fat content of, say, cheese (and of nuts, too) can quickly obliterate any advantage gained by abstaining from meat. And of course all manner of desserts and candy are not forbidden. I know of several people who lost weight when they went back to eating meat.

Whatever the perceived benefits or ideological commitments, the number of vegetarians keeps growing. What people mean when they call themselves vegetarian varies a good deal. They almost never mean that they abstain from all animal products. Someone who does is a "vegan"; the word was coined in 1944 by a breakaway vegetarian sect in England (and is pronounced *veegan* by the group's founders and its adherents). Although no hard

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data exist, it is estimated that of the five or six million self-described vegetarians in America no more than two percent are vegans.

The rest are "lacto-vegetarians" or "lacto-ovo-vegetarians," who eat dairy products or dairy products and eggs, or "semi-vegetarians," who avoid red meat but will eat fish or even chicken. (These peculiar terms seem to come naturally to the nutritionists I've talked to. The terms "pesco-vegetarian" and "pollo-vegetarian" have periodically been tried out, but have not met with enthusiasm. "Fruitarians," an on-again, off-again group originally established in England in 1912, advocate existing on fruit, nuts, seeds, honey, and olive oil.) Most of the people I know who say they are vegetarians are lacto-ovo at the very least, and more often are semi. They like the word "vegetarian" because of the implied virtue. Certainly it's easier for them than it is for vegans to get enough protein without thinking about it all the time.

THE VIRTUAL obsession with protein in this country is not accidental. For a long time Americans were told to eat twice as much protein as is now recommended, and although the advice was corrected by 1920, the message apparently stuck. In 1895 the U.S. Department of Agriculture first published tables giving protein, carbohydrate, and fat contents of foods. In preparing them Wilbur Atwater, a chemistry professor at Wesleyan University, drew on the discoveries of the pioneering German nutritionist Justus von Liebig, who declared protein the only truly nutritive food (others were merely "respiratory") and essential for strength. Atwater was even more enthusiastic. Believing that American laborers worked harder than German ones, he increased the already high German recommendations and called for Americans to eat 125 grams of protein a day. The current figure is half that, but the amount most Americans eat isn't far from the original. Until the 1920s it was widely assumed that all three meals would include meat if people could afford it. Although dietary patterns have changed, the usual starting point in planning dinner is still the protein.

Other cultures focus as much or more on the starch, which they consider the main dish rather than a side one; meat is a status item. I won't forget the meal I was given last year when a lively Italian family invited a friend and me for a lunch (lunch being the main meal of the day in Italy) at which they intended to honor us. I'd heard stories of the parade of rustic and delicious vegetable pasta dishes they had served a few days before to some other Americans who had simply dropped in on them. For us, though, they bought meat—three kinds, which they grilled with just salt and served alone, cutting off slabs with huge scissors and urging them on us. This rare and disappointing abundance was an exaggerated form of what became possible for Italian-Americans, whose chief alteration of the diet they brought from the old country was the copious use of meat. Other immigrants to this country also stopped relying on starch as soon as they could afford meat.

Now everyone is told to eat poor again. The two darling diets of the past few years, Asian and so-called Mediterranean, are based on starch rather than meat. Protein plays a minor but important role, which makes good nutritional sense. The body prefers to use carbohydrates and fat as sources of calories—that is, energy to burn. Complex carbohydrates—bread, pasta, oatmeal, corn, rice, potatoes, beans, and the like—should, we are told, account for a little more than half of the calories in our diet, which would bring America in line with the rest of the world. Protein should account for only about 10 percent.

Simple carbohydrates, such as candy and the plain sugar in sweetened soft drinks, are a quick and effective way to get energy—they can send glucose, or blood sugar, to the bloodstream in about ten minutes—but if they are eaten without anything more substantial, that energy quickly dissipates. Complex carbohydrates are a much better source of sustained energy.

Although protein can supply energy too, that's not why we have to eat it. It's necessary for maintaining body tissues. The word derives from a Greek word meaning "first"; protein plays a role in every part of the body and every cell, accounting for a fifth of body weight, half of that in muscle. But protein you eat doesn't necessarily go right to the muscles. It is needed for many other purposes, including transporting nutrients and healing wounds. The body manufactures its own proteins—at least 50,000, only a small percentage of which have been named and described—from a pool of about twenty amino acids, some recycled from bodily protein and some broken down from dietary protein. It can make many of the twenty amino acids itself, but needs about eight from food.

IT'S EASY TO get protein from animal sources—meat, poultry, fish and shellfish, milk and milk products, and especially eggs—because they contain all of the essential amino acids, in about the proportions that the human body uses them. No plant offers such a good balance (soybeans are closest), but you can still get enough protein without eating animal products. Many plant foods are very high in protein overall but are low in one of the essential amino acids. Plant foods tend to fall into two groups. Cereal grains, including breakfast cereals, rice, cornmeal, rye, oats, and the wheat in bread and pasta, are generally low in the amino acid lysine. Legumes, including peas and beans such as lentils, navy beans, black-eyed peas, garbanzo beans (or chickpeas), peanuts, and soybeans, are generally high in lysine. The answer is to eat something from each group.

Eating complementary foods may not come naturally to someone raised on meat every night, but other cultures make it look simple. Latin Americans combine rice and beans. Mexicans and some Native Americans combine corn tortillas and beans. Asians combine tofu (from soybeans) and rice. Even mainstream Americans sometimes get it right: common examples of complementary proteins are peanut-butter sandwiches, bean soup and bread, and meatless chili with cornbread.

Twenty years ago books that advocated vegetarianism, with their embrace of the ecology movement and things organic, left the impression that you had to combine grains and seeds available only at health-food stores, and you had to do it faithfully at each and every meal. This scared people away. Even the recent *Vegetarian Handbook*, by Gary Null, offers thirty pages that contain more than a thousand combinations, most of them outlandish, of plant foods that are high in protein. It is unlikely that many people will have in the pantry sunflower flour

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and aduki bean, hijiki seaweed and amaranth, turnip greens and spirulina, or watermelon seed and triticale flour, even if they have heard of them (I don't know what hijiki seaweed and spirulina are, but I'm sure that turnip greens don't have much appreciable protein).

The rules for complementary proteins work for plain grains and beans, and you don't have to eat both halves of the complement in the same bite, at the same meal, or even in the same day. A twenty-four-hour period is best to shoot for. It's important to have the equivalent of a complete protein regularly, because what amino acids the body can't use to build new proteins it breaks down and converts, inefficiently, to glucose or fat, excreting the residue in urine; it doesn't keep the reserves of protein that it does of carbohydrates and fat. Still, for most people enough protein isn't a problem. "There's no doubt that most of us eat two to three times as much of almost every amino acid as we need for maintaining tissue," Robert Wissler, an emeritus professor of pathology at the University of Chicago, says.

Long-term bean eaters are thought by some to be better able to digest beans, but many people shy away from beans because of the flatulence they cause. A possible solution—an enzyme marketed under the name Beano—first came to my attention from the trusted nutrition and health writer Jane E. Brody, who has done much to convert Americans to a healthier diet rich in complex carbohydrates. About five drops of the liquid on the first forkful of beans (or broccoli or cauliflower or cabbage or other problem foods) is said to render them gasless by breaking down into simple sugars complex ones that are often hard to digest. (You can order Beano by calling 800-257-8650.)

Lacto-ovo-vegetarians don't need to pay careful attention to complementarity, because it takes only a small amount of animal protein to compensate for the amino acids missing from plant foods. Breakfast cereal with milk, macaroni and cheese, potato-and-egg salad, a baked potato with yogurt (or, for the daring, sour cream), tortillas with beans and shredded cheese: all these greatly enhance protein formation by the body. But again, you don't have to eat everything at the

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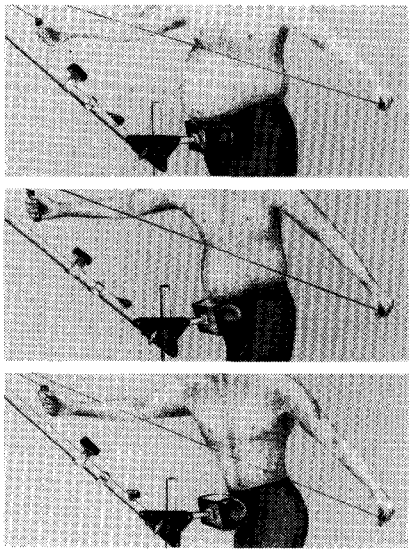

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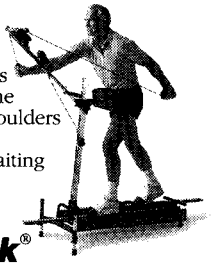

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Coming Next Month In

The Atlantic

MY COUNTRY, RIGHT . . . OR WHAT?
by David Lawday

Europe, the continent that gave us the modern notion of the nation-state, is increasingly wondering what future the nation-state has. Behind the uncertainty lies not only the coming economic integration of the European Community but also the emerging prominence of subnational regions—Catalonia, Bavaria, Lombardy—whose political and cultural identities long predate those of the nations in which they lie.

THE THREE AGES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
by Charles R. Morris

An authoritative translation of the texts hammered out over a period of 1,600 years by the councils of the Catholic Church was recently produced by Jesuit scholars in Britain. In a review essay Charles R. Morris reflects on the sometimes uneasy encounters that the Church has had over the centuries with whatever "modern world" it has found itself in.

same sitting. Just keep the general rule in mind.

How much protein do you need to eat in a day? The recommended dietary allowances, determined by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council, at the National Academy of Sciences, are deliberately set high, and are meant to be a guide for nutritionists—not ironclad rules for people to panic about if they don't follow them to the gram. (They're all in grams, which makes them confusing. It helps to know that there are about twenty-eight grams in an ounce—but people not in the habit of weighing ingredients or portions don't think in terms of weight anyway.) RDAs have been created for fifteen categories by age and sex (there are three more for pregnant and nursing women). Labels usually list "U.S. RDAs," which are the highest values recommended for any category.

Women over twenty-five are counseled to eat at least 50 grams of protein a day (for pregnant women the amount is 60 grams, for nursing mothers 63 grams). Men over twenty-five should eat 63 grams. Before you get out your calculator, I'll pass on some reassurance from Victor Herbert, an authority on nutrition and the editor of *The Mount Sinai School of Medicine Complete Book of Nutrition*, a big, thorough book that is helpful and easy to follow:

> Analyses of the diets of ovolactovegetarians and total vegetarians have consistently shown that while they tend to eat less protein than meat eaters, vegetarians still eat enough. . . . Any adult vegetarian who consumes adequate calories from a wide variety of nutritious foods is almost certain to meet protein needs also.

Totaling a day's protein intake isn't as easy as reading a yogurt carton or a cereal box, or even charts of the protein content of beans, rice, and fish. Almost all foods contain some protein, and you have to take into account the content of everything you eat. Here are two daily diets for lacto-ovo-vegetarians that would meet an adult man's or woman's protein RDA. I asked the Frances Stern Nutrition Center to devise these diets using commonly available foods that require little advance preparation, and avoiding beans where possible, on the theory that people won't cook them very often. The diets are divided into three meals and snacks. All milk and dairy products are assumed to be low-fat, and bread to be whole wheat, although that doesn't affect protein content. I've added butter as an option where the FSNC specifies only margarine. In all cases I'll give the men's diet, with alterations for women in parentheses; the only difference is that women are allotted slightly less food. These are only suggestions, and are not weight-loss but weight-maintenance diets. Whether you drink whole or low-fat milk, or drench your salad with olive oil, is your concern; the amounts of fatty and sugary foods are given in what are currently thought to be healthful proportions. What matters is the balance of cereal grains, legumes, and dairy products.

I asked the FSNC to include products that are easily grabbed off supermarket shelves. Fresh is almost always better for flavor, but for purposes of nutrients, frozen and canned vegetables and beans (rinse the canned beans, which are usually very salty) are interchangeable with their fresh counterparts, which are often a good deal less fresh when they reach markets than those that reach canners and packagers. A significant loss of nutrients, especially of vitamin C, occurs when you cook vegetables, in whatever form you got them.

First day, breakfast: two scrambled eggs, two slices of bread with one tablespoon of jam, a cup of milk, a half cup of orange juice. Lunch: a cheese sandwich made with lettuce and tomato and two ounces of cheese, three pretzel twists, a cup of milk, and a pear. Dinner: chili made with tomatoes, onions, and a cup of kidney beans; a piece of cornbread; a cup of rice with two teaspoons of butter, margarine, or olive oil; and a cup of cauliflower. Snacks: an English muffin with two tablespoons of peanut butter (women don't get this part), a cup of ice cream, a half cup of cling peaches in light syrup, and a cup of milk.

Second day, breakfast: two cups of cold cereal with one and a half cups of milk (one cup of milk for women) and a banana. Lunch: a cup of vegetable soup; two sandwiches (one for women), each with two tablespoons of peanut butter and one tablespoon of jelly; a cup of milk; and an apple. Dinner: one and a half cups of cooked pasta with a half cup of tomato sauce and an ounce of mozzarella; a cup of broccoli;

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a slice of bread; two teaspoons of butter, margarine, or olive oil, distributed at will; and a lettuce and tomato salad with one tablespoon of dressing. Snacks: a one-ounce blueberry muffin, a half cup of fruit cocktail, a cup of yogurt, and five graham crackers (one for women).

Vegans are obliged to give the matter closer thought, and they need to search out fortified soy milk, which is necessary. Here are two daily diets for them offering plentiful protein. First day, breakfast: a cup of orange juice (women should buy it fortified with calcium), two slices of bread with two tablespoons of almond butter, and a cup of soy milk. Lunch: a cup of black-bean soup with a cup of brown rice; a dressed salad of spinach, carrots, and mushrooms; four ounces of raw firm tofu; an apple; a cup of soy milk; three crackers; and four fig bars (women don't get the crackers or fig bars). Dinner: two bean burritos, a cup of frozen mixed vegetables with one teaspoon of margarine or olive oil, and a cup of soy milk. Snacks: a "gorp" mixture of one ounce of almonds, a half ounce of pumpkin-seed kernels, a quarter ounce of dry-roasted sunflower seeds, and a quarter cup of raisins (women get just the almonds); and a banana.

Second day, breakfast: a cup of orange juice, a cup of oatmeal, an ounce of raisins, a cup of soy milk, and two slices of bread with two teaspoons of margarine. Lunch: a half cup of hummus, lettuce, and a tomato in a large-pita-bread sandwich; three whole graham crackers (women get one); and a cup of soy milk. Dinner: one and a half cups of baked beans (women get one cup), two slices of bread with one tablespoon of margarine, a cup of broccoli, and a pear. Snacks: two tablespoons of peanut butter (women don't get this), two rice cakes, a cup of apple juice, and a cup of soy milk.

A SUBJECT OF MORE immediate concern for vegetarians, especially women, is iron. Iron deficiency exists widely—nearly 60 percent of the population and nine out of ten women do not get all the iron they need, according to surveys cited in *The California Nutrition Book*, a guide by Paul Saltman, Joel Gurin, and Ira Mothner which cogently explains many scientific principles. The Mount Sinai guide calls iron deficiency "the world's most common nutritional disorder." It's harder for meat-abstainers to find good sources of iron than good sources of protein.

Iron is necessary for the manufacture of hemoglobin and myoglobin, which are in the blood and the muscles, respectively, and serve to ferry oxygen. Nothing supplies iron as readily as meat, seafood (especially oysters and clams), and poultry. At least 40 percent of the iron in meat is "heme" iron, a term derived from the Greek word for "blood." (In general, the darker the meat, the more myoglobin in it, and thus the more heme iron; lean beef is a much better source than white-meat chicken or fish.) The body absorbs heme iron at a much higher rate than nonheme iron, the only kind found in plant foods: 20 to 30 percent of heme iron is absorbed, as against three to five percent of nonheme iron.

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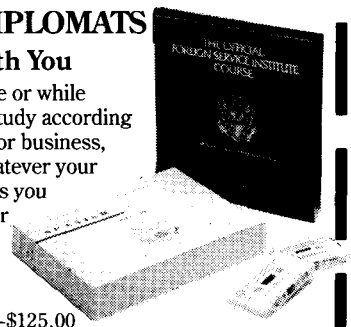

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So you have to eat a lot of spinach to get your RDA of iron, which is 10 milligrams for men, 15 for women.

The requirement is higher for women because the chief way the body loses iron is through bleeding, and menstruating women lose a significant amount of iron. "Vegetarian women who menstruate regularly should seriously consider taking an iron supplement," says Walter Willett, a professor of epidemiology and nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health. "In non-industrial societies women are pregnant or lactating much of the time. One consequence of civilization may be a need for extra iron."

In fact, you can't get enough iron from spinach. You would have to eat at least three pounds of it a day, or eight and a half pounds of broccoli, to take in the daily requirement. Leafy vegetables aren't high on lists of notable iron sources, although spinach, broccoli, and lettuce do contain some iron and are important contributors to overall iron intake. Legumes—peas and beans—are far better sources, the best among plant foods. Potatoes (with skin) and tomatoes are also relatively efficient, because they contain a lot of vitamin C, which greatly enhances the absorption of nonheme iron. (In contrast, the tannins in tea greatly inhibit absorption.) Breakfast cereals and most breads are important sources in the American diet, because they are fortified with iron. Total and Product 19 are examples of highly fortified breakfast cereals.

Americans once received a significant amount of their iron from iron pots, which helpfully leach the mineral into foods cooked in them. Anyone who still has unlined iron pots in the kitchen can get this unexpected benefit, especially when cooking acidic foods such as tomato sauce, chili, and applesauce. (Foods quickly sautéed in iron skillets won't get much iron, however, since the length of the cooking time matters. And the slavish effort to keep pans well seasoned with oil so that foods won't stick to them, made by most people who bother with iron pots, pretty much cancels any possibility that iron will get into the food.)

Those not ideologically opposed to eating meat might think of iron as an important reason to consider eating meat occasionally, even red meat. Consuming a small amount of heme iron greatly enhances the absorption of nonheme iron, although the reason is still not understood. All red meat, including the lower-fat grades of beef and pork that have been developed recently, is a fine source of heme iron.

The much-reviled liver outruns all other sources of heme iron: there are 14.2 milligrams of iron in a three-and-a-half-ounce serving of calves' liver and 8.5 in chicken liver, as against 0.7 in water-packed tuna and 1.3 in dark chicken meat. After being disgusted by liver as a child, I have come to a rich and enthusiastic appreciation of it, just as it has fallen from favor among nutritionists. They don't like it because, like other organ meats, liver is very high in the archenemy cholesterol (though it is virtually fat-free and low in calories—135 for a three-ounce serving of braised beef liver, as against 145 for skinned white meat of chicken). Many are also concerned about the presence of drugs and other substances in meat from animals that were fed antibiotics and hormones. It is possible to obtain meat from animals given no drugs, although it takes some looking. My favorite source is Summerfield Farm, in Virginia, which ships superb calves' liver and lamb's liver, even higher in iron than calves' liver, as well as many cuts of veal and lamb; the telephone number is 703-948-3100.

Supplements are a way to get more iron without thinking about it, but you shouldn't slap yourself on a regimen without finding out if you're iron-deficient. The most common symptom of iron deficiency is fatigue and inability to work, but there's no way of diagnosing the deficiency yourself, since so much else can cause fatigue—lack of sleep and dependence on caffeine, for example. You need to have your blood tested. Because iron supplements can cause gastrointestinal pain or nausea, ask your doctor which kind you might best tolerate, should you need them.

Supplements of any kind are usually not the solution to dietary problems, easy as they seem. Nutritional research over the past century—plodding, contradictory, and often conducted with a steadfast ignorance of what tastes good—has been in the service of telling people how to keep themselves healthy by choosing and combining foods judiciously. And it seems clear that it's not very hard to be strong and healthy without eating meat. □

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Books

The Capital of Nature

by James Gilbert

NATURE'S METROPOLIS:
Chicago and the Great West
by William Cronon.
Norton, $27.50.

THERE WILL BE no Chicago World's Fair in 1992 to commemorate the European discovery of the New World. Mounting only a halfhearted effort, the city has been unable to muster the enthusiasm, the capital, or the arrogance to represent itself as the head of the march of civilization from east to west, as it did a hundred years ago. In fact, the city has recognized that world's fairs are now almost a thing of the past. Even at the turn of the century, when they appeared frequently, these fairs were anything but representative of the world. They promoted nationalist ambitions and, in particular, the gathering power and potential of key cities such as Chicago, Paris, London, St. Louis. Today such a celebration would seem imprudent and misplaced and would probably ruin its sponsors financially.

Instead, the celebration of Columbus's first voyage will invite the world to turn its attention to Seville, and honor the European country that sponsored the great explorer. In fact, the most important event of 1992 may well be the cementing of a new unity of Europe, consolidating a huge new economic market, with political and cultural energy rivaling anything in the New World. This anticipated reunion of the Old World suggests the strength of a process that has undercut the power and prestige that Chicago confidently proclaimed a hundred years ago. The civilization that this great city represented in its World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, which flowered in the amazing American Century that followed, has been replaced by a very different, more complex and diffuse world society. The Columbian cycle of history has now apparently ended.

In 1893, when the Chicago fair opened, there was considerable dispute about whether or not the city could legitimately represent the passage of civilization from Europe to America. New York sneered; St. Louis worried quietly about the implications of its failure to win the fair. Many Americans were simply afraid to travel to Chicago. The city was notorious for labor violence, for social crudity, for ostentation and self-indulgence, for danger and filth, and especially for its fixed eye on the coarse task of turning pigs and cattle, lumber and grain, iron ore and coal, into profits. What right did such a place have to declare itself representative of other cities, of the nation, or of civilization? Yet no one in 1893 could question that Chicago was what the historian Asa Briggs has since called a "shock city"—an urban place whose extravagant development suggests the essential outlines, aspirations, and meanings of a whole era.

To understand this great nineteenth-century metropolis, then, is to come to terms with certain essential truths about the United States and its spread across a sparsely populated continent. To understand is to confront the energies that drove the nation into world dominance. To see the city as a metaphor for the development of American civilization is also to encounter the poetry of grain and hogs and steel and the culture of the industrial society it summarized. The city that sold futures also dreamed a future that it erected out of jute and plaster of paris in the "White City" of the fair.

Strangers and tourists in the late nineteenth century almost always received a first impression of Chicago as a mysterious, isolated city. Unframed by rivers or hills or the natural outcroppings of mountains, surrounded by a countryside seemingly devoid of large towns, it appeared—as did the great White City—to be a reality too large

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Israel and the Media

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In December of 1987, an Israeli civilian was stabbed by Arabs in the Gaza territory, administered by Israel. On the following day, four Gaza Arabs were killed by an automobile driven by an Israeli. The two events were totally unrelated. Yet, the rumor spread that the Arab deaths were revenge murders by the Israelis. Rioting broke out and spread into Judea-Sumaria (the "West Bank"), also administered by Israel. It was the beginning of the "intifada," which still goes on. The media have covered and continue to cover this uprising extensively. Are they doing it fairly?

What are the facts?

■ The conflict between the Israeli government and the Arabs in the areas administered by Israel, the so-called "intifada," is essentially a minor regional one. It does not compare in scope, in violence and in the number of people killed or injured to the many other conflicts going on in the world right at this time, such as the conflict between the Basques and Spain; between Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland; and between Moslems, Hindus and Sikhs in India. And there are many more. Just as with the Arab-Israel conflict, no easy or early solution seems at hand.

■ Yet, while the "intifada" is only one of many regional conflicts, the volume of its coverage in the media has made it appear to be a major world event. There are over 250 press and t.v. reporters accredited in Israel, a tiny country the size of New Jersey and with only half the population of New Jersey. This large media contingent is second only in number to that of Washington and Moscow—and less than that of such key news centers as London, Paris, Bonn, New Delhi, Peking or Tokyo. Naturally, all of these reporters must produce daily stories in order to justify their presence. This results in much journalistic overkill. *The Washington Post*, for instance, reports in an internal audit that. . .during a 5-month period in 1988, they published over 300,000 words on the "intifada," more than two articles daily, one-quarter of which appeared on the front page. That was the most intense coverage by the *Post* of any continuing story. In contrast, when in one day, 65 Shi'ites were killed in one of the brotherly battles in neighboring Lebanon, the *Post* gave that only 600 words, in an article on page 15.

■ But it isn't just the intensity of coverage that casts serious doubt about the fairness of the media. It's primarily the slant that is being given to the news, both in the print media and on television. Television, especially, thrives on "action bites," short dramatic scenes with potential to get the viewer involved. For instance, we see over and over again pictures of teenage boys throwing rocks at Israel soldiers, and the soldiers chasing those teenagers with guns and clubs. That inevitably creates the impression of Israel as the bully or the Goliath, and of the "Palestinians" as defenseless Davids. The opposite is true, of course. Israel is a beleaguered country surrounded by implacable enemies, who incessantly plot its destruction. The "intifada" is part of that never-ending war.

■ The media do not show the hundreds of Israeli soldiers and civilians who have been grievously wounded and in some cases killed by rocks and gasoline bombs. They do not show the Arabs setting countless arson fires, in which over 25,000 acres of forest—every tree having lovingly been planted by hand—have been destroyed. They do not show the attacks on Jewish farms, the wanton destruction of industrial and public service facilities, the fire bombing of hundreds of buses, and the ruthless killing of livestock. They do not show the PLO terror aimed at the "Palestinians" themselves. In the last seventeen months of the "intifada" dozens of Palestinian Arabs have been murdered by the PLO, hundreds injured, many critically. This campaign of intimidation has increased since Yasir Arafat allegedly renounced terrorism.

■ In the few cases in which fuller coverage of the conflict was attempted on t.v., such coverage usually did turn out to be more "show-biz" than serious reporting. ABC's reportage "Six Days Plus Twenty Years" was so blatantly anti-Israel in tone that Arab countries rushed to use it as a propaganda film. Peter Jennings on ABC insistently perpetuates the odious comparison of Israel with South Africa. T.V. interviews with people in the territories invariably show reasonably middle class intellectuals and professionals with whom the American viewer can identify—never the arsonists, the bus bombers and the throwers of Molotov cocktails. The occasional Israeli spokesman that gets trotted out is almost always a member of the radical left or of the so-called "Peace Now" movement, quite unrepresentative of mainline Israeli thinking.

The media do not give the "intifada" fair coverage. It's partly the sheer volume of the coverage, which gives this minor regional conflict perceived importance that it doesn't have. It also lies in the persistent anti-Israel slant that permeates the reporting in all media. Finally, the media, almost without exception, focus on the immediate "drama" and do not explore the history and background of this conflict. The most important point, always omitted, is that the conflict between Israel and the "Palestinians" is not the core problem in the area. The core problem is the unremitting obsession of the Arab states to destroy Israel, their refusal to make peace with it, or to lift the economic boycott against Israel—regardless of what disposition may ultimately be made of the "West Bank." Israel, more even than other beleaguered pro-Western nations, is the target of disinformation and unfair reporting. Largely because it is a dependable friend and ally of the United States, the Jewish state is another victim of the "blame America first" bias in the media.

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for its purposes, an oversized urban monument to humanity's ingenuity, an impassive encroachment upon nature. One came upon Chicago unexpectedly, rising out of the sparse prairie grasses and tidy farms, at the meeting point of two parallel rail tracks. The very flatness of the neighboring terrain protested against the artificial upward reach of its skyscrapers.

Perhaps these incongruities were what inspired the great historian Frederick Jackson Turner, who enunciated his "frontier thesis" during the fair. In a short paper that was to propel the study of American history for the next seventy-five years, Turner issued a jeremiad against cities while praising the struggle with nature on the frontier as the foundation of America's moral and political character. He took the official closing of the American frontier by the federal government to be a symbol for the end of cheap land and opportunity and perhaps of an era of history.

But what if we look again at the city that disturbed Turner; what if we envision Chicago within nature, as a gateway city, as the creator of the receding frontier, not its destroyer? What if the vulgar city boosters were right, hawking their notions of the city as a vast merchant empire and commodity network? Then we would have to rethink America's old agrarian mythology. We would have to relinquish the exaggerated division between city and country, between urban place and nature, that has seemed to define American civilization since it began. We would have to recognize the dependence of the city on the countryside and the countryside on the city. We would have to rebuke the apostles of nature and agrarianism, such as Emerson, Thoreau, Frederick Law Olmstead, and William Jennings Bryan, for the narrowness of their vision.

WILLIAM CRONON, a historian at Yale, in his large and illuminating work on nineteenth-century Chicago and its surrounding ecosystems, seeks to restore the balance in this story. He recasts the economic history of nineteenth-century Chicago in unfamiliar and compelling terms. The result is a narrative of the simultaneous transformations of nature and urban life which challenge our in-

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herited notions about nineteenth-century development.

During its amazing growth in the half century after the Civil War, Chicago became the emporium of the "Great West," a vast and variegated land that stretched from Lake Michigan to the Pacific Ocean. Within this mercantile empire, along water and rail tributaries, merchants fanned out, exchanging goods from the East and manufactures from the city for grain, cattle, lumber, ores, and coal. Chicago, at the nation's center, was the depot, the place of exchange that developed the specialized institutions to facilitate the flow and mixture of cash, commodities, and capital.

But, as Cronon argues, the market that built Chicago also deeply affected nature. In fact, there were two varieties of nature to consider. "First nature" is the ecosystem of soils, plants, animals, and habitats that existed prior to the introduction of extensive merchant capitalism. "Second nature" is that world reformed and reshaped by the market. As the city emerged, it created a new landscape, of well-drained and neat fields; it stimulated the replacement of prairie grasses with grains and substituted cattle and hogs for buffalo. This second natural environment, with its human-centered ecosystem, absorbed the original terrain.

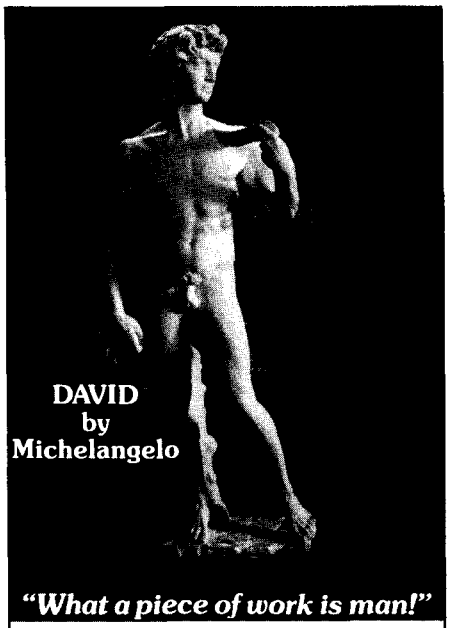
The resulting new civilization may have resembled the divided region hailed in American poetry, with its imaginary separation between city and nature, between the urban perspective and the picturesque—or, more abstractly, between evil and good. But, Cronon rightly reminds us, this is only part of the story. Focusing on the interdependence of nature and city requires that we rethink both the economics and the national mythology of development. Exploring the ascendancy of Chicago, then, is a first step in the larger process of re-examining the meaning of American civilization in the nineteenth century.

To look back, as Cronon does, from 1893 to the official founding of Chicago only sixty years before makes the development of America's second city seem inevitable and irrepressible. A small, swampy village in 1833, the city exploded with population until at the turn of the century it had become America's second largest metropolis and the fifth largest in the world. Its products and purchases came and went through a vast system of shipments and transshipments. Initially there was nothing obvious to suggest its rapid rise. St. Louis, on the Mississippi, had a far more advantageous port. Cincinnati had an established and thriving meat-packing industry. Chicago's river flowed from the center of the state, but it was hardly navigable. Other sites on Lake Michigan had better ports to shelter ships from the winds and sudden storms that struck in spring and fall. But Chicago did have one crucial advantage. It was the westernmost point of shipment from New York City (the merchant capital of America) along the Erie Canal and through the Great Lakes.

As it gathered up agricultural products from the surrounding states and exchanged them for dry goods and manufactures, the city quickly challenged Cincinnati and St. Louis. The Civil War, which cut off these cities from their southern markets, only increased the predominance of Chicago. And the building of railway lines, with both eastern and western lines terminating in the city, made Chicago the nation's greatest depot.

Cronon is at his best in describing the effects of these transformations, which centralized the markets for grain, lumber, meat, and dry goods. The grain, originally stitched up in sacks by farmers, arrived in the city to be weighed, counted, and sold. Early, clumsy marketing procedures gradually gave way to new practices. Grain was graded, mixed, and stored in huge elevators. This preliminary step made it possible to transform wheat into a form of currency, a promissory note for future delivery at an estimated price. As Cronon puts it, "[People could] buy and sell grain not as the physical product of human labor on a particular tract of prairie earth but as an abstract claim on the golden stream flowing through the city's elevators." Chicago's great and innovative gambling house, the Board of Trade, became the mart that exchanged these futures, making commerce, and vast fortunes, possible.

Although lumber could never be so abstractly defined, it too overflowed into the Chicago market, drawn down Wisconsin and Michigan rivers to be milled and then transshipped to the city, which sent it out to build farmhouses and barns on the tree-barren



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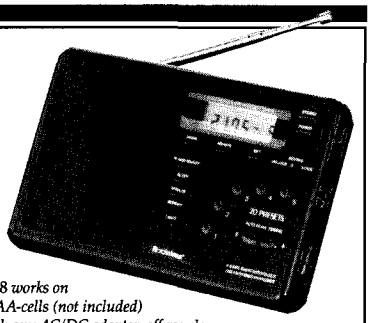

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Letters passed over spell "The Road Not Taken." Across. 1. BAS(I)S 5. S(PACE)PORTS 10. A-MULE-TS 11. CHORALE (homophone) 12. HU(MORE)D 13. RIPSAW (hidden inside *tire*) 14. POR-RINGER 16. MORO(CC-A)N 17. DE(LET)ED 19. TUSCAROR-A (anag. + *a*) 22. S(PILL)S 25. FIRE(B)UG (anag. + *B*) 27. BLI(M)P 29. SON(NE)T 31. A-DO-RATION 32. MIN(ORE)D 33. SCAT (double def.) 34. SURREAL (anag.) 35. T(H)RUSTS 36. SA(S-S)Y *Down.* 1. BA-H(A-M)AS 2. AMOROUS (anag.) 3. SUMAC-S (rev.) 4. SE(MIN)AL 5. STAN(D)'S 6. ARI-EL (*Ira* rev.) 7. (f)EAST 8. P(L)ATE-AU 9. SE(W)ED 14. PORTABLES (anag.) 15. RES(U-L)T 18. SPIN-A-CH 20. UPBEARS (anag.) 21. REPORTEDL-Y (anag. + *y*) 23. IG-NOR-A-MUS (rev.) 24. HICK-O-RIES (*rise* anag.) 25. FORE(CA)ST 26. BOO(K)S 28. S-TAR 30. SE(NOR)AS

plains. Thus the city united two different ecologies, the white-pine forests of the old Northwest and the rich glacial soils of the agricultural Midwest.

But more than anything, Chicago was the slaughtering capital of the nation. Collecting cattle and hogs from railheads, the huge meat-packing factories transformed animals into tinned and refrigerated meats and such important by-products as glues, brushes, and leather. From the abattoirs that riveted the anxious attention of nineteenth-century visitors poured products that were sold around the world. Out of necessity, railroads and meat-packers like Swift and Armour invented processes, products, and advertising that moved these goods efficiently, even back to the farms from which the animals had come.

In exchange, Chicago drew credit, capital, and consumer commodities from the East—from Boston, Philadelphia, and particularly New York. Its department stores were among the grandest in the nation, but its localized merchandising, through Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward, was even more impressive, for it reached into farms and small towns with the mail-order catalogue. The city had a direct, continuous, and intimate impact, buying and selling at the very doorsteps of the most obscure farms.

In this world of great and small exchanges, Chicago predominated over all other competitors. Cronon makes ingenious use of bankruptcy records from 1873–1874 to illustrate the point. These accounts reveal that the transactions of regional merchants with Chicago banks and suppliers far outstripped those with the banks and suppliers of other cities. Even if it seemed that other cities, such as St. Louis and Cincinnati, were bustling and growing, this network of debt reveals an underlying strength that became obvious by the end of the century. Chicago had become the paradigm city of the century.

IF THIS BOOK tells the story of economic change in terms of several intriguing but complex theories, it does so with effortless grace. Each time Cronon embarks on a new subject, he scoops up the terrain surrounding it, embedding economics in the transformation and transforming power of nature. Each time he discusses the

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expansion of Chicago, he explores the metamorphosis of the countryside. The result is a history of capital set in nature and told around America's greatest nineteenth-century success story.

At the same time, there appears to be something inexorable, almost fatalistic, about this story. After one weighs the possibilities opened up by the environment, the market appears to be all that matters. It flows through, around, and over obstacles and parochial ambitions and dissenters, constantly seeking new and more efficient paths. It seeps into ever more obscure places, uniting the city and the countryside into one vast pool of rising and falling tides of trade. It appears to be unstoppable.

This impression results from Cronon's focus on process and environment. To be sure, people appear in this book: merchants, meat-packers, politicians, farmers, populists, and radicals. But they are swimmers either with or against the tide of development. They participate in but cannot determine the outcome of something vastly larger than themselves. Even Chicago itself cannot overcome the irresistible forces of the marketplace. After 1893 the city's moment passed, as regional competition accelerated, as automobile transportation undercut the centrality of the city, and as resources were depleted and new products invented.

One might have expected a more personal story, and the personification of change in the lives of Chicagoans who have always received the credit for developing the city: the Marshall Fields and Philip Armours and George Pullmans. Without them the drama is no longer one of political and moral struggles between great entrepreneurs and their critics. In hindsight it appears that Populists and other dissenters may have missed the essentially progressive power of the expanding market—but they did not underestimate its human costs.

Still, Cronon's accomplishment is a major one. He has transformed the blandest economic history into exciting drama. He has suggested a revision of the classic story of American development which must be confronted and appreciated. And he has restored nature to its rightful role in American history—not as a metaphor or a place of retreat and recreation but as a presence in every phase of our civilization. □

Government Issue

by Kathleen Cushman

MILITARY BRATS: Legacies of Childhood Inside the Fortress
by Mary Edwards Wertsch. Harmony Books, $20.00.

IT COMES AS a bit of a shock to be identified as a cultural artifact, I find—to be poked here and there on the examining table by sociologists and psychologists, having one's traits listed and explained. Even if done with the most benign of intentions, the process feels invasive, as if one's peculiar or lovable or neurotic qualities were no longer a function of self but instead the inevitable products of the agar they grew in. I wonder if the adult children of alcoholics feel this way, or the children of Holocaust survivors, or the children of affluence, when they are categorized and analyzed the way Mary Edwards Wertsch, a journalist, has written up my cohort and hers in *Military Brats: Legacies of Childhood Inside the Fortress*.

I read this book with a creepy fascination, recognizing a version of myself in quote after quote from the eighty military sons and daughters, born from 1932 to 1964, whom Wertsch has interviewed. I am the daughter of an Army general, and like other children brought up in the shadow of the flag, I knew that the rules of duty, honor, and country went for wives and kids as well as men; that I would move just as I started to have real friends to lose; that I would live in enclaves on the skirts of communities all over the world. Children like me believed that for our fathers' careers to thrive, our bed corners must be made up square, our shoes must be shined, our chins must be held up in a military posture that allowed no dangerous emotion to leak through. "Zero defects" was the motto my six brothers and sisters and I learned from my father, a general's son, who married my mother, a colonel's daughter, right out of West Point.

All this was necessary, we military brats were given to understand, because at any moment our fathers could be taken off to war. We had no choice in this; no family assent is involved when a man receives his orders. What recourse had we but stoicism, denial, and perfect competence, as we were told in coded signals that our heartache could not compete with a parent's professional calling or the national interest. What happens to children who grow up in such a structure, with control their highest value and with change an unavoidable constant? As a new generation of children watched their parents leave them to fight in the Persian Gulf, I felt an eerie, troubling recognition of their quandary, made more unsettling than ours was because their mothers could go too. And as I watched the war unfold under the command of another general who is himself a military brat, I wondered about the legacies he brought to his task, and how they might affect the way this war turns into history.

THE LEGACIES of a military upbringing, according to Wertsch, include many of the ways children respond to authoritarianism, extreme mobility, social isolation, alcoholism, family violence, and a deep sense of loyalty to a shared mission. Military culture is a fortress, she argues, unique and insular, in which "conformity, order, and obedience reign supreme." This culture exaggerates the extremes of masculinity and femininity, insider and outsider, superior and subordinate, right and wrong, life and death; and so its children have trouble integrating ambiguity, compromise, a middle ground, into their lives. The children of military families become controlling perfectionists who subject themselves and others to unending critical scrutiny; they seek male approval and doubt their own worth, cry or anger easily, take risks, and work with a speed, discipline, and purpose unusual in the civilian world.

Most of Wertsch's support for these conclusions comes from extensive interviews with her eighty subjects, but it is unquestionably filtered through her own bitter experience as the daughter of an Army officer who abused both alcohol and his family. As much as it is a work of cultural analysis, this book is also, it seems, a search by the author for ways to make peace with her past. Perhaps in consequence, the tone of the book is sometimes oppressively negative and humorless, and the

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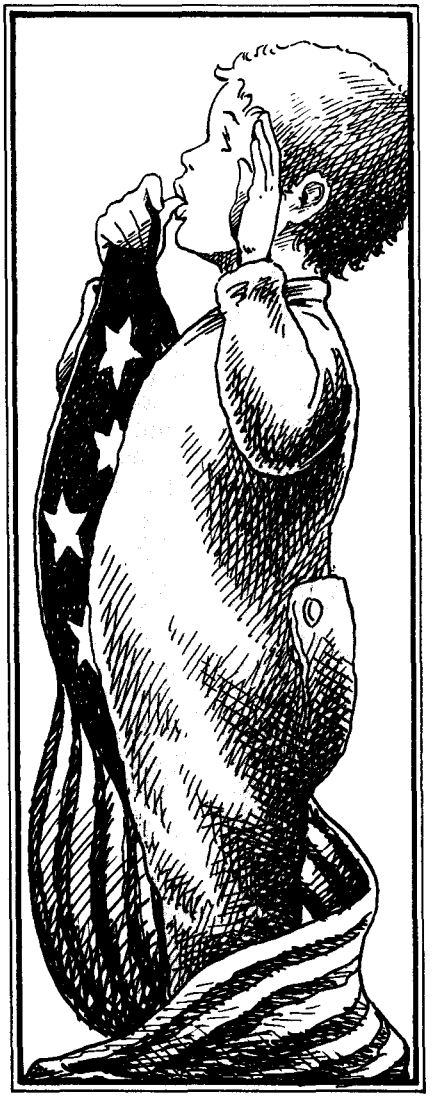
prose is laden with psychological lingo. Military brats don't whine, I thought early in this book, narrowing my eyes as coldly as any general. Just so, Wertsch points out; instead we insist that everything is fine. In fact, I can't count the number of times I've told people that I *liked* moving all the time, that I wouldn't have wanted to stay long in any of those places anyway.

Those protestations echo time after time in the words of the people Wertsch has interviewed—a sample largely from the Baby Boom generation, slightly skewed toward the children of white officers and noncommissioned officers, but representative nonetheless of lifers' kids. The book overflows with their stories and their reflections, and probably the author's strongest contribution to the book is her discernment of patterns linking these individual voices. I was amazed, for instance, at the number of us who were lined up periodically for inspection by our fathers. And I discovered that many mothers other than mine controlled everything—what we kids wore, how we answered the phone, whom we played with or dated—because "it reflects on your father's career." Such rules were adhered to with varying strenuousness in different families, but few career-military children escape the sense of being constantly watched. "It is like living in a hall of mirrors," Wertsch observes, "where the Fortress, the warrior, and the family all reflect one another endlessly."

The most substantive chapters in *Military Brats* deal with specific social situations that grow out of military customs and attitudes. Race stands out as a strikingly positive example: over the past forty years, under executive order, the armed forces have far outstripped the civilian world in achieving balance and equality. Ironically, the very aspects of military life that destroy individuality—its rigidly authoritarian hierarchy, its strictly defined code of behavior—also enabled sweeping social changes that gave blacks in particular a new sense of individual power and pride. Before 1948, blacks served in separate units commanded by white officers; by 1988, 10.5 percent of the Army's officer corps was black (though blacks were still mostly in the junior grades). Military children, black and white, absorbed the stated values of their culture, and Wertsch's interviews show adults with a strong commitment to racial equality.

But so far no comparable policy has addressed the poison cloud of alcohol and violence that hangs over military culture. The words of the military brats in this book are nowhere so bitter, the statistics nowhere so chilling, as in these areas. From the routine drinking rituals at required "battalion punches" to the heavily discounted tax-free booze sold at base liquor stores, alcohol has been institutionalized in military life. Considering that much of family violence in the larger culture is alcohol-related, the stories of abuse told by more than a third of Wertsch's subjects should hardly be surprising. And though since Vietnam the Department of Defense has made considerable progress toward addressing addiction and abuse in the military, statistics indicate that the rates for both are substantially higher than the rates in the civilian population. When parents combine heavy alcohol use with an occupation that conditions them to violence, severe discipline, frequent dislocation, and an atmosphere of crisis, children are inevitably at risk. These days, when abuse is reported, the consequences to enlisted men are more often swift and effective; but in the officer corps such problems are still kept strictly under wraps. "When you know what it takes to be promoted in the military," one base social worker told Wertsch, "you know that an officer would have to be *insane* to use a Family Service Center."



The effects of alcohol-related abuse on children are particularly poignant, but military brats endure and adapt to other peculiar conditions as part of normal life. They change schools often (Wertsch's subjects averaged 9.5 schools each), making friends quickly and leaving them easily. To distinguish themselves, they go to the top of the class or the bottom, where outsiders belong. They are preternaturally sensitive to the nuances of rank between officer and enlisted, and to the tribal rivalries among Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines. (When my sister first heard that our parents were going to make their retirement home in Annapolis, Maryland, her response was a startled "But that's *Navy*!") They see more of the world than most civilian kids do, though their exposure is not sustained. And though their political opinions vary as they mature, they tend to have faith in moral absolutes. One Marine son describes his fifth-grade year in a civilian community:

> From *my* perspective, these kids were out of their minds. They didn't know how big the country was. They couldn't say Schenectady. They didn't know there was a place called Okinawa. . . .
>
> It felt *unsafe* to be in a civilian community with a whole bunch of different rules, and to some extent an absence of rules. We had gone from quarters where my father was the senior officer in his building . . . to living in a suburban neighborhood where there was nobody in charge.

All these qualities have their bright and dark sides, as Wertsch notes. Military brats may grow up not righteous but idealistic, not narrow-minded but aware of the world

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around them, not shallow but resilient. The stubborn strength the military nurtures early on may serve well later in overcoming the life problems it provokes. Individual or family qualities may mute or enrich the military environment, as they did in my own family, which spent its pride and pay on education above all. Wertsch may overstate, and needlessly psychologize, the weight of the military culture, explaining widely various things through a single construct. Are military daughters inexpressive or do they cry at the drop of a hat? Do they kowtow to rigid authority or do they rebel? When Wertsch tries to codify her observations psychologically, her conclusions sometimes seem flimsy, gleaned too determinedly from the stories she has gathered. For all this, though, her main point seems unarguable: the military is not a normal childhood environment, and its effects are lasting.

The stories told in *Military Brats* are the strength of this book: children dismounting their bikes each day at five, wherever they are on post, hands on their hearts as retreat is blown and the flag lowered; friendships between enlisted personnel's kids and officers' kids broken in the name of propriety; fathers gone to war without regret being spoken, leaving mothers spinning myths to sustain the families left behind. I'm not sure we need Wertsch to interpret and resolve these images, so strong is their accumulated effect. Inevitably, I added my own memories: long car trips through the rural South to the next assignment, all of us packed into a two-door 1951 Pontiac; daily letters from our father during the four years he was in Vietnam; paratrooper's boots spit-shined at reveille; soldiers running alongside the school bus in double-time.

Military children may have no home town, but Mary Edwards Wertsch has given us instead, in *Military Brats*, the voices of our comrades-in-arms. I hope that as a new generation of American children see their parents return from war, someone is listening to this brave and honest chorus and inviting the 1.6 million children next in line to speak of their own fears and sorrows. *Military Brats* gives the experience of a military childhood a weight many of us have never fully admitted, allowing our pain, finally, to be saluted alongside our pride. At ease, children. □

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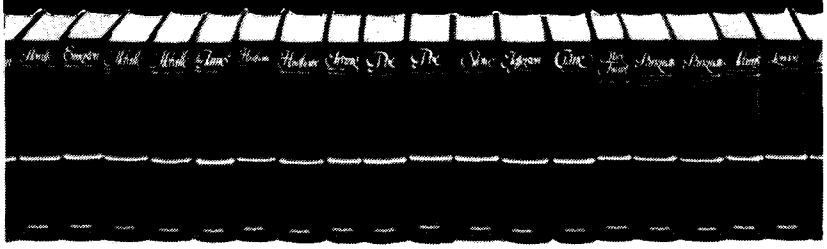

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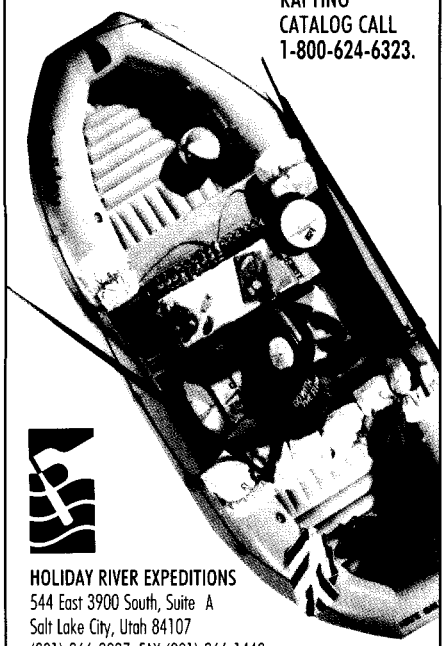

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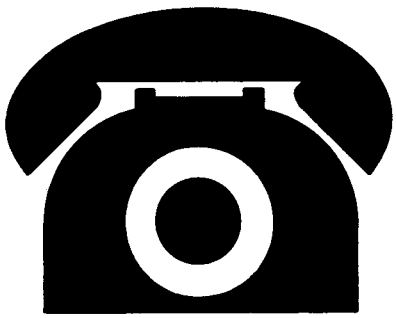

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Brief Reviews

IMMORTALITY *by Milan Kundera. Grove Weidenfeld, $21.95.* Mr. Kundera's novel concerns an excitable woman named Laura, her reserved sister Agnes, and Agnes's husband, Paul, who seldom has any idea what the women are really up to. The events involving this trio are merely a springboard for the author's reflections on—among other matters—literary reputation, private character versus public image, the bullying intrusiveness of the press, the horrors of city traffic, and eternity in the form of the human race rather than individual survival. These topics lead him far from modern Paris. He discusses Goethe's connection with that charming romantic poseur, Bettina von Arnim. He presents postmortal conversations between Goethe and Hemingway. He throws in what amounts to a novella about a man who substitutes love affairs for a painting career, erotic psychology quite unrelated to the rest of the text. Eternity is, after all, a large field and vague enough to accommodate as many topics as Mr. Kundera's wit and exasperation impel him to place in it. The reader of this wildly unconventional novel may be bewildered, but will never be bored.

IMAGINARY HOMELANDS *by Salman Rushdie. Viking, $24.95.* Mr. Rushdie's collected prose of the past ten years includes book and film reviews, literary criticism, political analysis, and even a mischievous paean to crooked card games. All the pieces contain stimulating ideas so elegantly expressed that Mr. Rushdie can compel one to take serious interest in a long-gone movie that one never saw in the first place. The title essay explores the subtle dangers of false memory confronting an expatriate author proposing to write a novel set in the homeland that he left years earlier. Mr. Rushdie asserts that "the real risks of any artist are taken in the work, in pushing the work to the limits of what is possible, in the attempt to increase the sum of what it is possible to think. Books become good when they go to this edge and risk falling over it—when they endanger the artist by reason of what he has, or has not, *artistically* dared." The final essay, "Why I Have Embraced Islam," although undoubtedly sincere, is an ironic counterpoint to the earlier aesthetic position.

DEAD CERTAINTIES *by Simon Schama. Knopf, $21.00.* Subtitled "Unwarranted Speculations," Professor Schama's mildly fictionalized historical diversion combines the story of General Wolfe, a capable if personally unimpressive commander raised to heroic status through his death in victorious battle and a painting by Benjamin West, and that of John White Webster, a feckless chemist on the Harvard faculty, who in 1849 murdered, gruesomely, a Boston eccentric and was subsequently executed. Offhand, these events appear to have nothing in common beyond inadvertence. Wolfe certainly did not intend to be killed, and Webster appears to have acted on unpremeditated impulse. Professor Schama describes the two affairs well, but never connects them by more than the unsurprising observation that official history usually reduces ambiguous detail to publicly acceptable formula.

MONKEY BRAIN SUSHI *edited by Alfred Birnbaum. Kodansha International, $18.95.* The stories and novel excerpts in this collection of recent, and popular, Japanese fiction are a lively mixture of gritty realism and comic or ironic fantasy. There is a general undercurrent of discontent with the overcrowded, overhurried, overorganized, overcommercial society that these authors know, but no nostalgia for pre-war Japan. The ultimate impression produced by the anthology is curious. There is much energy in the writing, but these authors seem to be clearing ground for a structure not yet firmly designed.

YOU'VE HAD YOUR TIME *by Anthony Burgess. Grove Weidenfeld, $23.50.* In the preface to the second volume of his "confessions," Mr. Burgess declares: "The writer's life seethes within but not without. Nevertheless, it has to be recorded. This is so that mild wonder

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may be excited by the fact that the profession can be practiced at all." The record that follows excites considerable wonder, however, because along with vignettes of stage and screen, tart descriptions of the miseries of the lecture circuit, and an account of his acquisition of a wife and son, it contains such a notable component of complaint. Mr. Burgess is a writer of great skill, admired for fine work in a number of genres, and also a musician and composer. Is it modesty that prevents him from revealing satisfaction in these accomplishments? What he does reveal is discontent—sometimes with his work, usually with reviewers, and always with his income, for financial caution is not among his multiple talents. The Maltese venture is typical of his rather touching unwariness. Malta, once a British possession, was reported to be a modest tax haven. Mr. Burgess promptly bought a house on the island, and only after settling in discovered that as a working writer, he did not qualify for relief from British taxes. He also discovered that Malta in its British aspect was infested by self-important vulgarians. The Burgess family fled. The house remains—an undisposable white elephant. Probably it is that word "confessions" that tilts Mr. Burgess's emphasis toward the regrettable. In confession, he points out, "one seeks not admiration but forgiveness."

GEORGE SOPER'S HORSES *by Paul Heiney. Houghton Mifflin, $29.95.* George Soper (1870–1942) was a successful illustrator and commercial artist whose private enthusiasms were wildlife conservation and the painting of English farming scenes, preferably involving horses. His loving representations of the beautiful, tough, solid horses that worked the land before tractors made them obsolete are complemented in this handsome book by Mr. Heiney's tribute to the merits and history of the animals, which he also loves and admires.

A LIFE OF PICASSO: Volume 1, 1881–1906 *by John Richardson. Random House, $39.95.* Mr. Richardson, a friend of Picasso's in his later years, is an enthusiastic admirer of the artist's work but is also aware that the great man was quite capable of autobiographical invention, most of which was believed and recorded by those who heard it. It is with no intention of debunkery that Mr. Richardson has unearthed the facts and substituted a youth of hard work and constant practice for the juvenile-genius legend created by Picasso, for it remains true that the painter developed with exceptional speed and originality. By the age of twenty-five he was a figure in the Paris art world and commissioned by Gertrude Stein. Around Picasso his biographer has re-created the Spanish art circles in which he grew up, the more sophisticated French circle that he joined, and the remarkable assemblage of artists, writers, and political agitators whom he knew. This is the start of what will surely be a monumental, splendidly written, enlightening biography. Picasso deserves nothing less.

THE JOY OF INSIGHT *by Victor Weisskopf. Basic Books, $24.95.* Victor Weisskopf was born into a prosperous and cultivated Jewish family in Vienna, inheriting liberal political principles and an intense love of music. Science was his own idea—by the age of fourteen he was hooked on physics. During what he considers "a charmed life" he studied under or worked with or knew virtually all the major figures in his field, and in this gracefully conversational memoir he describes people and their discoveries with charm and clarity. He was a member of the international crew that developed the atom bomb at Los Alamos. His account of that place, where an isolated, tightly enclosed social world contrasted with the excitement and suspense of unprecedented research and invention, is the best yet written. Mr. Weisskopf is a true humanist whose diverse interests and generous public service utterly confound the notion of the scientist as a remote icicle on the eaves of an ivory tower.

THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET *by Sandra Cisneros. Vintage Contemporaries, $9.00.* In a series of short, sharply drawn scenes Ms. Cisneros displays life in the Hispanic quarter of Chicago as seen by a young girl. Esperanza is bright, ambitious, and determined to achieve a better house in a better place (one has no doubt that she will), but in the meantime, she watches and eloquently records her world. Ms. Cisneros has compressed great force into this small, brilliant work.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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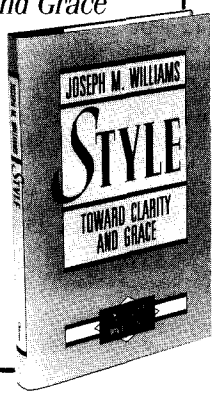

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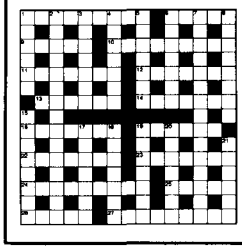

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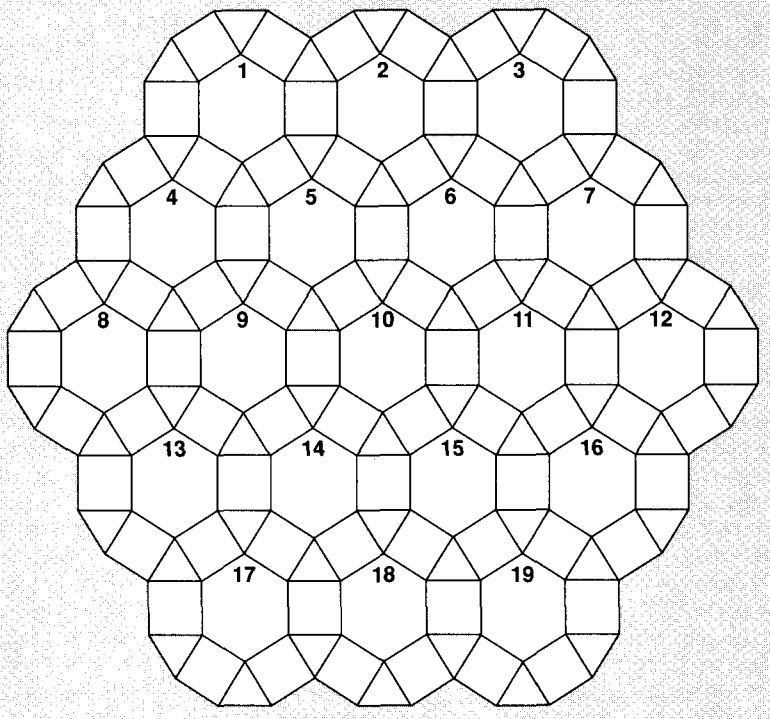
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

WORD LINKS

In this puzzle, words are linked in several ways. Each numbered hexagon is ringed by alternating squares and shaded triangles. The seven-letter answer to each Square clue should have one letter (not necessarily the first) entered in its correspondingly numbered hexagon; the other six go sequentially in the surrounding squares in either direction, beginning in a square to be determined. Triangle answers should be entered by the same method, but using shaded triangles. The letter in each hexagon is shared by its Square word and its Triangle word. Further connecting squares and triangles, and forming the diagram's border, is a sequence of 14 words, each linked to the ones immediately before and after it (as in SAW-HORSE-PLAY-BILL-FOLD). Answers include uncommon words at 6 Square and 19 Triangle and three proper nouns.



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 116.

SQUARE

1. Feline coming back in heat disturbed one in foreign service
2. Tempts with ten novel frozen treats
3. Forsakes rightful reward
4. Jeweler's first hit can burst zircon
5. Made up one court in five
6. Break code by jerk concerned with a Christian heresy
7. Seizing an amount of marijuana, police department made a surprise attack
8. Union interrupting talk on new source of caffeine (*two words*)
9. Feel lacking in money for education
10. Easiest oral exam for tenth-graders?
11. Struggles in sea go awry
12. Plucky Cobb goes after moolah
13. Sounded like Ella got lost
14. Looks around goal for receivers
15. Gravity of the stars relating to the digestive system
16. Study of anomalies in flight could make you golf strangely
17. Boats surrounding each dugong and manatee (*two words*)
18. Manuela, surprisingly, graduates
19. In marketplaces, neuter cats

TRIANGLE

1. Sigh about Kentucky horse's introduction to bits (*hyphenated*)
2. After end of oil, start burning coal
3. North Africans laugh at tiny bugs
4. Commandeers greeting cards
5. School in possession of wood shop waste
6. Underlings minced onions outside
7. Tan producer from northern Los Angeles falling into cesspool
8. Officer likely involved in notorious fratricide
9. Doctor has it in for sesame pastes
10. Baltic republic is at one with changes
11. Style certain hairdo for monks
12. Grounds intertwined with covered passageways (*two words*)
13. Toys in cereal boxes for real
14. Opposes agreement in Italy cutting into vacations
15. Foremost of theories on aquatic mammals nearly collapses
16. Jogging behind the leader in deteriorating condition
17. Oregon turned back 1930s migrants and newcomers
18. Spirited horse is relatively rough-sounding
19. Fish spear going through whale is terminal

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, *published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.*

Deep Vision *noun*, a television technology giving a three-dimensional effect without the use of multiple cameras or special glasses: "In a new version of *Ben Hur*, the hero's chariot practically leaps off the TV screen. And when Charlton Heston's Moses parts the Red Sea, it looks miles wide. The secret: a new type of three-dimensional television called *Deep Vision*" (*Business Week*).

BACKGROUND: A small British company called Delta Group, consisting of a few filmmakers and inventors, including two postgraduate scientists from the Department of Physics of the Imperial College, London, developed this technology, which, according to a Reuters dispatch last year, works as follows: "*Deep Vision* makes a digital version of a film and inserts electronic cues that send slightly different images to each eye. When played through a decoder, it appears three-dimensional no matter what angle or distance the viewer is from the set." James Asheby, *Deep Vision*'s inventor and a founder of Delta Group, says that the process should be inexpensive, can be applied to any videotape or image—color or black-and-white—and will have a variety of educational uses, such as in medical training and military simulation.

modem pilot *noun*, a personal-computer operator who engages another operator in simulated aerial combat: "They're called '*modem pilots*' who sit in desk chairs and dogfight on personal computers. . . . more and more of them are realizing Walter Mitty fantasies from behind a desk" (Associated Press).

BACKGROUND: The Gulf War brought forth a whole lexicon of jargon and doublespeak (for example, *incontinent ordnance*, a warhead or weapon that strikes off-target, often causing *collateral damage* during *target suppression* or *target visitation*), along with videotaped aerial-combat operations reminiscent of Nintendo. *Modem pilot* came to public attention at the same time, as sales of military simulation programs escalated after the United States and coalition forces began bombing Iraq. Most buyers of aerial-combat simulators are men aged 25 to 55. Mike Weksler, a consultant for CompuServ who arranges countrywide dogfights, says in the AP story that "flight simulators have replaced the golf putter in corporate America. . . . Guys take a lunch break, call up someone in New Jersey, blow them out of the sky and go back to work."

pipe a quote *idiom*, to fabricate a quotation. Used even if the gist of what a person has said is reflected in the text. "Dr. Jeffrey M. Masson, a psychoanalyst, . . . accused Janet Malcolm, a writer for *The New Yorker*, of *piping quotes* that were damaging to his reputation" (*The New York Times*).

BACKGROUND: The ultimate origins of *pipe a quote* are obscure. An obvious immediate influence could be the verb *pipe*, meaning "to utter shrilly," or the same word in its American-slang senses, defined by Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner, in their *Dictionary of American Slang*, as "to send a message; to give information; talk or tell." Richard Weiner, in *Webster's New World Dictionary of Media and Communications*, notes that "a recent slang use of *to pipe* is *to fake*, as with a rare journalist who *pipes a story* by making up characters or events." An element of hucksterism in the verb *pipe* was evident early on. H. L. Mencken, in Supplement Two of *The American Language*, wrote: "The street peddlers [following traveling shows], who call themselves *pitchmen*, frequently undertake independent tours, and not a few of them have covered the whole country. Their trade journal is the *Billboard* (Cincinnati), which also caters to all other outdoor showmen, and every week they contribute to it what they call *pipes*, *i.e.*, news reports from the field, describing business conditions and telling of the movements of pitchmen. . . . *To cut up pipes* is to gossip or boast." Interestingly, a specialized slang sense of *pipe* points even more strongly to the idea of dishonesty, though it seems to have little bearing on the phrase *piping a quote*. The gerund *piping* is defined by Thomas L. Clark in his *Dictionary of Gambling and Gaming* as "a cheating method in which an observer of the game signals a confederate as to the value of cards held by an opponent."

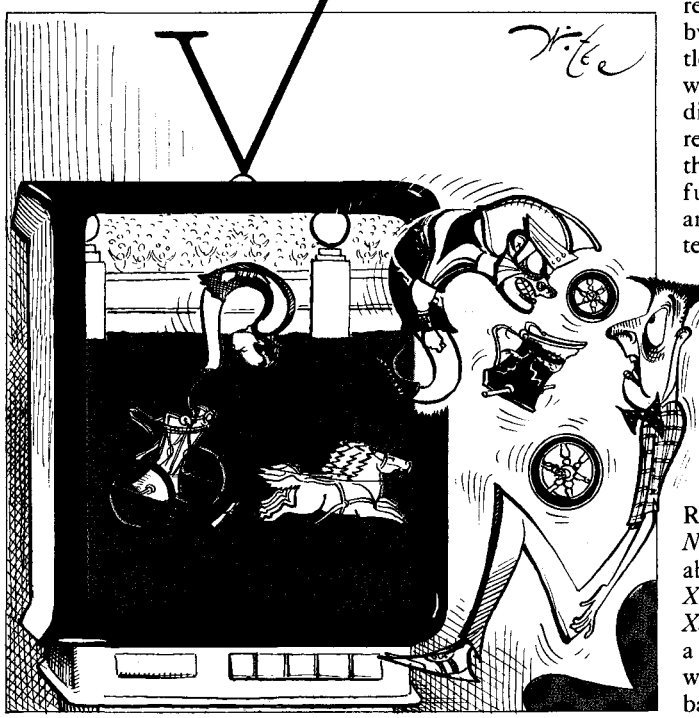

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

Xeriscape *noun*, a drought-resistant landscape, achieved by using plants that require little water: "You won't find the word *xeriscape* in any normal dictionary. It was coined only recently to describe landscapes that are designed to be beautiful while using a minimal amount of supplemental water, fertilizer, and time" (*National Gardening*).

BACKGROUND: This term, according to John and Adele Algeo, of *American Speech*, is a blend of *xeric* and *landscape*; its first syllables come ultimately from the Greek *xeros*, "dry," according to Robert Kourik, the writer of the *National Gardening* article cited above, who himself engages in *Xeriscape* design. The National *Xeriscape* Council has taken out a trademark on the noun (for which we have citations going back to 1981).

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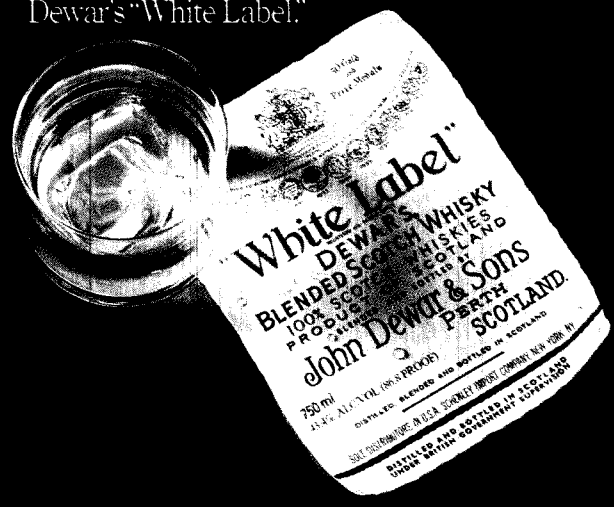

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If ever there was a car with a reputation for working like it's supposed to, this is it. The Toyota Camry. A car with such a heritage of quality and reliability, it serves as a welcome relief from the usual uncertainties of automobile ownership.

But don't mistake Camry's dependable nature for a lack of sophistication. From a powerful 16-valve electronically fuel-injected engine to ventilated front disc brakes and power rack-and-pinion steering, the Camry is one of the most advanced passenger cars you can buy. Add to that the fact that it's a Toyota, and you have just about the perfect car.

Eat your heart out, Murphy.

"I love what you do for me."

TOYOTA

MILEAGE* (EPA EST. MPG)
26 34

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a brochure and location of your nearest dealer. *1991 EPA estimated mileage figures for the 4-cylinder Camry Deluxe Sedan with 5-speed manual transmission. Get More From Life...Buckle Up! © 1991 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

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